WEEK ENDING FEB. 25, 1928

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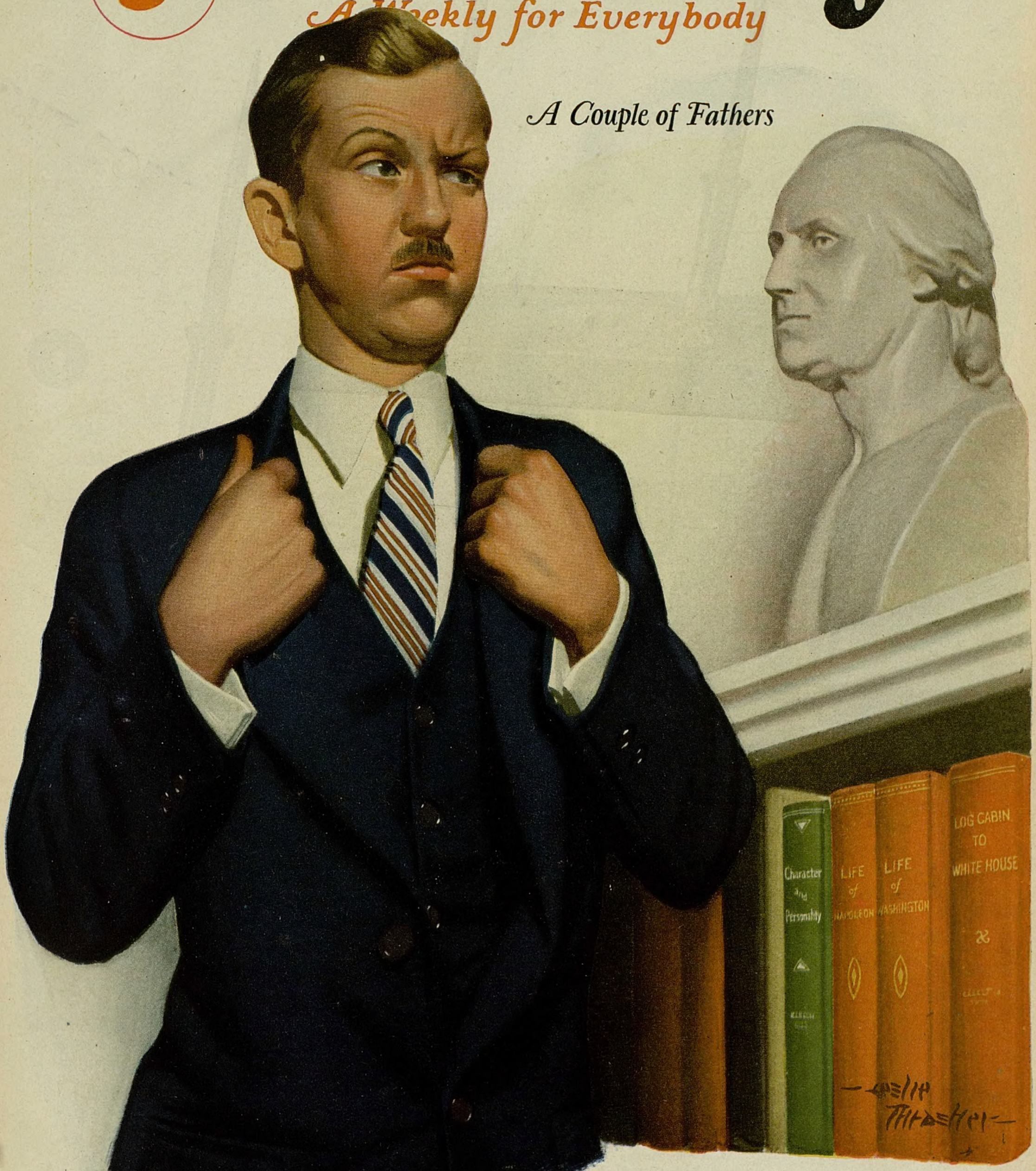
Liberty

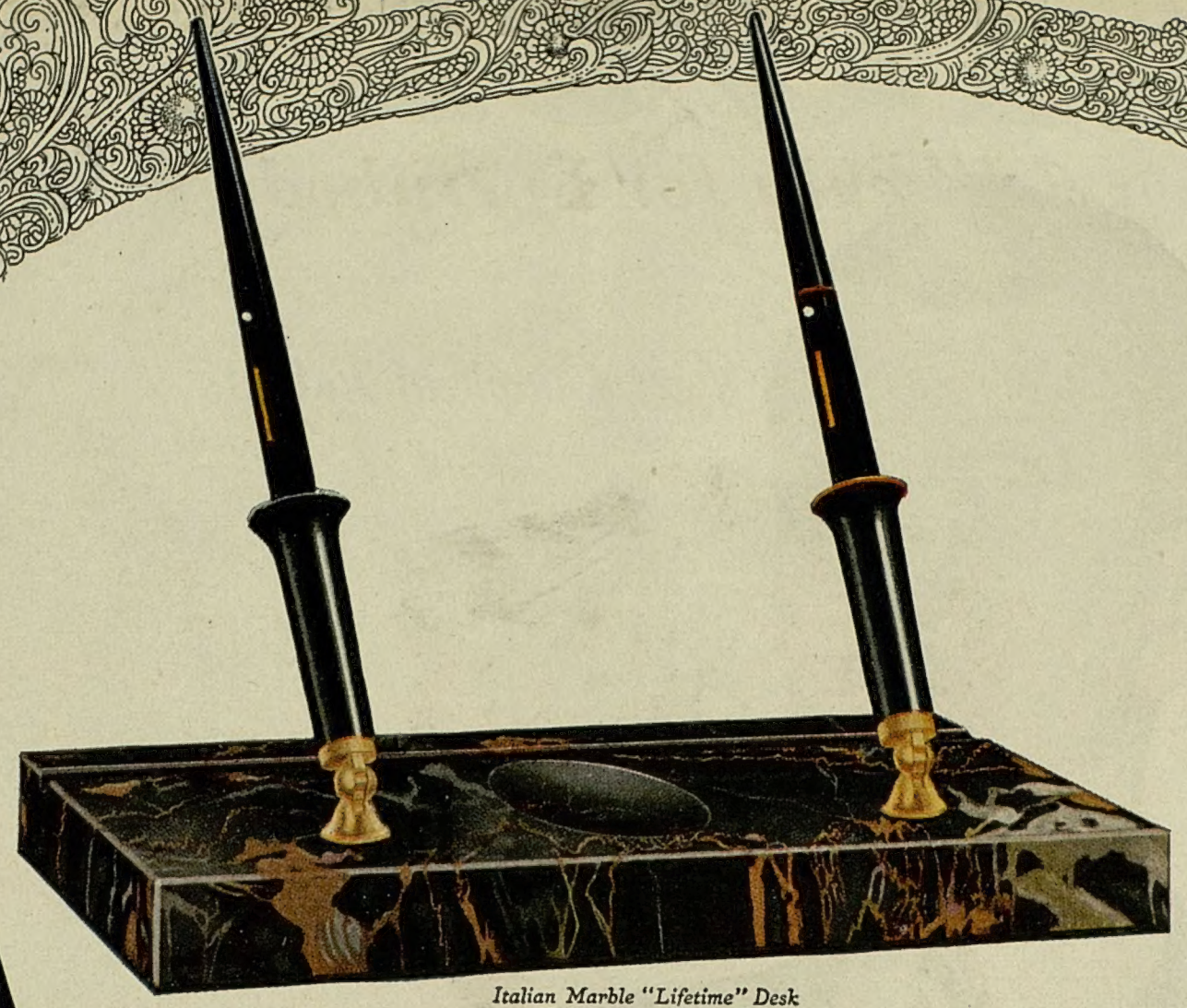
A Weekly for Everybody

A Couple of Fathers



In this Issue **WHEN THE WORLD SCREAMED**

by **SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE**



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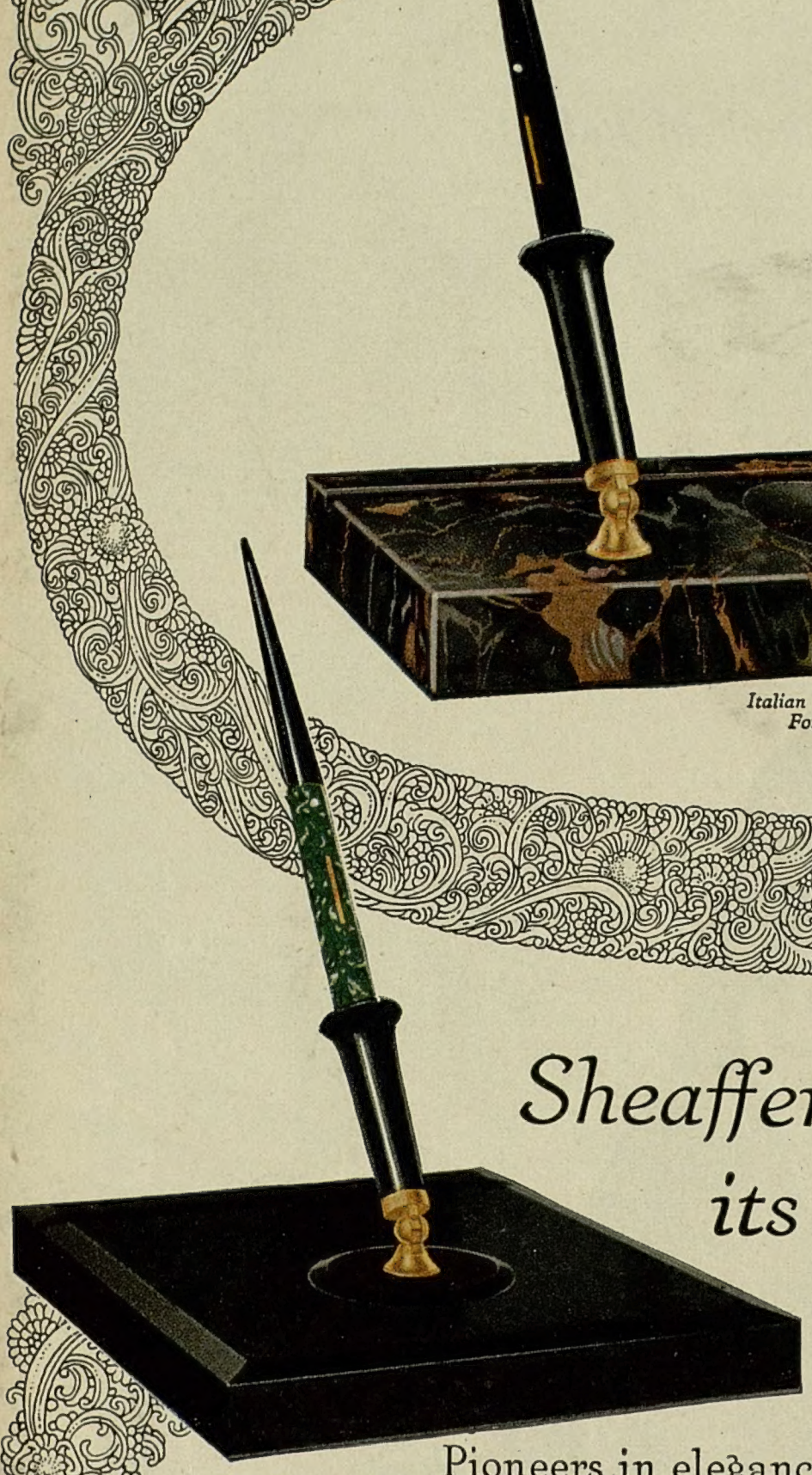

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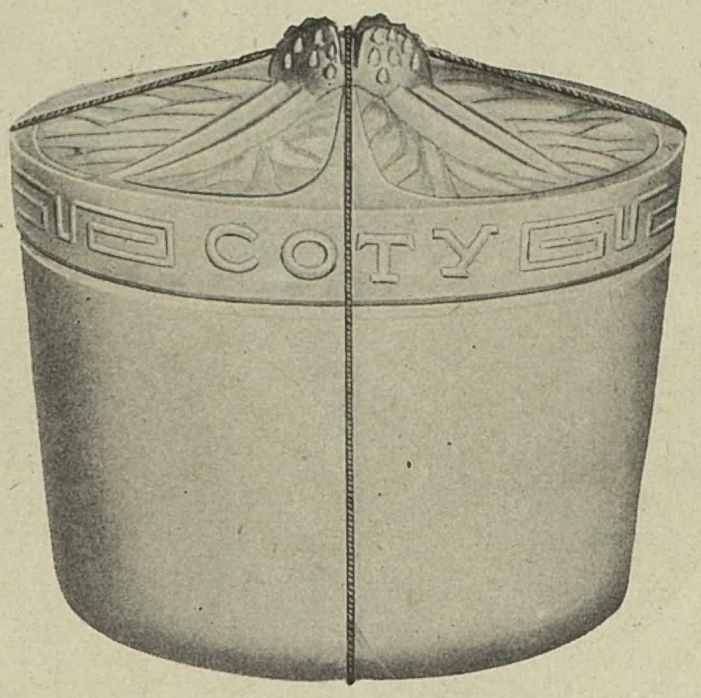

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Part the hair, lock by lock, and apply a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to the partings. Massage thoroughly with the finger tips, loosening the scalp and moving it back and forth till the whole head feels the tingle of renewed circulation. Then brush the hair vigorously and let the tonic stay on the scalp for some hours. Finish with your regular shampoo.

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"Vaseline" Hair Tonic comes in bottles with a shaker top that makes it easy and economical to use. Do get some and begin these hair treatments at once.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FEB. 25, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 8

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.
Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

U. S. NAVAL POLICY

We seem to have got into quite a jam about the Navy Bill. As a nation, our understanding of it is confused.

Yet it is simple. Situated as we are geographically, if we have a strong navy we can keep an enemy from landing on our shores or blockading our ports.

We have all we want of the earth; there is no need to expand. We may have to restore order sometimes in the regions of the Caribbean, but that would not take large forces, merely good ones.

As far as the rest of the world is concerned, let us hope that we may never require another great army. We can advantageously replace ten or perhaps fifty soldiers with one sailor, if we do it in time.

But inasmuch as we have a continent on this side of the two great oceans and a Panama Canal to protect, we must have sufficient ships to defend ourselves, over here, against any two powers.

That is merely a matter of insurance. If we found ourselves attacked and unprotected, we would have to call on the ten or fifty soldiers aforesaid, because then it would be too late to prepare the one sailor.

Now look back.

Secretary Hughes called the famous conference which, in 1922, established the 5-5-3 ratio for the navies of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan.

Last summer found the three governments maintaining this ratio for capital ships. But Great Britain was building various auxiliary vessels without regard to the principle of the ratio.

At Geneva representatives of the three nations discussed President Coolidge's proposal that the 5-5-3 agreement be applied to auxiliary ships not hitherto included. Great Britain refused to abide by this suggested limitation of smaller cruisers.

The conference broke up and the subject was dropped, though the United States gave warning that it would follow Great Britain in the building of small ships.

Then the Navy Bill was introduced, to build up our navy in performance of our threat, or pronouncement, at Geneva.

As usual, the Little Americans set up a cry. As usual, attempts were made to hamstring the administration.

Well, it is merely a game of poker. They raised us five, we raise them ten.

The object is not to make our navy as large as possible. It is to get Great Britain to agree to an actual limitation of armament.

Why any American should side with Great Britain against the United States in this case is another of those mysteries. But there are Americans who feel apologetic to Great Britain in any conflict of opinion between us. They are still colonial-minded.

Certainly the only thing to do is to support the President. Ultimately, no doubt, he will reach the desired agreement with Great Britain.

The Navy Bill, when executed, will simply mean that if enemies attack us near our bases we shall be able to whip them. If we attack them near their bases, they'll have the advantage. That's all right. It is exactly what we want. It stops all thought of aggressive war and makes the whole thing a logical and necessary measure of defense.

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IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

HERE'S a treat for every story lover—romance, mystery, adventure, in which a famous author has poured his artistry into the mold of a new LIBERTY serial. SHE WHO SLEEPS, by SAX ROHMER, begins in a glorious blaze which never dims to the final curtain. You will agree that this story, mixing the ancient and the modern, the mystic and real, is really one in a million.

RUDYARD KIPLING, in his Brazilian Sketches, unearths one of the world's strangest industries situated in the southern country. It is the unusual story of men who fight snake bites with the snakes' own venom and is graphically told—with an accompanying Kipling poem—in POISON OF ASPS.

NICARAGUA, by SIDNEY SUTHERLAND, is a concrete and clear review of the events that have laid the little republic open to the ravages of a civil war which at this writing has not been stopped, even with the presence on the government's side of several hundred United States marines.

If you had $25,000—no, we're not joking—and found yourself in a den of thieves who knew you had it, what would you do? One answer to the quandary is given in FRIENDSHIP, a short story by WILLIAM SLAVENS MCNUTT.

February 25, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 8

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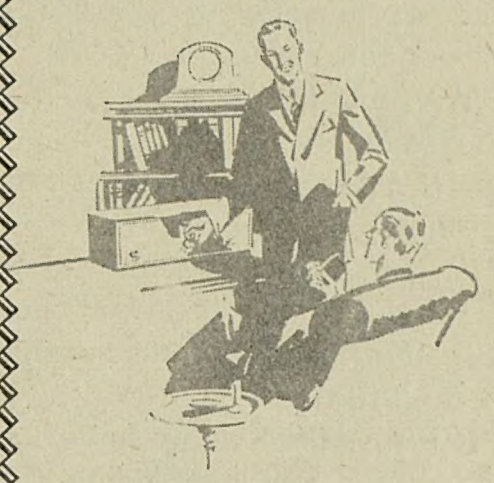

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When the WORLD SCREAMED

The Story of an Amazing Adventure

By

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

PROFESSOR CHALLENGER again! Here we meet the hero of The Lost World in a new and extraordinary exploit. It is one of the most remarkable tales Conan Doyle has written—perhaps the most remarkable.

(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)

PART ONE

I HAD a vague recollection of having heard my friend Edward Malone of the *Gazette* speak of Professor Challenger, with whom he had been associated in some remarkable adventures. I am so busy, however, with my own profession, and my firm has been so overtaxed with orders that I know little of what is going on in the world outside my own special interests.

My general recollection was that Challenger had been depicted as a wild genius of a violent and an intolerant disposition. I was greatly surprised to receive a business communication from him which was in the following terms:

1⅄ (Bis) Enmore Gardens, Kensington.

SIR:

I have occasion to engage the services of an expert in Artesian borings. I will not conceal from you that my opinion of experts is not a high one, and that I have usually found that a man who, like myself, has a well equipped brain can take a sounder and broader view than the man who professes a special knowledge (which, alas, is so often a mere profession) and is therefore limited in his outlook. None the less, I am disposed to give you a trial.

Looking down the list of Artesian authorities, a certain oddity—I had almost written absurdity—in your name attracted my attention, and I found upon inquiry that my young friend Mr. Edward Malone was actually acquainted with you. I am therefore writing to say that I should be glad to have an interview with you, and that if you satisfy my requirements—and my standard is no mean one—I may be inclined to put a most important matter into your hands.

I can say no more at present, as the matter is one of extreme secrecy which can only be discussed by word of mouth. I beg, therefore, that you will at once cancel any engagement which you may happen to have, and that you will call upon me at the above address at ten-thirty in the morning of next Friday. There is a scraper as well as a mat, and Mrs. Challenger is most particular.

I remain, sir, as I began,

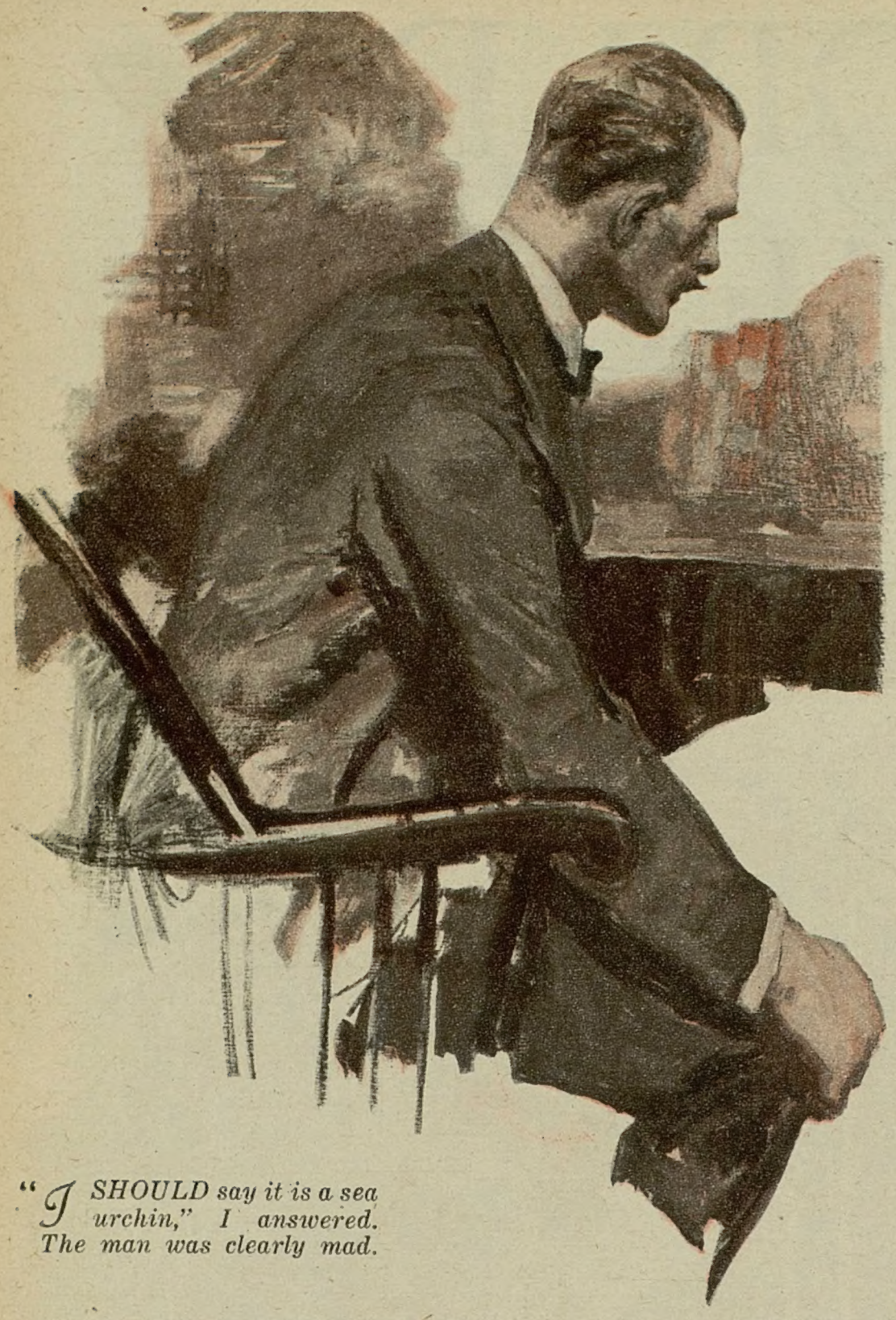
GEORGE EDWARD CHALLENGER.

I handed this letter to my chief clerk to answer, and he informed the Professor that Mr. Peerless Jones would be glad to keep the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pictures by HERBERT M. STOOPS

"WE work away, and I never know if it's a gush of chalk water or maybe a touch of hell fire that is coming next."



"I SHOULD say it is a sea urchin," I answered. The man was clearly mad.

[WHEN THE WORLD SCREAMED Continued from Page Seven]

appointment as arranged. It was a perfectly civil business note, but it began with the phrase: "Your letter (undated) has been received." This drew a second epistle from the Professor:

> SIR [he said—and his writing looked like a barbed-wire fence]: I observe that you animadvert upon the trifle that my letter was undated. Might I draw your attention to the fact that as some return for a monstrous taxation our government is in the habit of affixing a small circular sign or stamp upon the outside of the envelope which notifies the date of posting. Should this sign be missing or illegible, your remedy lies with the proper postal authorities.
>
> Meanwhile I would ask you to confine your observations to matters which concern the business over which I consult you, and to cease to comment upon the form which my own letters may assume.

It was clear to me that I was dealing with a lunatic; so I thought it well, before I went any further in the matter, to call upon my friend Malone, whom I had known since the old days when we both played Rugger for Richmond. I found him the same jolly Irishman as ever, and much amused at my first brush with Challenger.

"That's nothing, my boy," said he. "You'll feel as if you had been skinned alive when you have been with him five minutes. He beats the world for offensiveness."

"But why should the world put up with it?"

"They don't. If you collected all the libel actions and all the rows and all the police-court assaults—"

"Assaults!"

"Bless you, he would think nothing of throwing you downstairs if you have a disagreement. He is a primitive cave man in a lounge suit. I can see him with a club in one hand and a jagged bit of flint in the other. Some people are born out of their proper century, but he is born out of his millennium. He belongs to the early neolithic or thereabouts."

"And he a professor!"

"There is the wonder of it! It's the greatest brain in Europe, with a driving force behind it that can turn all his dreams into facts."

"Well," said I, "one thing is clear. I don't want to have anything to do with him. I'll cancel that appointment."

"Not a bit of it. You will keep it to the minute—and mind that it *is* to the minute or you will hear of it."

"Why should I?"

"Well, I'll tell you. First of all, don't take too seriously what I have said about old Challenger. Everyone who gets close to him learns to love him. There is no real harm in the old bear. He is big every way. He won't hurt you if you get right with him."

"I won't give him the chance."

"You will be a fool if you don't. Have you ever heard of the Hengist Down Mystery?—the shaft sinking on the South Coast?"

"Some secret coal-mining exploration, I understand."

Malone winked.

"Well, you can put it down as that if you like. You see, I am in the old man's confidence and I can't say anything until he gives the word. But I may tell you this, for it has been in the press: A man Betterton, who made his money in rubber, left his whole estate to Challenger some years ago, with the provision that it should be used in the interests of science. It proved to be an enormous sum—several millions.

"CHALLENGER then bought a property at Hengist Down in Sussex. It was worthless land on the north edge of the chalk country, and he got a large tract of it, which he wired off. There was a deep gully in the middle of it. Here he began to make an excavation.

"He announced"—here Malone winked again—"that there was petroleum in England and that he meant to prove it. He built a little model village with a colony of well paid workers who are all sworn to keep their mouths shut.

"The gully is wired off as well as the estate, and the place is guarded by bloodhounds. Several pressmen have nearly lost their lives, to say nothing of the seats of their trousers, from these creatures.

"It's a big operation and Sir Thomas Morden's firm has it in hand, but they also are sworn to secrecy. Clearly, the time has come when Artesian help is needed. Now, would you not be foolish to refuse such a job as that, with all the interest and experience and a big fat check at the end of it—to say nothing of rubbing shoulders with the most wonderful man you have ever met or are ever likely to meet?"

MALONE'S arguments prevailed and Friday morning found me on my way to Enmore Gardens. I took such particular care to be in time that I found myself at the door twenty minutes too soon.

I was waiting in the street, when it struck me that I recognized the motor car with the silver arrow mascot at the door. It was certainly that of Jack Devonshire, the junior partner of the great Morden firm. I had always known him as the most urbane of men, so that it was rather a shock to me when he suddenly appeared and, standing outside the door, raised both his hands to heaven and said with great fervor: "Damn him! Oh, damn him!"

"What is up, Jack? You seem peeved this morning."

"Hello, Peerless. Are you in on this job, too?"

"There seems a chance of it."

"Well, you will find it chastening to the temper."

"Rather more so than yours can stand, apparently."

"Well, I should say so. The butler's message to me was: 'The Professor desired me to say, sir, that he was rather busy at present eating an egg, and that if you would call at some more convenient time he would very likely see you.' That was the message delivered by a servant. I may add that I had called to collect forty-two thousand pounds that he owes us."

I whistled.

"You can't get your money?"

"Oh, yes; he is all right about money. I'll do the old gorilla the justice to say that he is open-handed with money. But he pays when he likes, and how he likes, and he cares for nobody. However, you go and try your luck and see how you like it."

With that he flung himself into his motor and was off.

I waited, with occasional glances at my watch, until the zero hour should arrive. I am, if I may say so, a fairly hefty individual, and a runner-up for the Belsize Boxing Club middleweights. But I have never faced an interview with such trepidation as this.

It was not physical, for I was confident I could hold my own if this inspired lunatic should attack me, but it was a mixture of feelings in which fear of some public scandal and dread of losing a lucrative contract were mingled. However, things are always easier when imagination ceases and action begins. I snapped up my watch and made for the door.

It was opened by an old wooden-faced butler, a man who bore an expression, or an absence of expression, which gave the impression that he was so inured to shocks that nothing on earth would surprise him.

"By appointment, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly."

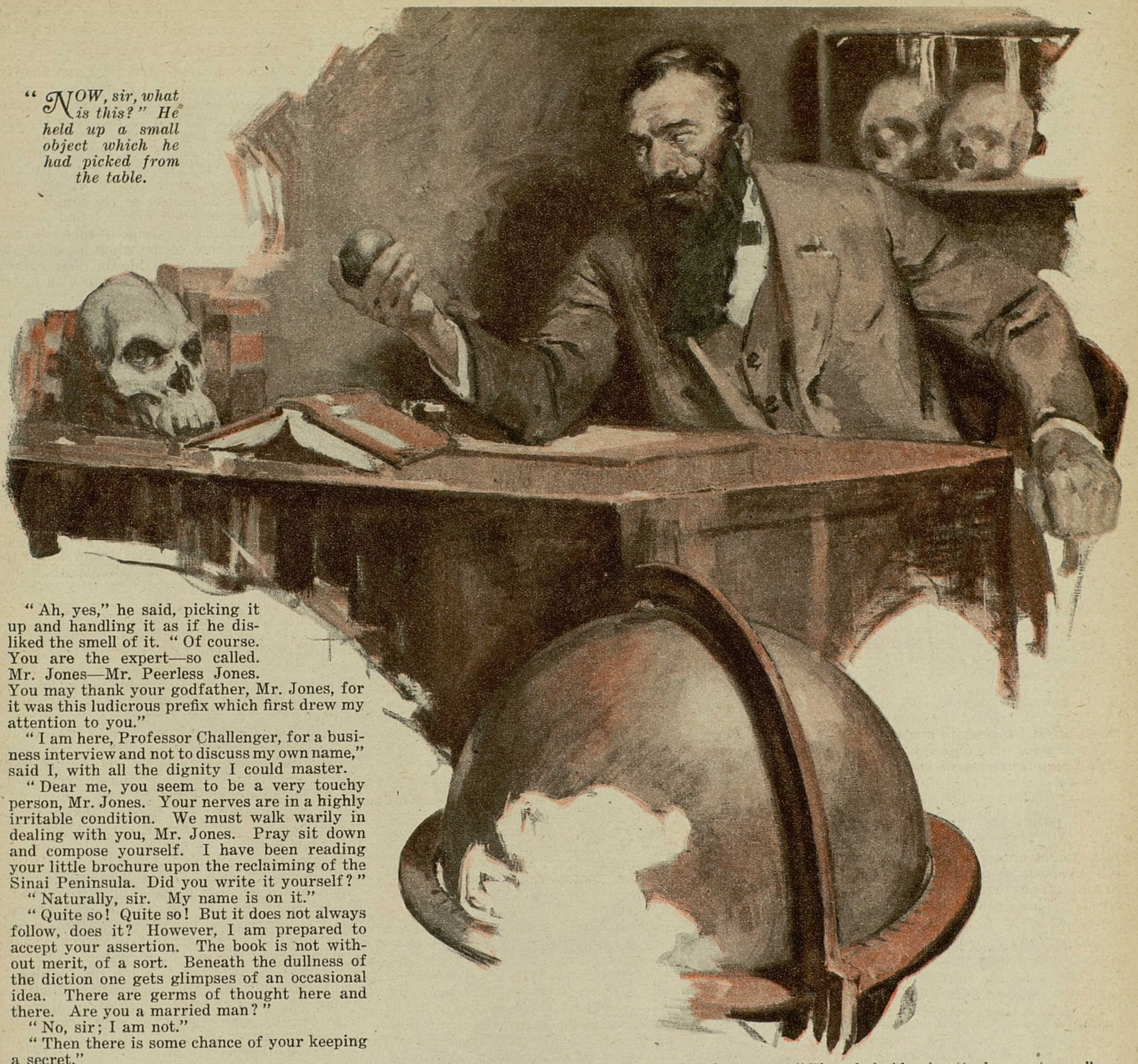
He glanced at a list in his hand.

"Your name, sir? . . . Quite so, Mr. Peerless Jones. . . . Ten-thirty. Everything is in order. We have to be careful, Mr. Jones, for we are much annoyed by journalists. The Professor, as you may be aware, does not approve of the press. This way, sir. Professor Challenger is now receiving."

The next instant I found myself in the presence. I believe that my friend Ted Malone has described the man in his Lost World yarn better than I can hope to do, so I'll leave it at that.

All I was aware of was a huge trunk of a man behind a mahogany desk, with a great spade-shaped black beard and two large gray eyes half covered with insolent drooping eyelids. His big head sloped back, his beard bristled forward, and his whole appearance conveyed one single impression of arrogant intolerance. "Well, what the devil do *you* want?" was written all over him.

I laid my card on the table.



"NOW, sir, what is this?" He held up a small object which he had picked from the table.

"Ah, yes," he said, picking it up and handling it as if he disliked the smell of it. "Of course. You are the expert—so called. Mr. Jones—Mr. Peerless Jones. You may thank your godfather, Mr. Jones, for it was this ludicrous prefix which first drew my attention to you."

"I am here, Professor Challenger, for a business interview and not to discuss my own name," said I, with all the dignity I could master.

"Dear me, you seem to be a very touchy person, Mr. Jones. Your nerves are in a highly irritable condition. We must walk warily in dealing with you, Mr. Jones. Pray sit down and compose yourself. I have been reading your little brochure upon the reclaiming of the Sinai Peninsula. Did you write it yourself?"

"Naturally, sir. My name is on it."

"Quite so! Quite so! But it does not always follow, does it? However, I am prepared to accept your assertion. The book is not without merit, of a sort. Beneath the dullness of the diction one gets glimpses of an occasional idea. There are germs of thought here and there. Are you a married man?"

"No, sir; I am not."

"Then there is some chance of your keeping a secret."

"If I promise to do so, I would certainly keep my promise."

"SO you say. My young friend Malone"—he spoke as if Ted were ten years of age—"has a good opinion of you. He says that I may trust you. This trust is a very great one, for I am engaged just now in one of the greatest experiments—I may even say *the* greatest experiment—in the history of the world. I ask for your participation."

"I shall be honored."

"It is indeed an honor. I will admit that I should have shared my labors with no one, were it not that the gigantic nature of the undertaking calls for the highest technical skill. Now, Mr. Jones, having obtained your promise of inviolable secrecy, I come down to the essential point. It is this: that the world upon which we live is itself a living organism, endowed, as I believe, with a circulation, a respiration, and a nervous system of its own."

Clearly the man was a lunatic.

"Your brain, I observe," he continued, "fails to register. But it will gradually absorb the idea. You will recall how a moor or heath resembles the hairy side of a giant animal. A certain analogy runs through all nature. You will then consider the secular rise and fall of land which indicates the slow respiration of the creature. Finally, you will note the fidgetings and scratchings which appear to our Lilliputian perceptions as earthquakes and convulsions."

"What about volcanoes?" I asked.

"Tut, tut! They correspond with the heat spots on a human body."

My brain whirled as I tried to find some answer to these monstrous contentions.

"The temperature!" I cried. "Is it not a fact that it rises rapidly as one descends, and that the center of the earth is liquid heat?"

He waved my assertion aside.

"You are probably aware, sir, since board schools are now compulsory, that the earth is flattened at the poles. This means that the pole is nearer to the center than any other point and would therefore be most affected by this heat of which you spoke. It is notorious, of course, that the conditions of the poles are tropical, is it not?"

"The whole idea is utterly new to me."

"Of course it is. It is the privilege of the original thinker to put forward ideas which are new and usually unwelcome to the common clay. Now, sir, what is this?"

He held up a small object which he had picked from the table.

"I should say it is a sea urchin."

"EXACTLY!" he cried, with an air of exaggerated surprise, as when an infant has done something clever. "It is a sea urchin—a common echinus. Nature repeats itself in many forms, regardless of the size. This echinus is a model, a prototype, of the world. You perceive that it is roughly circular, but flattened at the poles. Let us then regard the world as a huge echinus. What are your objections?"

My chief objection was that the thing was too absurd for argument; but I did not dare to say so. I fished around for some less sweeping assertion.

"A living creature needs food," I said. "Where could the world sustain its huge bulk?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHEN THE WORLD SCREAMED]
Continued from Page Nine

"An excellent point—excellent!" said the Professor, with a huge air of patronage. "You have a quick eye for the obvious, though you are slow in realizing the more subtle implications. How does the world get nourishment? Again we turn to our little friend, the echinus. The water which surrounds it flows through the tubes of this small creature and provides its nutrition."

"Then you think that the water—"

"No, sir. The ether. The earth browses upon a circular path in the fields of space, and as it moves the ether is continually pouring through it and providing its vitality. Quite a flock of other little world echini are doing the same thing—Venus, Mars, and the rest, each with its own field for grazing."

The man was clearly mad, but there was no arguing with him. He accepted my silence as agreement and smiled at me in most beneficent fashion.

"We are coming on, I perceive," said he. "Light is beginning to break in. A little dazzling at first, no doubt, but we will soon get used to it. Pray give me your attention while I found one or two more observations upon this little creature in my hand.

"We will suppose that on this outer hard rind there were certain infinitely small insects which crawled upon the surface. Would the echinus ever be aware of their existence?"

"I should say not."

"YOU can well imagine, then, that the earth has not the least idea of the way in which it is utilized by the human race. It is quite unaware of this fungous growth of vegetation and evolution of tiny animalcules which have collected upon it during its travels round the sun as barnacles gather upon the ancient vessel. That is the present state of affairs, and that is what I propose to alter."

I stared in amazement. "You propose to alter it?"

"I propose to let the earth know that there is at least one person, George Edward Challenger, who calls for attention—who, indeed, insists upon attention. It is certainly the first intimation it has ever had of the sort."

"And how, sir, will you do this?"

"Ah, there we get down to business. You have touched the spot. I will again call your attention to this interesting little creature which I hold in my hand. It is all nerves and sensibility beneath that protective crust. Is it not evident that if a parasitic animalcule desired to call its attention it would sink a hole in its shell and so stimulate its sensory apparatus?"

"Certainly."

"Or, again, we will take the case of the homely flea or mosquito which explores the surface of the human body. We may be unaware of its presence. But presently, when it sinks its proboscis through the skin, which is our crust, we are disagreeably reminded that we are not altogether alone. My plans now will no doubt begin to dawn upon you. Light breaks on the darkness."

"Good heavens! You propose to sink a shaft through the earth's crust."

He closed his eyes with ineffable complacency.

"You see before you," he said, "the first who will ever pierce that horny hide. I may even put it in the present tense and say who *has* pierced it."

"You have done it!"

"With the very efficient aid of Morden & Company, I think I may say that I have done it. Several years of constant work, which has been carried on night and day, and conducted by every known species of drill, borer, crusher, and explosive, has at last brought us to our goal."

"You don't mean to say you are through the crust!"

"If your expressions denote bewilderment they may pass. If they denote incredulity—"

"No, sir; nothing of the kind."

"You will accept my statement without question. We are through the crust. It was

"Here, let me go!" he sputtered. "Keep your hands

off! Malone, call off this gorilla of yours."

exactly 14,442 yards thick, or roughly eight miles. In the course of our sinking it may interest you to know that we have exposed a fortune in the matter of coal beds which would probably in the long run defray the cost of the enterprise. Our chief difficulty has been the springs of water in the lower chalk and Hastings sands; but these we have overcome.

"The last stage has now been reached—and the last stage is none other than Mr. Peerless Jones. You, sir, represent the mosquito, and your drill the stinging proboscis. The brain has done its work. Exit the thinker. Enter the mechanical one, the peerless one, with his rod of metal. Do I make myself clear?"

"You talk of eight miles!" I cried. "Are you aware, sir, that five thousand feet is considered nearly the limit for Artesian borings? I am acquainted with one in Upper Silesia which is sixty-two hundred feet deep, but it is looked upon as a wonder."

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Peerless. Either my explanation or your brain is at fault, and I will not insist upon which. I am well aware of the limits of Artesian borings, and it is not likely that I would have spent millions of pounds upon my colossal tunnel if a six-inch boring would have met my needs. All that I ask of you is to have a drill ready which shall be as sharp as possible, not more than a hundred feet in length, and operated by an electric motor. An ordinary percussion drill driven home by a weight will meet every requirement."

"Why by an electric motor?"

"I am here, Mr. Jones, to give orders, not reasons. Before we finish, it may happen—it *may*, I say, happen—that your very life may depend upon this drill being started from a distance by electricity. It can, I presume, be done?"

"Certainly it can be done."

"Then prepare to do it. The matter is not yet ready for your actual presence, but your preparations may now be made. I have nothing more to say."

"But it is essential," I expostulated, "that you should let me know what soil the drill is to penetrate. Sand or clay or chalk would each need different treatment."

"Let us say jelly," said Challenger. "Yes, we will for the present suppose that you have to sink your drill into jelly. And now, Mr. Jones, I have matters of some importance to engage my mind, so I will wish you good morning. You can draw up a formal contract, with mention of your charges, for my Head of Works."

I BOWED and turned, but before I reached the door my curiosity overcame me. He was already writing furiously with a quill pen screeching over the paper, and he looked up angrily at my interruption.

"Well, sir, what now? I had hoped you were gone."

"I only wished to ask you, sir, what the object of so extraordinary an experiment can be?"

"Away, sir, away!" he cried angrily. "Raise your mind above the base mercantile and utilitarian needs of commerce. Shake off your paltry standards of business. Science seeks knowledge. Let the knowledge lead us where it will, we still must seek it. To know once for all what we are, why we are, where we are—is that not in itself the greatest of all human aspirations? Away, sir, away!"

His great black head was bowed over his papers once more and blended with his beard. The quill pen screeched more shrilly than ever. So I left him, this extraordinary man, with my head in a whirl at the thought of the strange business in which I now found myself to be his partner.

When I got back to my office I found Ted Malone waiting, with a broad grin upon his face, to know the result of my interview.

"Well!" he cried. "None the worse? No case of assault and battery? You must have handled him very tactfully. What do you think of the old boy?"

"The most aggravating, insolent, intolerant, self-opinionated man I have ever met; but—"

"Exactly!" cried Malone. "We all come to that 'but.' Of course, he is all you say, and a lot more; but one feels that so big a man is not to be measured in our scale, and that we can endure from him what we would not stand from any other living mortal. Is that not so?"

"Well, I don't know him well enough yet to say, but I will admit that if he is not a mere bullying megalomaniac, and if what he says is true, then he certainly is in a class by himself. But *is* it true?"

"Of course it is true. Challenger always delivers the goods. Now, where are you exactly in the matter? Has he told you about Hengist Down?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHEN THE WORLD SCREAMED]
Continued from Page Eleven

"Yes, in a sketchy sort of way."

"Well, you may take it from me that the whole thing is colossal—colossal in conception and colossal in execution. He hates pressmen, but I am in his confidence, for he knows that I will publish no more than he authorizes. Therefore I have his plans, or some of his plans. He is such a deep old bird that one never is sure if one has really touched bottom.

"Anyhow, I know enough to assure you that Hengist Down is a practical proposition and nearly completed. My advice to you now is simply to wait events, and meanwhile to get your gear all ready. You'll hear soon enough either from him or from me."

AS it happened, it was from Malone himself that I heard. He came round quite early to my offices some weeks later as the bearer of a message.

"I've come from Challenger," said he.

"You are like the pilot fish to the shark."

"I'm proud to be anything to him. He really is a wonder. He has done it, all right. It's your turn now, and then he is ready to ring up the curtain."

"Well, I can't believe it till I see it; but I have everything ready and loaded on a lorry. I could start it off at any moment."

"Then do so at once. I've given you a tremendous character for energy and punctuality, so mind you don't let me down. In the meantime, come down with me by rail and I will give you an idea of what has to be done."

It was a lovely spring morning—May 22, to be exact—when we made that fateful journey which brought me on to a stage which is destined to be historical. On the way, Malone handed me a note from Challenger which I was to accept as my instructions.

SIR [it ran]:

Upon arriving at Hengist Down, you will put yourself at the disposal of Mr. Barforth, the chief engineer, who is in possession of my plans. My young friend Malone, the bearer of this, is also in touch with me and may protect me from any personal contact.

We have now experienced certain phenomena in the shaft at and below the 14,000-foot level which fully bear out my views as to the nature of a planetary body, but some more sensational proof is needed before I can hope to make an impression upon the torpid intelligence of the modern scientific world. That proof you are destined to afford, and they to witness.

As you descend in the lifts you will observe, presuming that you have the rare quality of observation, that you pass in succession the secondary chalk beds, the coal measures, some Devonian and Cambrian indications, and finally the granite, through which the greater part of our tunnel is conducted. The bottom is now covered with tarpaulin, which I order you not to tamper with, as any clumsy handling of the sensitive inner cuticle of the earth might bring about premature results.

At my instruction, two strong beams have been laid across the shaft twenty feet above the bottom, with a space between them. This space will act as a clip to hold up your Artesian tube. Fifty feet of drill will suffice, twenty of which will project below the beams, so that the point of the drill comes nearly down to the tarpaulin. As you value your life, do not let it go further. Thirty feet will then project upward in the shaft, and when you have released it we may assume that no less than forty feet of drill will bury itself in the earth's substance.

As this substance is very soft, I find that you will probably need no driving power, and that simply a release of the tube will suffice by its own weight to drive it into the layer which we have uncovered. These instructions would seem to be sufficient for any ordinary intelligence, but I have little doubt that you will need more, which can be referred to me through our young friend Malone.

GEORGE EDWARD CHALLENGER.

Professor Challenger

It can be imagined that when we arrived at the station of Storrington, near the northern foot of the South Downs, I was in a state of considerable nervous tension.

A weatherworn Vauxhall 30 landaulet was awaiting us, and bumped us for six or seven miles over bypaths and lanes which, in spite of their natural seclusion, were deeply rutted and showed every sign of heavy traffic. Once a huge piece of machinery which seemed to be the valves and piston of a hydraulic pump projected itself, all rusted, from a clump of furze.

"That's Challenger's doing," said Malone, grinning. "Said it was one-tenth of an inch out of estimate, so he simply chucked it by the wayside."

"With a lawsuit to follow, no doubt."

"A lawsuit? My dear chap, we should have a court of our own. We have enough to keep a judge busy for a year. Well, here we are. All right, Jenkins; you can let us in!"

A HUGE man with a notable cauliflower ear was peering into the car, a scowl of suspicion upon his face. He relaxed and saluted as he recognized my companion.

"All right, Mr. Malone. I thought it was the American Associated Press."

"Oh, they are on the track, are they?"

"They today, and the *Times* yesterday. Oh, they are buzzing round proper. Look at that!" He indicated a distant dot upon the skyline. "See that glint! That's the telescope of the Chicago *Daily Tribune*. Yes, they are fair after us now. I've seen 'em in rows, same as the crows, along the Beacon yonder."

"Poor old press gang!" said Malone, as we entered a gate in a formidable barbed-wire fence. "I am one of them myself, and I know how it feels."

At this moment we heard a plaintive bleat behind us of "Malone! Ted Malone!" It came from a fat little man who had just arrived upon a motor bike, and was at present struggling in the Herculean grasp of the gatekeeper.

"Here, let me go!" he sputtered. "Keep your hands off! Malone, call off this gorilla of yours."

"Let him go, Jenkins! He's a friend of mine!" cried Malone. "Well, old bean, what is it? What are you after in these parts? Fleet Street is your stamping ground—not the wilds of Sussex."

"You know what I am after perfectly well," said our visitor. "I've got the assignment to write a story about Hengist Down and I can't go home without the copy."

"Sorry, Roy, but you can't get anything here. You'll have to stay on that side of the wire. If you want more you must go and see Professor Challenger and get his leave."

"I've been," said the journalist ruefully. "I went this morning."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said he would put me through the window."

Malone laughed.

"And what did you say?"

"I said, 'What's wrong with the door?' And I skipped through it just to show there was nothing wrong with it. It was no time for argument. I just went.

"What with that bearded Assyrian bull in London and this thug down here, who has ruined my clean celluloid, you seem to be keeping queer company, Ted Malone."

"I CAN'T help you, Roy. I would if I could. They say in Fleet Street that you have never been beaten; but you are up against it this time. Get back to the office, and if you just wait a few days I'll give you the news as soon as the old man allows."

"No chance of getting in?"

"Not an earthly."

"Money no object."

"You should know better than to say that."

"They tell me it's a short cut to New Zealand."

"It will be a short cut to the hospital if you butt in here, Roy. Good-by now. We have some work to do of our own."

"That's Roy Perkins, the war correspondent," said Malone as we walked across the compound. "We've broken his record, for he is supposed to be undefeatable. It's his fat little innocent face that carries him through everything. We were on the same staff once.

"Now, there"—he pointed to a cluster of pleasant red-roofed bungalows—"are the quarters of the men. They are a splendid lot of picked workers who are paid far above ordinary rates. They have to be bachelors, and teetotalers, and under oath of secrecy. I don't think there has been any leakage up to now.

"That field is their football ground, and the detached house is their library and recreation room. The old man is some organizer, I can assure you. This is Mr. Barforth, the head engineer in charge."

A long, thin, melancholy man with deep lines of anxiety upon his face had appeared before us.

"I expect you are the Artesian engineer," said he in a gloomy voice. "I was told to expect you. I am glad you've come, for I don't mind telling you that the responsibility of this thing is getting on my nerves. We work away, and I never know if it's a gush of chalk water, or a seam of coal, or a squirt of petroleum, or maybe a touch of hell fire that is coming next. We've been spared the last up to now, but you may make the connection, for all I know."

"Is it so hot down there?"

"Well, it's hot—there's no denying it. And yet, maybe it is not hotter than the barometric pressure and the confined space might account for. Of course the ventilation is awful. We pump the air down, but two-hour shifts are the most the men can do—and they are willing lads, too.

"The Professor was down yesterday, and he was very pleased with it all. You had best join us at lunch and then you will see it for yourself."

The stage is set for an amazing experiment. In next week's concluding installment we are to learn the still more amazing outcome. Don't miss Part Two.

The Manassa MAULER—

Daddy of 'Em All

Jack Dempsey's Deadly Punch Starts Him on His Climb to Fame

Jack Dempsey, the unknown "palooka," in his early fighting days.

National photo

(Left) Developing into a challenger for the heavyweight title in 1917.

P. & A. photo

(Below) Jack the Giant Killer in 1920, conqueror of Jess Willard and Champion of the World.

P. & A. photo

By

CHARLES J. McGUIRK

(Reading time: 20 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: When Jack Dempsey made his last stand against Gene Tunney at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, September 22, 1927, he exhibited the remarkable fighting heart that has made his entire life one colorful adventure. As the seventh child in a family of ten, born of wandering parents, and with a strange mixture of Scotch, Irish, and Indian ancestry, he began early in life to display the picturesque qualities that the author goes on here to describe.]

PART TWO

JACK DEMPSEY'S early ambitions were not even concerned with a pugilistic career. And this is all the more strange when you consider that his oldest brother, Bernard, who had been the idol of his childhood, had become a fighter.

Bernard was a miner who fought as a side line and with such confident ambition to become a topnotcher that he adopted the name "Jack Dempsey" as his *nom de guerre* because of the original Jack Dempsey, the great fighter who was known as The Nonpareil, and the similarity of their last names.

But young Dempsey's ambition was to become a great hobo, and his boyhood hero was "A No. 1," the mighty traveler who boasted truly that he had traveled more than 100,000 miles by freight, passenger, and mail train without paying a dime.

If you watch carefully as you ride along in your Pullman, anywhere in the United States, Canada, or Mexico, you will find his autograph adorning culverts, bridges, telegraph poles—anywhere he stopped off and had a chance to sign it. It looks like this:

A → No. 1

and it is always written big enough to see from your car window.

A No. 1 was, among other things, a "fast rambler," an aristocrat of hobodom, a man who "held down" fast mail trains that traveled at from fifty to seventy miles an hour. He rode "blind," plastered against the front of the mail car, holding to the ladder as it roared through the night. He rode the "top," lying flat on the roof with a life grip on the sides of the walk to keep from being whirled off as the train plunged through the darkness.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MANASSA MAULER—DADDY OF 'EM ALL]
Continued from Page Thirteen

He rode the rods under the bodies of fast fruit specials, refrigerator cars hurrying to market with their perishable burdens at a speed almost as great as that of an extra-fare train. He rode with his face pillowed on his coat to keep it from being lashed to ribbons by flying cinders. He is even said to have ridden the cowcatcher of a "through" passenger train on a winter night—spread out like a man crucified, his body exposed to the full force of the icy wind.

YOUNG Dempsey strove to emulate him. He became a "road kid," a novice in the art of hoboing. The road kid is tough. Most of the time he is vicious. He will fight at the drop of the hat with fists, knives, clubs, or guns. He is totally without fear. If he sticks to the hobo trail long enough, he develops into a yegg, a safe-blower, or a fast rambler. The yegg and the fast rambler are the aristocrats of the road.

If, driven by the urge to do something worth while, the road kid forsakes the road for the arts or business or the prize ring, he often becomes a leader in his chosen profession. Many of our successful professional and business men, writers, and artists have been road kids.

Jack London was a road kid. So were Josiah Flint and Jim Tully. The profession which young Dempsey was shortly to adorn and influence boasted already two great fighters who had come up from the ranks of the hobos. They were Norman Selby (Kid McCoy) and Stanley Ketchel—the latter one of the galaxy made up of himself, Bob Fitzsimmons, Terry McGovern, Harry Greb, and Dempsey, universally conceded the greatest natural fighters of all time.

The boy's ambition to become as great a tramp as A No. 1 was fed by the stories he heard of this master hobo in the "jungles," or hobo camps, from Salt Lake City to Sacramento.

He spent a lot of nights in these jungles—which are usually pitched outside the limits of a town or a city, not far from the railroad, and generally by a pure stream of running water—and got the gossip of the road.

Sacramento had a tough jail. Tulsa, Oklahoma, was unfriendly to 'bos—ran them out of town or put them to work. Miami, Florida, was on the boom and the pickings were soft. Land speculators shook down easy. New Orleans was as good as ever. The girls in the cribs of the red-light district came through on any hard-luck story.

The gossip covered every community from Maine to California and from Canada to Mexico. The restless brotherhood was everywhere. The jungles were the clearing houses of all information of interest to hobos.

In the two years between sixteen and eighteen, while young Dempsey's mighty bones, tough sinews, and flat, powerful muscles were hardening and rounding into the contours of adolescence, he lived the life of a road kid and "gay cat," an itinerant worker moving up and down to the fields of labor in trains that knew not that they carried him.

He gained the respect of other hobos, oldsters of the road, because he became a fast rambler, riding the mails and fruit expresses and through passenger trains whenever possible. And that takes nerve.

In those two years he picked up much of the lore of the road: what towns were soft and which ones tough on the tramp. He kept out of the South. He learned that German housewives were easiest to beg from, with Chinese nearly as good.

A Negro would share his possessions fifty-fifty with a homeless man. A hobo was never turned away from a circus lot with an empty belly. Circus and theatrical people and women of the underworld were universally generous.

Picture by Will Perrin

With his fists Dempsey gained the respect and fear of other hobos in the "jungles."

The towns he touched as a "fast rambler."

He came to distrust all professional charitable organizations except the Salvation Army. These "soldiers of the cross" were real Christians. They never let their interest in your soul interfere with feeding you. They believed that "A man may be down but he's never out."

Dempsey conformed swiftly to his environment, a trait of his which has since carried him, unembarrassed, up through the different strata of society. His brown eyes hardened, as did his mouth. You can't live a life among hobos, "shacks," and railroad "bulls" and "dicks," and remain sweet.

You can't see a man hurled to death by a brakeman from a fast-moving train, battered over the head with a coupling pin or a policeman's club, thrown into jail and starved for refusing to work, beaten to death in a jungle by a heroin-crazed yegg—you can't see all these things and acquire or preserve any illusions about the kindness of the human animal.

And Dempsey had no illusions. He was at that time a dangerous primitive stealing below the fringes of society. But he did not feel its ostracism. He did feel its brutality, but his spirit was never crushed by it. He was too busy drinking of raw, savage life. And he was as hard as that life had made him.

But he was honest and he loved his mother. He was home infrequently now, dropping off for a meal and a bed when his hegiras or hunger brought him there. He was better to her than any of her other children. He always thought of her. He came unexpectedly and, after washing the breakfast dishes next morning, he would be gone, back to the mines or the construction camps or on the road.

HE would have gone on living a peaceful life. He had the good disposition that goes with perfect health, and behind his rather menacing countenance, with its heavy black eyebrows and habitual scowl, was a gentle soul.

He rarely had to fight. Other men and boys were afraid of him. He would have been perfectly satisfied to live his life as an unskilled and itinerant laborer. The fight racket couldn't be so good.

His brother Bernard fought now and then, but he wasn't riding around in any limousines. If it hadn't been for Freddie Wood of Montrose, Colorado, and his pride in himself as a fighter, Harry Dempsey would never have become Jack Dempsey, heavyweight Champion of the World.

Freddie Wood was the son of the blacksmith at Montrose, and he was one of the gang young Dempsey had run around with about the time both were reaching into their teens. Freddie was a husky lad, having built up a naturally fine constitution helping his father.

The boys never could decide whether Freddie or young Dempsey was the better man, and each was careful not to precipitate matters. So when the Dempseys moved from Montrose to Provo, Utah, the question of supremacy had never been settled between them.

Dempsey, on one of his journeys "on the rods," was discovered by a brakeman and ordered to "unload." He unloaded near Montrose and caught the next train into the town. And the first person he met was Freddie. Freddie had grown broader, heavier, and more truculent.

He laughingly suggested that they strip and fight to settle who could whip the other. Dempsey was willing, but he thought it would be a waste of effort to decide it without making a little money by it.

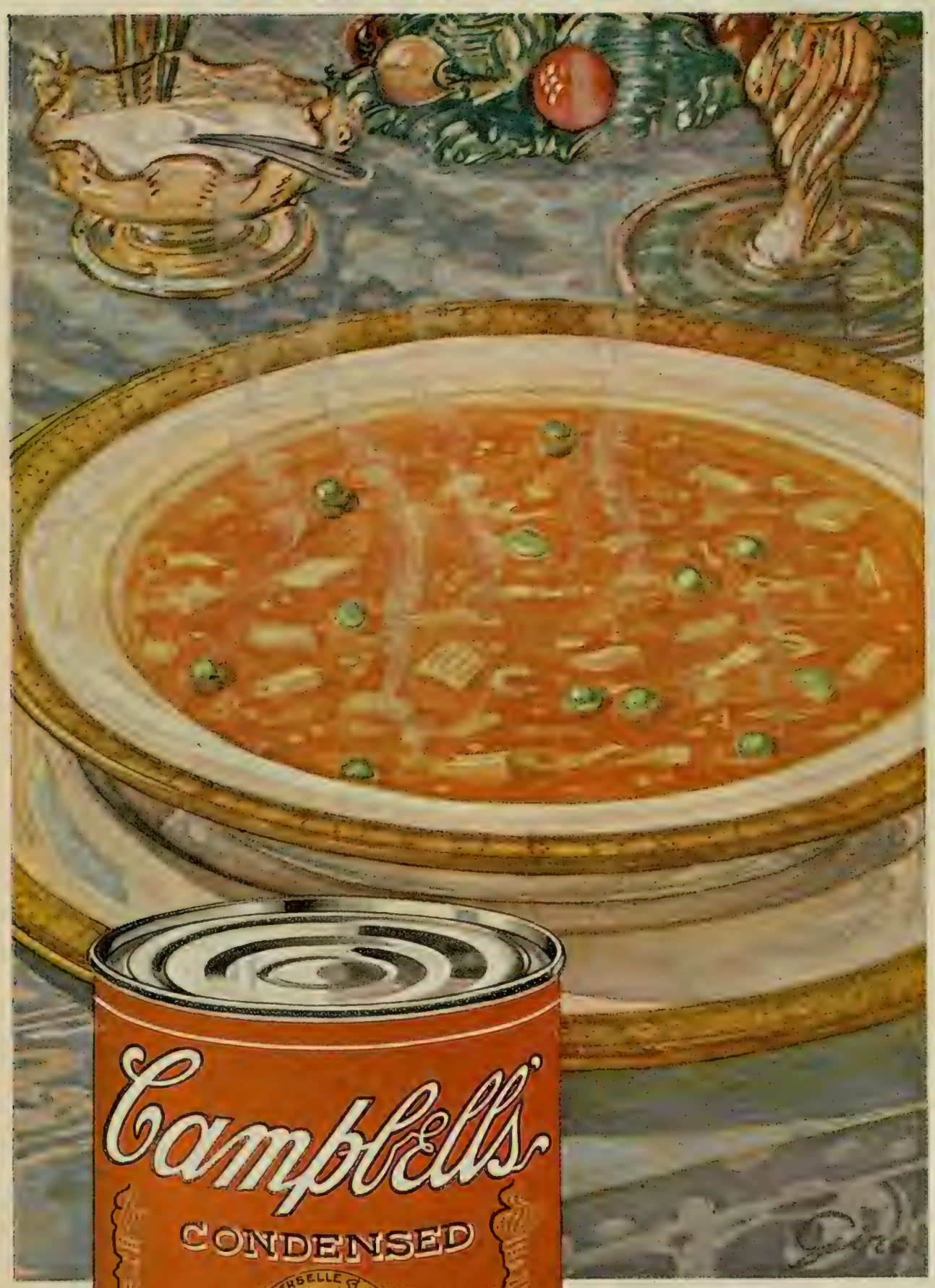
He suggested that they hire Moose Hall and settle the matter before an audience and split the gate fifty-fifty.

Freddie was agreeable and they placarded the town with posters, badly spelled but conveying the information that there would be a fight to the finish at Moose Hall, Harry Dempsey *versus* Freddie Wood. The gang responded.

When they shaped up, it looked like a mur-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

"It's more than a soup— it's a meal!"



15 vegetables
Beef broth
Cereals
Fresh herbs
Seasoning

- - - 32 different ingredients
12 cents a can

My how Campbell's makes us grow!
Everybody tells us so.
We just beam with health and pride
When our Campbell's Soup's inside!

SOUP
and the new standard of living

THE STANDARDS of living remained higher in the United States during the past year "than anywhere else in the world or than at any other time in world history."

So says Secretary Hoover. Never in the world's history has a nation lived so well, done its work so well and reaped such well-deserved rewards—for its happiness and health and comfort.

And never before has soup appeared with such regularity on the dining-tables of the nation. Higher and ever higher goes the living standard in the average American home. The new opportunities and the advantages which are every American's birthright bring to each home healthier living, better food, happier living. And one of the results is that soup has brought its benefits and enjoyments to an ever-increasing number of households.

THE WOMAN who insists on giving her family the best food serves soup every day. Why? In the first place because hot, invigorating, delicious soup is such a real enjoyment. To omit it is to deny the family one of the "bright spots" of the daily menu.

But just as important is the *healthfulness* of soup. This hot liquid food acts as a tonic to the appetite and stimulates the flow of the digestive juices. Eaten regularly every day, it exercises a steady, beneficial effect. It not only makes the meals "go" better, but helps to make them more completely nourishing.

STEP INTO any food store in the United States. Glance about you. In a moment your eye will be attracted by the familiar Red-and-White Labels, telling you in no uncertain way that soups are steadily desired and purchased by the customers of that store. Anywhere, any time, you will see women coming in for their regular family supply. For the new standard demands soup—and soup offered in such delicious quality and convenient form.

Campbell's Soups require but the addition of an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil and a few minutes simmering. Twenty-one different soups to vary your menus. The complete list is printed on every label and your grocer has, or will get for you, any soups you select. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

3 million

it must be good

eaten every day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

der. Freddie was built like the ideal blacksmith. His muscles stood out in knots on his back, chest, and arms. Beside him the road kid looked frail and slight. But the hitting muscles of his back were just as big as Freddie's, and his bronzed arms rippled with strength.

They fought with the technique of boys, rushing, socking, moving away, and clinching. Dempsey had only one good hand, the right. He used the left solely for pawing, clinching, and feinting. But in the fourth round he caught the young blacksmith on the point of the jaw and knocked him cold. When they counted up they found they had taken in thirty dollars.

Dempsey caught a "rattler" going east that night. This had been his first professional fight, and, as he rode, he thought what a soft graft fighting must be. If he could draw down fifteen bucks for a fight and fight three times a week— He decided he would be a fighter.

He found, however, that being willing to fight and getting the opportunity were two different things. For six months he tried to find an opponent, and was just about to give it up when he met Andy Malloy at Montrose, where Dempsey had again dropped off on his way home from Butte, Montana.

Andy Malloy was a tough old heavyweight who had fought on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. He was several years beyond his prime, but he was still able to put an end to the aspirations of many young men, or to help them if they showed promise. He had fought Bernard, the kid's brother, and practically ruined him.

He looked the boy over and liked him, and proposed that they put on a bout in Montrose. The kid agreed and hired Moose Hall again.

Andy saw immediately, as Dempsey came out of his corner to meet him, that he knew nothing about boxing. So Andy played with him through the first and second rounds, hitting him, covering, and stepping away. The kid was persistent. He kept following Andy, forcing him to break ground and getting him sore.

AS the second round closed, Andy planted one on the kid's nose, smearing him with blood. The kid shook his head, went to his corner, came out of it for the third, and smacked Andy down with a haymaker that whistled like a locomotive. Andy saw that punch coming from the time Dempsey decided to throw it. It was like a slow-motion picture.

He tried to step back, to step in, to step aside, to ward it off. But that fist landed right on his button and Andy dived miles into oblivion. When he came to he was on the stool in his corner, with Dempsey bending over him.

"Gee! What a sock *you* got!" he said admiringly, rubbing his jaw. "Kid, you got to fight. That's your racket. I been smacked down in Butte; I been knocked over in Denver; I kissed the canvas in Frisco; and I smelled the resin in Juarez. But I never took one like that in my life. I'll teach you what I know."

"All right," said the kid.

So Andy took him under his wing and tried to teach him. He was singularly unsuccessful, but his failure was caused by an ignorance of Dempsey's muscular predispositions formed by the work he had done. For instance, Andy tried vainly to teach him how to jab straight from the shoulder.

The jab is a bewildering punch brought to high perfection by Corbett, Leonard, Jack Delaney, Tommy Loughran, Jimmy Slattery, and Gene Tunney. It confuses an opponent and scrambles his thought and mode of attack. But it never stuns. It is not a knockout punch—rather, a weapon used by master boxers.

Dempsey was not destined for a master boxer. He was a natural fighter. Nature follows circles, semicircles, arcs. She has little use for straight lines. They interfere with rhythm. And Dempsey, fighting, is old Nature herself.

His muscles were set and developed by swinging a shovel or an ax. No straight lines in these movements; all swings, underhand, overhand, from either side. So his fighting blows became projections of the same motions.

He hooked, uppercutted, and swung—mostly swung—the only straight line Dempsey ever had any use for was the one he followed to get close to an opponent.

"Gee!" Andy told him. "You jab like a skirt. You ain't got no power or strength in it. And keep your chin down behind your shoulder. Keep it down!" And he'd sock the projecting chin to drive home the lesson.

The Dempsey home in Salt Lake City before Jack made his fortune. (Left) With his father and mother, whom he keeps in luxury today.

P. & A. photo

The chin would disappear, to emerge again almost immediately, as Dempsey forgot his defense in his eagerness to land. Andy succeeded in teaching him only one thing, the trick of throwing the weight of his body behind a punch. Dempsey never forgot it. It was in line with his natural style. It was the biggest single factor in making him a killer.

Buck Weaver, miner and sport, wired to Montrose, offering Dempsey and Malloy a match at Durango, a mining town. They responded and arrived at Durango f. o. b., Malloy dropping from the top and Dempsey rolling off the rods of a freight car. There the kid met his brother Bernard.

The bout was scheduled to go twenty rounds, and it was held at the "opera house," despite the warning of the chief of police that he would not allow it. Andy was more careful in this fight. The pride of his craft forbade him giving this piece of dynamite any openings.

He hooked and jabbed and slipped away, cutting the youngster to ribbons. But Dempsey kept on coming in. The chief strode in and stopped it in the tenth. It is in the record books as a draw. Bernard was so impressed by his young brother's showing that he handed over the name "Jack." He allowed he was about through fighting.

The kid accepted the accolade as a matter of course and went West looking for fights. Andy went back to Salt Lake City, where he told Hardy Downing, the fight promoter, that he had a punk kid under his wing who'd give him action every minute. Downing said he'd look him over.

WHEN Dempsey returned home, Downing, after looking him over, matched him with Kid Hancock, a husky youth weighing 190 pounds. When the bell clanged for the opening round, Dempsey, badly in need of a shave, slithered out like a great cat. Kid Hancock lumbered to meet him. Dempsey feinted with his useless left at Hancock's stomach. Young Hancock dropped his left to guard. Then, *bang!* Dempsey's right crashed to his chin and Hancock crumpled to the floor. The fight had lasted eleven seconds.

His second match was with Jack Downey a week later. Downey was a fast heavyweight and a hard hitter. His defense was almost impenetrable and he fought an offensive battle. He walked into the sullen kid, who came toward him wide open, and socked him—hard—on the chin.

Dempsey shook his head and clinched. Downey tucked Dempsey's head under his left arm and smeared his features till the referee broke them. Then he proceeded to cut and slash him. And Dempsey kept walking in, trying to land. Always coming in. Always trying. It was a sweetheart of a slaughter and at the finish Downey was winner by a mile.

Dempsey got two dollars and a half for that fight and asked to be allowed to meet Downey again the next week. This return match was a draw. In their third fight, two weeks after the second, Dempsey knocked Downey out in the twelfth second of the second round.

Dempsey has never had but one mode of attack: "I hit him in the belly and then I hit him on the chin."

So Dempsey was launched auspiciously in his profession. He was a "palooka," a ham-and-egg fighter, who fought intermittently for Hardy Downing through 1915-16 on a slowly graduated scale which ran from two-fifty to five dollars, to seven-fifty, to ten, to fifteen, to twenty-five, to fifty.

He got better bouts and better money away from his home town, and he traveled about by fast freight, by mail trains, and by "through passengers." Now he was a fast rambler, a champion hobo, who would rather fight than eat.

He fought east and west, north and south, out of Salt Lake City. This ragged Ulysses wrote his Odyssey on railroad mileage to the *ala gazam! clickety-click!* of train wheels. He was still of the jungles. He "jungled up" in hobo camps, using them for hotels, and in them he was a personage.

He was a rip-tearing battler like Stanley Ketchel. When he slipped, quietly as a cat, into the circle around a jungle fire, the talk was hushed and he was greeted with the civility of fear. He was never asked to cadge or cook. He was the guest of honor. But he

Keystone photo

Bernard, an older brother of Jack, who was unsuccessful as a fighter.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

N. Y. World Syndicate photo

The one black mark on Dempsey's record was the charge that he faked a fight with Jim Flynn (above) in Salt Lake City in his early days.

[THE MANASSA MAULER—DADDY OF 'EM ALL
Continued from Page Seventeen]

"threw" a good mulligan stew, having the knack of cooking. He did his bit, usually at the pot. He was always gentle, except when he was fighting.

His ring style was that of a bull. His right hand was good. His left was almost criminally useless. He used it to pull an opponent into a clinch. When the right connected, the fight was over.

From 1915 to the beginning of 1917 he lost but one fight, that first one with Jack Downey. He fought three draws—one with Malloy, one with Downey, and one with Johnny Sudenberg. He won five decisions. And he knocked out eighteen opponents. Here is the official list, with the knockout round:

Fred Woods, 4; Kid Hancock, 1; Billy Murphy, 1; Chief Gordon, 6; Johnny Person, 7; Anamas Campbell, 3; Joe Lyons, 9; George Copelin, 7; Andy Malloy, 3; Two Round Gillian, 1; Jack Downey, 2; Boston Bearcat, 1; Battling Johnson, 1; George Christian, 1; Jack Koehn, 4; Joe Bonds, 10; Dan Ketchel, 5; and Bob York, 4.

The first fight with Johnny Sudenberg presaged Dempsey's later fights, the one with Luis Firpo and the one with Jack Sharkey. It was harder fought than either. Sudenberg was a hard-hitting slugger who had scared out so many opponents that he had to go back to working in the mines. He held forth at Goldfield.

Jack Goodfriend, the promoter there, anxious to get a fight, heard of Dempsey and offered him a fight with Johnny if he could convince Goodfriend that he was really able to fight. Dempsey proved it by beating Slick Merrill in the Casino, a gambling house and dance hall in Tonopah, before an audience of miners and the dance-hall girls.

THE fight with Sudenberg was a toe-to-toe affair, and at its start the odds were ten to one against Dempsey. The prevailing impression was that Dempsey was a set-up. The first four rounds seemed to bear it out. There was no science in the fight. Standing toe to toe, they slugged.

In the first round Sudenberg knocked Dempsey down seven times; three times in the second; twice in the third; and once in the fourth. But when the ten rounds were over, Dempsey had evened the score. Both had been on the floor thirteen times. The fight was declared a draw. A month later they fought the same kind of a battle in Tonopah. Dempsey won it.

Jack Dempsey then became the victim of his own reputation. He could find no opponents around Salt Lake City, so he put himself under the management of Jack Price, brother-in-law of Hardy Downing, and descended on New York.

They hit the big city in the midst of one of the hottest spells in its history, in the summer of 1916. Jack was unknown in the East. Damon Runyon was the only sports writer to make a note of his coming. He ran a small squib about him in his daily column.

Price, after several dreary weeks, was given a match for his fighter by Tom McArdle, the veteran fight promoter. His opponent was Andre Anderson, and they fought at the old Fairmount Club in the Bronx.

Dempsey, walking in wide open, pasted Anderson so frequently that he was given the decision and a match the following week with "Wild Burt" Kenney, a swinger. Jack had him out in the second, but carried him along, and in doing so destroyed the good impression he had created in his first start.

The promoters refused to give him a place on their bills, and he and Price were almost broke when Price was called home by the death of his mother.

Dempsey tried unsuccessfully to get into Madison Square Garden to see Jess Willard fight Frank Moran. Unable to do so, he sat on a coal pile across the street and "listened in" on it. Two years later he was Champion of the World.

Then he got a match with John Lester Johnson for the first bout after the lifting of the ban on bouts between colored and white fighters. Johnson, finding out in the first round

P. & A. photo

John Lester Johnson broke three of Jack's ribs in a bout, but Dempsey kept on and won the decision.

that Dempsey had no defense, walked out in the second, lifted Dempsey's right arm in the air, and buried his right in his side, breaking three ribs. Dempsey shuddered like a stricken tree—and steadied. He started after Johnson and the slaughter began. Dempsey took as many as ten to get in one. But once that one landed, Johnson would dance away, a hurt fighter. Dempsey got the decision.

John Reisler, a promoter known as John the Barber, was so struck by his showing that he brought in a contract naming him Dempsey's manager. Dempsey signed it and got $100. Then he went to bed, sick with the fever caused by his broken ribs.

He was alone in New York. He was homesick. After three days he bought two new suits and asked Billy McCarney, the fight promoter, to ship them to his home address out West. That night he rode the fast mail "blind."

Clinging to the ladder on the rear of the mail car, his broken ribs screamed pain. He couldn't drop off. The mail made no stops before Buffalo, where he dropped off, nearly insensible. He had ridden, holding down the fast train, for twelve hours and 400 miles. From Buffalo he went by slower stages.

Two months of convalescence and he got a job as bouncer in Maxim's, a popular cabaret in Salt Lake City. There he met Maxine Cates, a pianist with a rather hectic career in San Francisco behind her. They were married in Farmington, Utah, November 9, 1916. Jack, by that action, took upon himself a load of grief.

They moved into a hotel room in Salt Lake City, and with the waning honeymoon Maxine began to demand money. Jack was unable to get any bouts, and his wife threatened that if he didn't bring in some money soon she would "go back to the old life."

It was while he was trying frantically to get money that he was offered the fight with Fireman Jim Flynn of Pueblo out at Murray, a suburb of Salt Lake City, for the benefit of the firemen of that town. That fight is the one black spot on Dempsey's record.

Flynn was a third-rate fighter with a run of luck. He had whipped Carl Morris and Jim Coffey at Brighton Beach. Rumors started to fly a week before the bout.

Dempsey was to lay down to Flynn, "take it on the chin," for $500, it was said. Hardy Downing tried to have the fight stopped, but was unable to do so.

The fight was short but far from sweet. Flynn came on, fanning with both hands. Dempsey dropped his left hand and stuck out his chin. Flynn slammed it with a haymaker and Dempsey dropped to the floor—and as he did *he put his right glove against his right cheek.* The crooked gamblers cleaned up.

When he dressed, Dempsey went to a saloon popular among the "sports" to see how they had taken it. Men refused to speak to him. He went to his hotel. Maxine was not there, and he hid all but $150 of the "blood money" under the bathtub. He gave this to her.

He thought the feeling against him would blow over, but it didn't. He was ostracized. He decided to quit Salt Lake City and, eventually, the fight game.

DEMPSEY and Maxine went West one drizzly morning. His plan was to go to the shipyards in Seattle, Washington, and work. They were paying good money, he heard.

In San Francisco he got a match with Al Norton, a good heavyweight, and Norton beat him almost to a pulp, smashing his nose. But Dempsey was still boring in when the final bell rang. His gameness so impressed Norton that he took him over to Jack Kearns, a fight manager and owner of The Breakers, a café.

Kearns wasn't particularly impressed. Besides, Dempsey told him he was through with the fight racket. Kearns told him to let him know if he decided to come back to the game.

A month later Kearns received a letter from him asking for the loan of enough money to get back to Salt Lake City. His younger brother Bruce had been killed in a knife fight in Greek Town, a section of Salt Lake City.

Kearns sent him thirty dollars and heard no more from him till the summer. Then Dempsey wrote. He wanted Kearns to get him some

P. & A. photo

Andre Anderson, the first New York victim of the Manassa Mauler's flying fists.

fights. He was leaving Maxine with his mother and was on his way to Frisco.

Dempsey's meteoric rise to holder of the championship with his defeat of Jess Willard is told in next week's LIBERTY.

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*This table based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

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The LOST Chord

A Short Story of a Flapper, a Man, and a Wife

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 12 minutes 31 seconds.)

I WAS sitting in the anteroom of the law office of William J. Kelifer, idly looking through some legal house organ, when the door of his private office opened and a very pretty young woman came bustling out. Her cheeks were red and her eyes were bright and she was obviously embarrassed. She hastened out into the hall without so much as a glance about the room.

It had been fifteen years since I had last seen Bill Kelifer. I had roomed with him at college until the dean sent for him one day and informed him that the task of pounding education into his head was becoming very irksome, and he would therefore release him to the plumbing trade in the hope that he could use his hands better than his head.

The last news I had of Bill was that he was one of the most brilliant corporation counsels in the Middle West. I thought the joke was on the dean. Our alma mater had declined to honor him with an A.B. Perhaps some day she would honor herself by bestowing upon him an LL.D.

I had just come out to St. Louis that morning on a matter of business which I had finished at luncheon, and then had found time hanging heavy on my hands until my train should leave for the East. I cast about for something to do and had suddenly remembered that Bill lived in St. Louis.

So I had looked up his office in the telephone book and wandered around to call on him. His secretary had told me he was busy, but would be free in a few moments.

After the departure of his charming client, I followed his secretary into the private office, as I knew he would see me at once.

"Hello, hello!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of me hesitating in the doorway. "My long-lost alter ego! What brings you out here?"

His hair was disheveled, his tie was pulled around under his ear, and there was a smear of lip stick on his cheek. He was straightening

BUT in this day and time, if Lady Godiva joined the party with her hair bobbed, these sheiks wouldn't give her a second glance.

himself up as he arose to meet me. I glanced about the room and noted that it, like the occupant, needed a bit of arranging. Evidently his client had been discussing serious business.

"Oh, I came out here on a little business matter," I told him. "I finished it early and got so lonely I had to look up some old friend to keep from crying on a stranger's shoulder. I'd almost forgotten you lived out here."

"And I'd almost forgotten you lived anywhere," he laughed. "I'm glad you remembered me in time. I'm certainly glad to see you again, old-timer."

"And I'm glad to see you. You've aged considerably since the last time we had our elbows on the mahogany and our feet on the brass."

"So have you. No one calls you 'young man' any more, do they?"

"Not recently."

"Well, come on and I'll drive you out to the country club, and if you feel like golf I guess we can find some clothes that will fit you and a couple of broken clubs. I've got to play with a man I made an engagement with a week ago,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Times have changed. I can remember when knees were considered way uptown.

[THE LOST CHORD
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

but we can pick up somebody and make it a foursome. Come along."

We got his car and drove out to the club, and on the way talked of old times.

"By the way," I remarked, "I'm thinking of moving my office out to St. Louis."

"Is that so? I thought all your business was in the East?"

"It is," I admitted. "But I might change my business. I like St. Louis. Particularly the office work out here. So refreshing to be able to combine business with pleasure! I know I should like St. Louis. Back East I get dreadfully bored during office hours."

He eyed me suspiciously. "Oh, so that's what you're driving at? You haven't changed much in the last fifteen years, after all. Still know everything that's going on around you."

"Yes; and by the same token, you're still up to your old tricks," I retorted.

He laughed. "Score one for the visiting team! So you got into town just in time to plumb the depths of my iniquity, did you? Bully for you! Maybe I haven't aged as much as you thought I had."

"There's no fool like an old fool," I said.

"Is that so? Well, I'll have you understand that the younger set don't find me archaic. I may not be able to dislocate my knees or hips in the latest dance steps, but I haven't got either foot in a wheel chair yet. I'll admit that I did get beyond my depth and had to reef my sail last summer, but I can still play follow the leader with you any time."

"Who clipped your wings?" I asked.

"That's a long story. Want to hear it?"

"Sure. Let 'er go."

WELL, last summer my wife took the kids up to the mountains, but I was mixed up in a big damage case here and couldn't get away. Everybody that was able to went away for July and August, and those that couldn't didn't do anything but sit around and cuss at each other.

I got to playing around with a crowd out in the suburb where we live that were younger than the pack we usually ran with. They were this new generation that became of age after the flappers had educated the postwar generation. The flappers introduced us to knees and the Charleston. This next crop went them one better and produced the Black Bottom. They were known as the Cradle Roll by the older crowd, who blushed at their iniquity.

All my friends were away, and I was not only lonely, but had nobody to play golf with. That's where I was introduced into the Cradle Roll. After a few rounds of golf they decided I was a good sport and took me along for a few rounds of cocktails. I acquitted myself creditably and was duly admitted to the *sanctum sanctorum* and assigned a place in the kitchen sink.

They all called me grandpop and made quite a fuss over me. It's nice to be treated with deference at the age of thirty-five, and they were forever trying to get me drunk. But I was raised in the same hard school of experience that you were. We served our apprenticeship on real fire water, not this oil of juniper that these kids drink. Every night they'd pass out themselves while working on me—it was a sort of game they got to playing.

No, they aren't up to us as drinkers, but they can give us cards and spades on other vices. You and I could never stand their pace—not and keep our tempers, sanity, or position in society. We'd have no more chance of keeping up with this generation than a dwarf has of playing a bull fiddle.

They're probably no worse than we were, but they sure do act it. Times have changed. I can remember when knees were considered way uptown.

We used to think we were pretty rough in our day when we'd have two cocktails and go call on some girl and hold her hand after a long struggle. But now the two of you drink

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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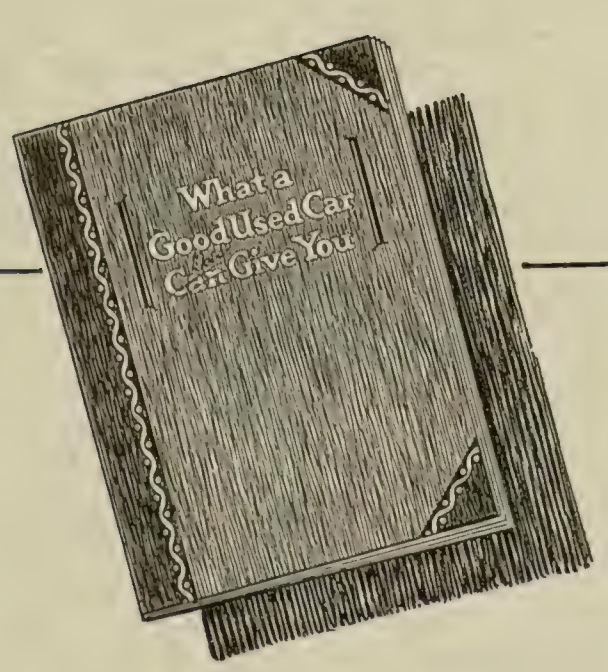

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[THE LOST CHORD
Continued from Page Twenty-two]

cocktails until your back teeth are floating, and then she sits on your lap with only three garments on. Their dresses don't cover any more of their anatomy than their grandmother's little lace hankies would.

When we were young men about town, a glimpse of a nice calf bulging over the top of a high shoe just made the evening for us. But in this day and time, if Lady Godiva joined the party with her hair bobbed, these blasé sheiks wouldn't give her a second glance—unless she was deformed.

When vaccination was first developed they vaccinated everybody on the arm. When short sleeves came in, they vaccinated girls on the thigh, so the scar wouldn't show. I don't know where they are going next.

I was just beginning to enjoy my summer when a cloud appeared on the horizon. My favorite hostess had her sister for a visit. She proved to be the sand in the gear box, the fly in the ointment, the poison ivy amid the laurel, the splinter on the slide, the hemlock in the highball.

She sure spoiled the summer for me. She was good-looking, yeah, good-looking, and somebody had told her about it. She played golf, tennis, polo, or what have you.

Like all the rest of the crowd, she wore practically no clothes at all, and had a figure that would have brought St. Simeon down his pole like a fireman. This little girl made her closest competition a long-distance call.

BUT she sure ruined my summer. Up to that time I was just grandpop and entitled to a little service. Everybody understood and respected my platonic nature. They could sit on my lap and pour my drinks, but I was always allowed to go home early.

Then Sis came along and looked me over and decided there was life in the old hoss yet. She was used to personal attention and she was going to have it. I was elected.

Besides, some of them told her it was no use pulling a siren on me, because I had wax in my ears. Naturally that decided her to make me come running when she whistled. I believe they call it "strutting your sex appeal." It wasn't hard for her to get what she wanted. She was easy to fall for. The first sign of weakness was when I began bringing out my good Bourbon for her.

After a while I began to get worried about the matter; but she didn't know it. She wanted some external evidence of her conquest, and she wasn't getting it. She wanted to exhibit me to the crowd and show them that she could make Delilah look like Carrie Nation.

One night somebody was throwing a big party to celebrate something or other, and it was the order of the day for the assembly to get tight. Sis had made a bet with one of her myrmidons that she'd get me plastered before midnight. That wasn't hard to do. With her swinging on to my arm or sitting on my lap with a big shaker full of good cocktails, I was willing to do anything to oblige.

We had real likker that night for a change, and that's the only alibi I've got for what happened. I was tanked up like Lindbergh's plane.

But the real trouble was that she managed to get herself tight in the process. A girl with a hand can take care of any drunk, but two in the cups is the root of all evil. She won her bet by a margin of fifteen minutes, and it was too bad she didn't do it earlier. A lot of things can happen between dinner and midnight. Particularly on a dark summer night in a lawn hammock.

I came to next day with two kinds of hangovers. I had the heebie-jeebies and the blue devils both. I was sorry I had ever been born. Old man R. E. Morse had cornered the market.

All morning I sat around the office and did some high-class suffering. But no matter how much I iced my tonsils I simply couldn't get off that merry-go-round. I stood it as long as I could, then I called up Sis and asked her to come down and have lunch with me. She did. Oh, boy! I was so low, a tack looked to me like the Eiffel Tower.

I started out to make a little speech. I thought I was addressing a jury. I told her how ashamed of myself I was. I told her how sorry I was that I couldn't offer retribution. In fact, there was nothing I could do about it at all. And anything that I might try to do about the matter would only make it worse.

I looked up and expected to find her in tears. At least I expected to be denounced. Instead, she asked me if I had any cocktails. When I told her I hadn't, she said she had such a hangover she had to have one before lunch or go into a decline and would I mind taking her somewhere where she could have one. So we moved on to another place for cocktails.

I insisted on broadcasting my misery. Sis yawned. I got mad at her and told her she was calloused. She told me to shut up and order more cocktails. I did—about six.

Finally she told me that I made her headache worse. Said she hadn't asked anything from me. Said she was tired of hearing me boast about my morals. Said she could take care of herself. Where did I get the idea she'd marry me if I was to give her the chance? And why should I?

She said it was more her fault than mine, which I agreed was certainly the truth. Said I was a conceited fool. Said I might as well stop feeling sorry for her. Said I was the one who was needing sympathy, because I had a conscience, which was only good for regretting. Said I'd never be happy until I told my wife about it, so for God's sake go do it and quit mouthing to her about it.

Well, I got enough of it myself after a while. Whatever infatuation I had for her, I got over it right there. Out in that hammock, bathed in moonlight and gin, I thought she was Thetis emerging from the sea, or Lorelei beckoning from her perch on the Rhine. I was ready then to forget home and mother, rather than untwine her arms.

But now all I wanted to do was to spank her and send her home.

I don't know whether she did it purposely or not, but she sure put me back in my place, which was a home for aged wrecks. I've thought since that she did the whole thing for effect, and she certainly stuck to her story and took herself off my conscience. Whatever else she was, she was a good sport!

But she was right about my wife. I simply couldn't get over what I'd done. I spent the rest of the summer contemplating my iniquity, and it began to look worse and worse. I made up my mind to tell her about it to square myself.

So, when she came back, I disguised the circumstances and identities and confessed my transgressions. Perhaps I gave myself some odds in the way I told it—but I had to do a better job than Sis had. She made it look pretty bad. I had to paint it up and make it romantic to show that I was simply overcome by the spirit of the moment. I finished, and then for a while I couldn't look at my wife. She said nothing. I thought I might as well go out and buy a one-way ticket to Reno. Finally I looked up at her.

She was crying.

"Go on," I begged her, "and say something. Go ahead. Tell me what I am. I deserve it. I've got no alibi. I've got no excuse. I'm simply a fool."

"That's nothing new," she told me between sobs. "That's not what makes me feel so bad."

"Then what is it?" I asked her.

"You never treat me like that," she sobbed.

Can you beat that? I ask you. And I used to think I knew a lot about women. Well, live and learn. But I don't want to learn anything more about women. I'll sell my experience for a lot less than it cost me. Here we are—

WE drew up in front of the club and he parked the car. I was introduced to a number of people and we got up a foursome. My game was very erratic because I was still thinking about what Bill had told me.

And why had he told it to me? Why should he explain at great length to me what a moral fellow he was, after I had seen the girl coming out of his office? Was he trying to pull the wool over my eyes?

Was he simply boasting about what he was getting away with? No; that wasn't like Bill. He had obviously tried to explain the presence of the girl in his office. But, as far as I could see, he had only made it look worse.

Walking down the fairway to the eighteenth hole, Bill and I were out of earshot of the others.

"I don't know why I told you that yarn," he remarked. "But we always used to tell each other everything, didn't we? I guess it was just the old habit."

"Sure. You must have had an exciting summer."

"Yeah. But I'm certainly cured now."

I laughed. "I might believe you were cured if you had told me so in New York," I remarked. "But after my inopportune entrance into your office today I'm entitled to a different and a better opinion. The little girl apparently disillusioned you for the moment—until you got over your headache. But what I don't see is why you continue your liaison after your wife was kind enough to forgive you the first time."

Bill regarded me with a twinkle in his eye.

"You've missed the point," he told me. "That was my wife you saw down at the office today."

I caught the train back to New York that night in disgust. Another good story had gone wrong.

THE END

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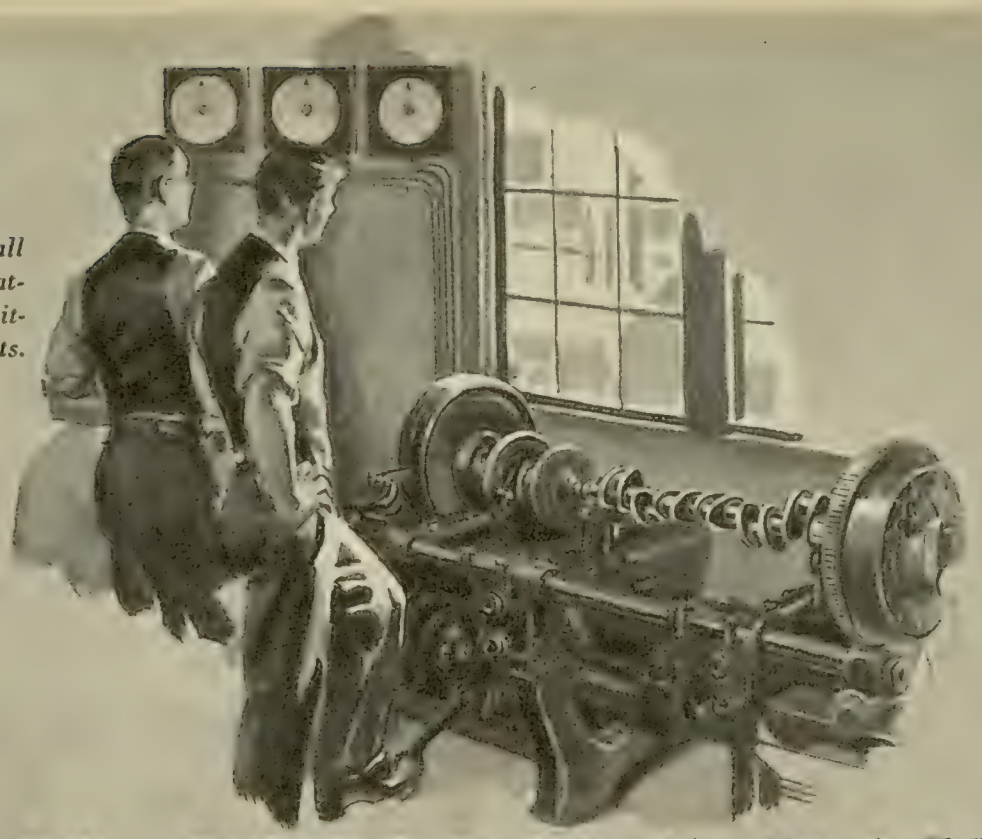

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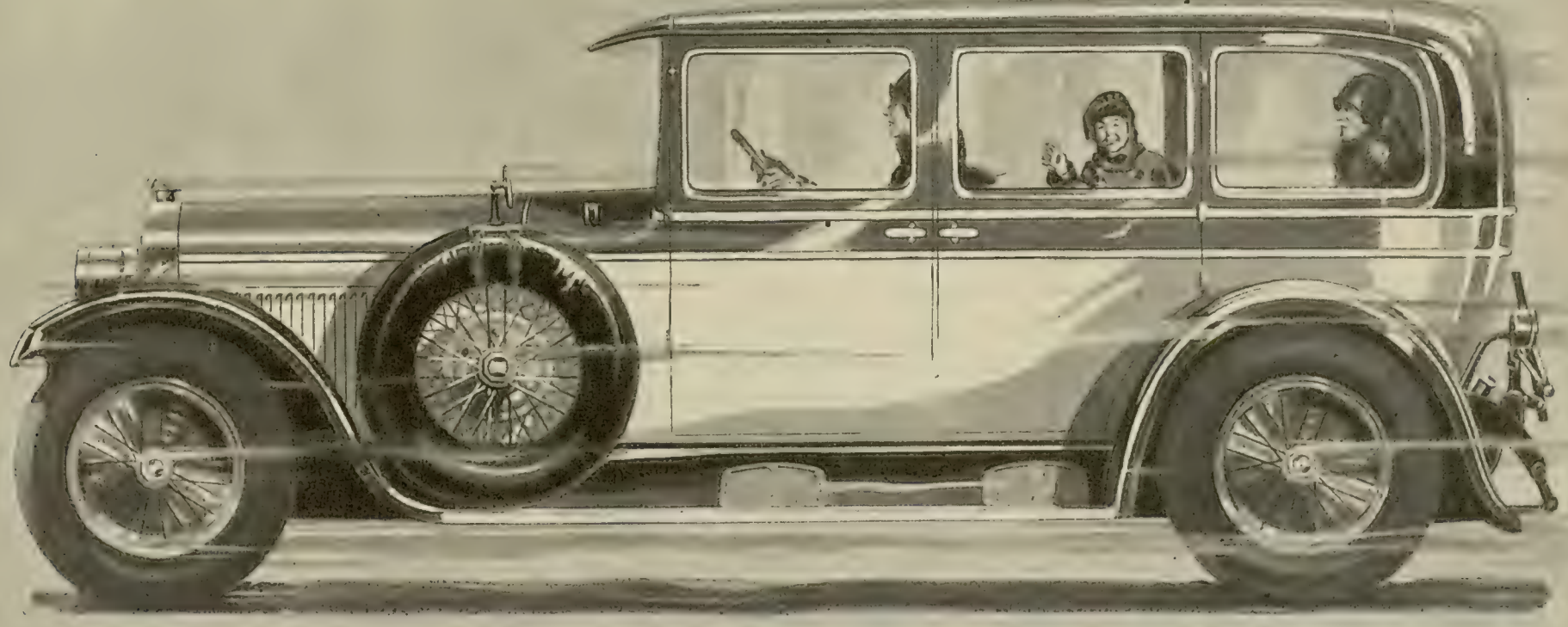

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Presidential Possibilities
SMITH

An Intimate Appraisal of the Man Who Looms as the Democrats' Greatest Hope

By

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

Pictures by JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

(Reading time: 26 minutes 35 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: These impressions of Governor Smith of New York form the fourth of Mr. Bennett's series of articles on Presidential possibilities. There are three conspicuous potential Democratic nominees, and of these Mr. Smith apparently is the leader. Next week Mr. Bennett will discuss Senator Borah of Idaho.]

AL SMITH sings at his work.

That fact is no mere pictorial gloss on the man. Solid characterization is in it. It gives you, to the strains of Tim Toulin and Kathleen Mavourneen and some blithe song of the hour, the cheerful, high-strung toiler who, at the end of long tugs of conferences and dictation of letters, leans back in a high mahogany chair in a gold-ceilinged room and says, with a gusty sigh:

"What satisfaction it brings to a person at the close of the day to say, 'Here is what I have accomplished today!'"

This man, aged fifty-five, is for the fourth time Governor of the State of New York and the almost inevitable nominee of the Democratic party for the thirty-first President.

But he is something more important. He says so.

He says he is founder, president, secretary, treasurer, and board of managers of the A. A. S. P. F.

To devious men whom he is shouting down he sometimes says: "I'll stop talking right now if you'll join a society I founded. It is called the Amalgamated Association for the Suppression of Political Frauds. Are there any takers?"

For two days I watched the steam engine called Al Smith going full speed ahead, with frequent barytone alarums and tootings.

But no bells.

No pages clutter his anterooms; on his desk is no buzzer, no bell.

Once he wanted the Comptroller of the State of New York and he shouted from the gold-ceilinged room, "Is the Comptroller out there?"

Often he wanted one of several secretaries. "George Graves!" he shouted. "Oh, Georgie!"

George Graves is assistant to the Governor of New York and his chief secretary. His salary is $12,000 a year; the Governor's, until recently, was $10,000. Boy and man, George Graves has been on the Albany scene more than thirty years. He is a Republican, a Protestant, and a thirty-second-degree Mason.

Another time the Governor of New York wanted the Secretary of State.

"Oh, Bobby!" he sang out from the inner room —"Bobby Moses!"

The Secretary of State is a Jew and—along with the scholarly and visioned Moskowitzes, also Jews —one of the Governor's closest counselors.

Sunshine flooded Capitol Hill as I sat in the Governor's office. For an instant the *Rip Van Winkle* mood laid hold of Alfred Emanuel Smith, founder and all the officers of the A. A. S. P. F., for he whipped off his horn-rimmed spectacles and looked relishingly out of the window.

He was just back in the Capitol after a week's intensive propaganda in New York City in behalf of, not men, but measures. He was picking up the threads of public business.

His face was lean and ruddy. His steel-blue eyes looked weary. He was natty in brown—shoes, scarf, and sack suit all brown. He matched the potent cigar at which he gnawed pitilessly. He drank water copiously from a tall glass.

On the seven or eight square yards of flat-top desk at which Al Smith sat were piles of letters, bundles of documents, two telephones, a white statuette of a Boy Scout, lamps, and these volumes:

Leonard's First Aid to Animals; Dr. Little's Dog Book; a collection of Bourke Cockran's speeches, under the title, In the Name of Liberty; and two thick volumes of Public Papers of Governor Smith.

These last are the collected State papers which defined in 1919—the first year Al Smith was Governor—his policies, some of which he has made realities and on some of which he still is working.

Behind the huge chair—it was no office chair, but a chair of office—in which the Governor sat, hung a silk American flag.

Wide World photo

Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York

"How you feeling, Governor?" asked the eager men, as they came and went.

"WELL, I was tied pretty close in New York," said he, "and didn't exercise enough. But I got some of this good air this morning and I'm feeling fine!"

This was uttered in the rumbling barytone which Al Smith inherits along with his prodigious memory from his father, the teamster.

When words failed the Governor, he improvised words. Asking once that he be spared an interview with a notorious bore, he muttered, "I tell you, he's a crackaloo."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Skillful Combing adds Beauty to Blonde Hair

COMBS which protect blonde hair have several essential uses so that those rare burnished tones may not tarnish. Ace Hard Rubber Combs with their rounded, smoothly polished teeth protect the fine quality of golden hair.

The large (9 inch) Ace Dressing Comb unsnarls and untangles gently without breaking or tearing. Then an Ace Pocket Comb carried in the purse assures neatness throughout the day, while nightly use of the Ace Dry Shampoo Comb is one of the most important duties to preserve blonde loveliness. The fine teeth take away the day's dust and restore the sheen so that the precious gold retains its enchanting lustre.

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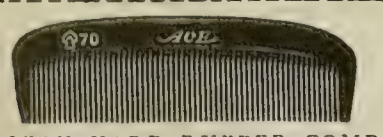

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The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES]
Continued from Page Twenty-seven

Later I was told by one of the expert sifters of visitors to the executive office that a crackaloo is a combination of bore, crank, and plain moron.

Once he was—or seemed—a flame of wrath. Three officials were standing to the left of his desk. Under his hand lay a sheaf of correspondence. He struck the sheaf emphatically, saying, "Why! He hasn't read the letter. That's perfectly apparent!"

He bent over his desk, running his fingers swiftly through the correspondence. "There it is!" he shouted. "'Unallocated balances.' Those are the key words! He don't mention 'em. Don't tell me he read the letter!"

Nobody did.

Another time reference was made to the new constitutional amendment increasing the Governor's salary from $10,000 to $25,000 a year—an increase by which Al Smith, who candidly favored the amendment, will reap little gain, because it will not go into effect until the last six months of his present term.

Nevertheless, a visitor said, with a certain lumbering coyness, "I don't expect you'll veto that, Governor."

Al Smith widened his gaze to a bland and ingenuous stare and said: "I'm a constitutional Governor, and the Constitution says twenty-five thousand. The Constitution makes me take it. I don't need it, but the Constitution makes me take it."

SOMETIMES the lean body seemed to dart more than walk away from the desk. Mostly he bore himself erect; although occasionally, instead of sitting at the desk, he would stand at it, bending intently above it while he rapidly ran his fingers through the sheaves of documents.

Once, as he darted from an inner room, he saw me intent upon his new book—Progress of Public Improvements: A Report to the People of the State of New York by Governor Alfred E. Smith.

This is a paper-bound quarto volume of 127 pages, and almost every other page is a picture. It tells in simple, emphatic language—and in emphatic pictures—the story of public improvements under way and improvements needed in the State; where the money is going, and how much more money will be required.

"What you think of the book?" he asked, and then eagerly told what he thought of it, saying:

"I'd be ashamed to tell you how many people in this State don't know where the Home for Crippled Children at West Haverstraw is, and what it's doing and what should be done for it. That's what this book's for. We ought to have motion pictures, but we can't. But any kind of pictures help!"

Furtiveness is Al Smith's most remote attribute. He can, however, hold his tongue without surliness but with certitude. When he first entered the Assembly twenty-five years ago, his early political mentor, Tom Foley, gave him this parting word of counsel:

"If you make a promise, keep it. If you tell anything, tell the truth."

When Al Smith tells, he tells robustly. He appalls the furtive.

When the Legislature is in session, you frequently will hear from the inner office a roar blended of mockery and glad recognition. He always calls a legislative bill "she" or "her." He is gazing entranced at a bill which has just been laid before him. The roar proceeds thus:

"Here she is again! This is an old sister. I remember her when I was in the Assembly in 1905—she's for that political bridge in Wyoming County. And now she's back in the old home—and out she goes again."

This means that the "old sister" is going to be vetoed by Governor Al Smith, who, as Assemblyman Al Smith, fought her twenty or more years ago—and remembers that he did.

Sometimes his comment on weak or devious persons and measures is more subtle than his resounding greeting of the old sisters.

ONCE a State official—a Democrat — resigned when it was no time for a vigorous official to quit the post of duty. That same day that same official slipped on the pavement and fractured a bone.

"Anyway," said Al Smith cheerily, "he couldn't have broke his backbone!" adding meditatively: "Because what he has for a backbone is a strip of spaghetti that's been soaked overnight in hot water."

But, spontaneous as Al Smith is and candid as he seems, there is one current subject which neither he nor anybody around him ever touches, although everybody else in the United States is touching it in connection with him.

That subject is the Presidency of the United States.

"The last thing," said his closest and most disinterested adviser not in official life—"the last thing any of us dares ask him about is the Presidential prospect. If there's one thing you learn when you work with Smith, it is to wait till the right time comes. When the right time comes to speak about the Presidency in relation to himself, he will know it. Then he will speak."

Meanwhile:

With the Democratic National Convention only four months distant, he has no campaign organization, no campaign chest, and no campaign plans.

AL SMITH SAYS:

THE people rule negatively as well as affirmatively, and a good, healthy, vigorous minority is the necessary check on great power.

* * *

I believe in the common brotherhood of man, under the common Fatherhood of God.

* * *

I believe in the worship of God according to the faith and practice of the Roman Catholic Church.

* * *

I have enough common sense and experience of life to understand that the saloon is, and ought to be, a defunct institution in this country.

* * *

If bunk were electricity young Roosevelt would be a power house.

* * *

Never in my political career have I permitted partisanship to swerve me from absolute loyalty to the people.

* * *

There are two great functions the State performs for our people. One is the education of our children, and the other is the preservation of health.

* * *

The gulf between one element of the Democratic party and me is that the radical dry element looks upon a drink as a moral question. I look upon it as an economic question. It was solving itself.

* * *

If you have been annoyed in any way by the various people with whom you have come into contact, in their zeal to explain to you why I am the greatest man in the world, overlook it.

* * *

I recognize no power in the institutions of my Church to interfere with the operations of the Constitution of the United States or the enforcement of the law of the land. I have never known any conflict between my official duties and my religious belief.

* * *

The power of one group of men to prevent the publication or exhibition of anything that does not transgress the law is a power which of necessity destroys initiative and shackles freedom of speech. Censorship cannot exist without censors, and no purely administrative body should have the right to impose its opinion of what should or should not be published or exhibited upon any citizen whose conduct does not transgress the law of the land.

* * *

No man owes more to his country than I do. No man has been more benefited by the free institutions of this State than I have.

* * *

The man who would not have an ambition for the Presidency of the United States would have a dead heart. But the man who would use one office and neglect it in order to climb to a higher one is not deserving of the one he has.

* * *

If there were a conflict between religious loyalty to the Catholic faith and patriotic loyalty to the United States, I, of all men, could not have escaped it, because I have not been a silent man, but a battler for social and political reform. These battles would, in their very nature, disclose this conflict, if there were any.

Among all the prospective candidates for the nomination, Democratic or Republican, he is the least equipped in respect to personal contacts with, and personal knowledge of, the run of his party's wheel horses in forty-seven States of the Union.

The situation is curious. The most popular man in American public life is the one least in a position to command cold facts—and Al Smith likes them cold—from State leaders beyond the boundaries of New York State. He has traveled little—only once, for example, as far as California.

IN New York he can obtain the best information not only from Democratic but also from Republican county and district wheel horses, active and otherwise.

Once he told about that.

"Why!" he said, "I know hundreds of men—hundreds of them—that were Republican legislators early in my Albany career, who have since retired from active politics and are engaged in other lines of business, but who are in on the ground floor and in the know.

"Isn't it possible that, after all my happy years among them in the good old days—isn't it possible there would be at least one of them who would quietly whisper in my ear the organization's instructions?"

Emphatically it is possible; and it does happen. The proof is that, although Al Smith as Governor has reformed and reorganized the methods of transacting the State's business to a degree that amounts to revolution, he has never once, during the nearly seven years he has been Governor, had a Democratic majority in the Legislature to help him. He calls that "a very unique situation."

But to hold general and diverse political power in the hollow of your hand in one State is one thing, and to have intimate contacts with nation-wide sources of power is another.

Al Smith can, in an afternoon, call fifty New York State leaders of both parties by long-distance telephone and expeditiously and accurately obtain "the cold facts." With the exception of George Brennan of Illinois, he cannot so confidently turn to a party manager in the country outside of New York.

As to a war chest, Al Smith has none. He never has been lavishly equipped in that respect. In the 1924 pre-convention and convention fight his war chest never held more than $65,000.

Today James W. Gerard, our wartime ambassador to Germany, cogitates at luncheons with other cogitators on this matter of sinews, but no taters sprout. Al Smith knows about these luncheons—and grins.

Letters from volunteer Al Smith-for-President clubs come in, and letters from enthusiasts who wish to form Al Smith-for-President clubs come in. These letters are filed, if the writers of them are found to be responsible persons. If they are found to be persons bent on easy ways to publicity or pelf, they are sat upon. And that is all there is doing.

Al Smith's personal attitude toward the Presidency and the nomination for it is more or less fatalistic—rather more than less. He says, "If it comes, it comes," adding: "The man who would not have an ambition for that office would have a dead heart."

Two factors will defeat or will elect him—prohibition and his Catholicism.

On prohibition he will speak when he thinks it is fitting to speak; but that speaking will be mainly a repetition of utterances familiar to the public.

He is wet, but how wet is he? He liked his beer in the old days; but at present, like every other Presidential possibility except Borah and Ritchie, he loathes and fears discussion of prohibition.

He believes, and has said he believes, that "the people do me the credit of believing that I have enough common sense and experience of life to understand that the saloon is, and ought to be, a defunct institution in this country."

He also believes, and has said he believes, that "if it were possible for us to permit light wines and beer, it would be easier to concentrate against strong drinks."

On a warm day in the spring of 1923, and in an impulse of the facetiousness which is a pit ever yawning for him—the impulse to be funny and "different"—he said to a group of reporters: "Wouldn't you like to have your foot on the rail and blow the foam off some suds!"

His friends, as well as others, think there's room for another medal.

THAT was not said for print. But it was printed. It is in the record. If he is nominated, it will probably cost Alfred Emanuel Smith the Presidency of the United States. You can imagine the dire use the opposition will make of it. Smith was furious.

"It was," he said to Senator Fess of Ohio, "the only occasion in my public life on which I have ever known a newspaper man to violate the ethics of his profession."

Smith's credo on the liquor question is his 4,000-word message approving the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Act, a special New York State law of 1921 for the enforcement of the Volstead act.

The least sympathetic of Al Smith's biographers, Henry Pringle, describes that message as "composed of equal parts of bunk, sincerity, and specious reasoning that might have been written by a judge of the Court of Appeals or a high-priced attorney." Many others call it brave.

On it, in any case, Al Smith stands. It is so convenient to the top drawer of his desk that any visitor can have a copy for less than the asking. If the expected happens, it will be a momentous campaign document.

ON his religion Al Smith, forty-seven years ago devoted altar boy at the 6 and 7 o'clock masses in old St. James' in James Street, New York City, and later organ boy there, has spoken—and spoken magnificently—in the celebrated reply to the intrusive and hectoring, but well meant, Marshall questionnaire of last March.

That voluminous, detailed, and good-tempered reply is one of the most vital papers in the literature of dialectics. It was nearly three weeks in preparation. The method of preparation was characteristic of Al Smith. First he mulled over the subject with his most intimate and soundest counselors. He talked fluently. So did the counselors. This roughing out of views occupied many hours during two weeks.

The second stage was the preparation by Smith and his confidants of what he wished to say to Marshall. From that draft, which required two days, Smith dictated — he never writes if he possibly can help it—his reply, finally giving the dictated sheets careful revision.

Nor was this all.

Father Francis Duffy, rector of the old and populous parish of the Holy Cross in New York City, and an ecclesiastic with a fine record both as scholar and war chaplain, was called upon for his knowledge of Church law and discipline.

On the Reply to Marshall, Al Smith as churchman stands. He is more than a routine churchman.

"He is," said Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, a kind of Manhattan Jane Addams, a penetrating estimator of human character—including Al Smith's—a scholar, and a Jewess, "he is," said she, "a man of deep-

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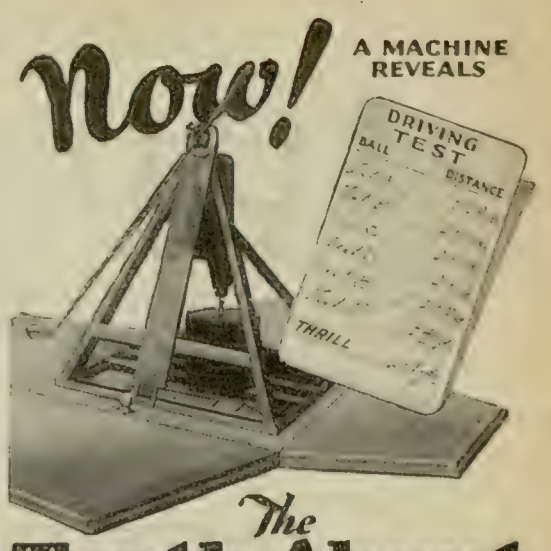

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The new principles employed in the Bon-Dee ball are the results of twenty-three years of experimenting on the part of Donald MacDonald, the "Old Master of Golf Ballistics."

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The superiority of Bon-Dee balls is based on four secrets of construction. *First:*—An entirely new core formula. Contains no liquid, semi-liquid, or metal fillings. Yet it meets all weight specifications and has the *utmost resiliency*.

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Try This New Ball

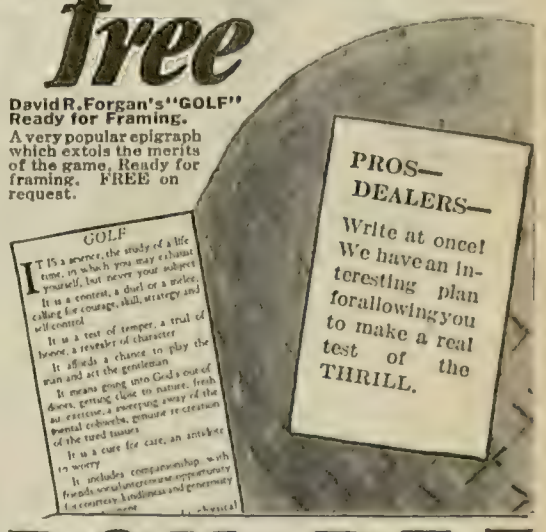
Enclose a dollar bill with coupon. We'll send you three THRILLS and collect the balance of $1.25 when your mail-man delivers the balls. Try them, play them—cut them up if you wish. Then, if you are not satisfied return them or their pieces and we'll refund your money.

If a THRILL becomes cut or unplayable in 75 holes of ordinary play (or a TRUSTY in 50 holes) we will replace it.

Free

David R. Forgan's "GOLF" Ready for Framing.

A very popular epigraph which extols the merits of the game. Ready for framing. FREE on request.



BON-DEE GOLF BALL CO.
The THRILL 75¢ Dept. 5-B Detroit, Mich. The TRUSTY 50¢

DONALD MACDONALD
BON-DEE GOLF BALL CO., Dept. 5-B, Detroit, Mich.

Here's my dollar. Send me three THRILLS, I'll pay my mail-man the balance of $1.25 and you'll refund $2.25 if I'm not satisfied after playing the balls. (For a dozen send $9.00.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Club.....Pro's Name.....

Stop FILM on Teeth

To Make Smiles Gleam and Sparkle

Science Suggests a Way to Remove Film Completely

And "off-color" film, authorities believe, is the chief source of many common tooth and gum disorders

Send Coupon for 10-Day Tube Free

(See Opposite Page)

CHARLOTTE LEMAIRE, flushed and radiant from a thrilling snow adventure, smiles with the assurance of pretty, gleaming teeth. She is one of the millions with whom the use of Pepsodent is a daily habit. Thus are teeth kept film-free, smiles attractive.

"WHITE, sparkling teeth a matter of luck? By no means," says dental science. "Nor are healthy teeth and gums merely a matter of physical resistance."

Dull, lustreless teeth and most of the commoner tooth and gum disorders are traced to a specific condition—to a film that forms each day on teeth. Remove this film and teeth will be much lighter and brighter. Will be far more free from ills—and that is proved by exhaustive scientific research.

What FILM Is and Does

Film is that slippery, viscous coating which forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it.

Food and smoking stains sink into it and make teeth yellow and lustreless.

Film gets into crevices and stays. It clings to teeth so tightly that brushing fails to remove it successfully.

Film is the basis of tartar. And tartar, with the germs film harbors, is a well-known cause of pyorrhea. Old-time ways had failed to conquer film. So with tooth and gum disorders on the increase, dental science started work on a special film-removing dentifrice.

Special Film-Removing Method How It Acts

To perfect this formula that successfully cleanses teeth of film, laboratory chemists worked in conjunction with high dental authority. Exhaustive tests were made and scientifically recorded.

ABOARD THE SEA HAWK, Misses Ruth Rawlins and Audrey Churchill enjoy Southern climates while New York shivers. Their smiles, too, Pepsodent keeps sparkling bright.

One by one agents were found and embodied in Pepsodent until now it meets in every way the full demands of dental practice in protecting teeth and gums.

Pepsodent curdles film. Then removes it gently from the teeth as ordinary brushing cannot do.

Gums are firmed to coral tint.

Still other elements turn the mouth's saliva alkaline and thus combat the acids of decay.

In action and in composition Pepsodent is entirely new and different from any other tooth paste made.

Start Free for 10 Days

White and sparkling teeth must be kept film-free. Healthy teeth and gums must likewise have daily film removal.

As dentists know, the answer lies in Pepsodent.

Use Pepsodent, then note how soon teeth grow white and bright. How soon, when film is gone, gums firm and harden. How, over a period, decay is noticeably retarded.

See your dentist twice each year. Use Pepsodent twice each day. That marks the height of tooth care as it is understood by the modern dental world.

P E P

(*Above*) ROBERTA REAMER and OLGA ANDERSON attract everyone with their skating. Their bright smiles are among their most attractive features, however, and they attribute them to Pepsodent as a daily habit. "Glistening white teeth make smiles attractive," says Miss Anderson—smilingly!

Miracles in Smiles

result from simply cleaning teeth of dull film daily

WHAT the world sees when you smile depends on the care you give your teeth. Smiles may reveal teeth of gleaming whiteness or they may show "off-color" teeth that lack all lustre.

Smiles may play a major part in social success—providing they are charming.

To people of the stage and screen whose livelihood rests on the public favor, they are everything. Removing film by Pepsodent as part of every makeup has become a standard practice. It takes but a minute yet makes all the difference in the world.

Your smile cannot be at its best unless film is gone. See what Pepsodent will accomplish within a few days' time.

(*Above*) HONOLULU SANDS lure Mr. and Mrs. George Rittenhouse of Philadelphia. Their charming smiles that Pepsodent keeps sparkling, have won them many new acquaintances.

(*Above*) AT BILOXI Miss Joan Oglesby and Raymond Whitehouse await the remainder of their foursome. Such smiles as theirs can be expected from Pepsodent alone, for teeth cannot be dazzling white unless they are film free; and Pepsodent is the special film-removing dentifrice.

(*Left*) MADEMOISELLE ODETTE LA RUE of Paris finds Quebec winter sports delightful but hazardous. Abroad as well as in the country Pepsodent is turned to for white, sparkling teeth, she will tell you.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to
The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 222, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
191 George St. . . . . **Toronto** 2, Can.
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . **London**, S. E. 1, Eng.
(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St. **Sydney**, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 2674

S O D E N T

Brush away those *morning cobwebs of fatigue* . . .

DON'T start the day with an "open all night" look on your face . . . with eyes crying for sleep — skin pale, drawn, haggard looking. No need of that now—even if you *were* up way past your favorite bedtime.

Here's a way to freshen right up and snap into it—a way to look and *feel* alive, full of pep, eager and ready for a new day.

The secret is simple. Just pat a few drops of Fougere Royale Lotion on your face after your morning shave. Takes 10 seconds to do it and the result is magic. You can almost feel your face waking right up. Good red color coming into your cheeks — circulation that quickly washes away fatigue lines, peps up pouchy fat and gives you a keen outdoor athletic look.

At the same time it's the most soothing, cooling lotion ever devised. Heals tiny nicks almost instantly (that's because it's styptic—stops bleeding) and gives your face a fresh, velvety smoothness that's perfect.

Try it — and with it the new Fougere Royale Shaving Cream —a balanced cream that's non-caustic, non-irritating — that gives you the fastest, cleanest, most comfortable shave you ever had. Both are mildly perfumed with Fougere Royale (Royal Fern)—an outdoor man's fragrance. At good druggists everywhere. Generous samples for the coupon below. Write today.

Fougère Royale (ROYAL FERN) After-Shaving Lotion

After-Shaving Lotion, 75c
Shaving Cream, 50c
Shaving Stick, 75c
Talcum, 50c
Eau Vegetale, $1.25
Facial Soap, 50c

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. B, 3
539 West 45th Street, New York City

You may send me without charge trial containers of Fougere Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.

Name----------

Address----------

City----------*State*----------

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

ly religious nature. His emotions are deeply touched by religion. For anybody who wears the cloth he has a natural respect.

"To Rabbi Stephen Wise and to Felix Adler he is as respectful as he is to Catholic clergy, and quite as likely to call them into consultation on social-welfare legislation as other religious leaders. He knows his Bible very well and frequently quotes from it in his speeches. He will look in the Bible half an afternoon to find precisely the passage he wants in order to bring a speech to a close with a biblical climax."

IN the opinion of the serious-minded persons around Al Smith —persons like the Hapgood and Moskowitz coterie—who are more solicitous about the dawn of actual, operant religious toleration in the United States than in his success in winning the Presidency—in their opinion, now is the time to make the toleration test, and Smith is the man to make it with, because he is the most conspicuous and gifted Roman Catholic in American political life since the days of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

The test, they think, will be more decisive than it could be if made with any other of Al Smith's co-religionists.

"I don't want Al Smith put in the White House because he is a Catholic," said a wise and venerable ecclesiastic of Notre Dame University to me a few months ago; "but I don't want him necessarily kept out of the White House because he is a Catholic."

"Now," as Al Smith is wont to say in his speeches, "so much for that."

Is Al Smith of Presidential caliber? With such Presidents as Zachary Taylor, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, U. S. Grant, W. H. Taft, and Warren Harding in mind, the question has its ironic aspects. Put it another way then: Is Al Smith of the caliber that makes good Presidents?

"What does he know of national affairs?" ask those who suspect him not to be of that caliber. The more solid of his partisans reply:

"Grover Cleveland went from the executive chamber in the Albany Capitol to the White House, and he never before had been in Washington."

The fact is, Al Smith has given more thought to nation-wide questions than remote observers suppose he has. On farm relief, for example, he has clear ideas. He told Mr. Pringle he was convinced that "agricultural prosperity depends upon a measure of scientific control of crops"; that "excess crops might be controlled through the banks by refusal of credit to farmers who persisted in overproduction"; and that "subsidies from the government will provide no cure for an economic evil."

But Al Smith scorns to take what he calls "a cheap ride" on some great national issue.

"I want," he said to an assemblage of politicians last September, "a man to be elected Governor of the State of New York on his proved ability to demonstrate to the people that he knows how to run that job, and I don't want him in the executive chamber after a cheap ride on some great national issue."

"Tariff! Foreign relations!" he once exclaimed. "We don't want any Governor elected in this State on the tariff issue. As for foreign relations, we as a State haven't any —only those that visit us."

Following three days in Albany, I spent half an afternoon in the

A sidewalk flirtation.

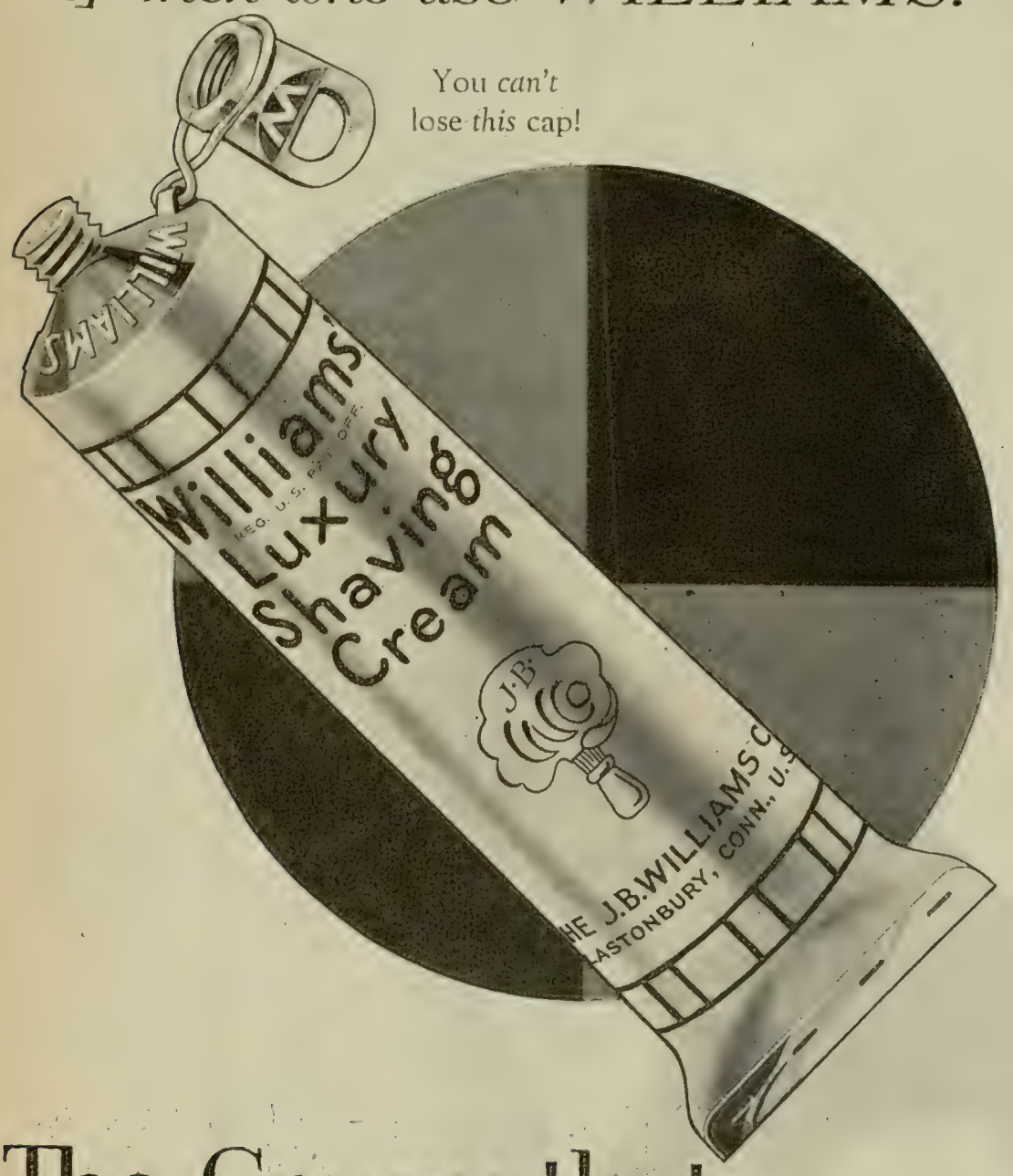
[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

Individualized patterns! In none but Phoenix can you find the particular harmonies of new design and color that distinguish this long-mileage hosiery. You will like its lasting good looks.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use WILLIAMS!"



The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!

Williams Shaving Cream will leave your Face Fit! That's fully half its job.

The Williams lather,—abundant, softening every hair, supremely mild,—gives a shave that's quick and close and comfortable. *And it does far more than that.*

It gently cleanses every pore. Soothes and tones up facial tissue. Helps to maintain or restore the fine clear complexions that mean face health,—*Face Fitness.*

Williams is unique. There is no other quite like it. Perhaps because into every tube of it have gone 88 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin,—best to keep Faces Fit!

The drug clerk knows. Just ask him. He'll tell you, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change . . . . . .
. . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Can.

Next time say

Williams Shaving Cream

please!

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES] Continued from Page Thirty-two

region of the Governor's youthful homes and haunts—South Street, Madison Street, Oliver Street, and streets bearing such poetic misnomers as Pearl, Gold, Oak, and Rose—all in New York City. Forty years ago it was no area for a weakling to grow up in; nor is it now.

Five Points lay within it, and Five Points, along with Seven Dials in London, was a world synonym for a seat of human depravity. The region is no longer depraved, but it is raucous and aggressive. Its Belgian-block pavements intensify the crash and clatter of horse-drawn trucks. It must have been here that Al Smith formed his habit of shouting.

My visit was instructive. Without a survey of these scenes it is difficult fairly to estimate Al Smith, and after the survey the estimate does not run to undervaluation. Many strong factors and hard facts contributed to the shaping of the man, and here reminders of the factors and the facts still are vivid.

The three-story brick tenement at 174 South Street in which he was born on December 30, 1873, was torn down a few months ago, but others next to it and like it remain. They are not tumble-down slum structures and, though now used for warehouses, could again be made comfortable homes.

A few blocks away is the Doric St. James' Church, massive, strong, composed, and composing, which was in Al's boyhood, and still is, a seat of righteousness and discipline for turbulent natures—like Al's.

There I sat many minutes, rested, and received a perspective on life as it had to be lived by young Al. In the basement of the church

THERE'S no intolerance, religious or otherwise, in Al Smith's administration.

Al came under the most emphatic and almost the only cultural influence that ever came into his young life. That influence was the plays which were given there for charity and in which he acted the best parts. Smith was a good actor. He will tell you so to this day.

Around the corner from the church is downtown Tammany Hall, where Al learned his first lessons in politics and later taught Tammany new ones. Again around a corner or two is 25 Oliver Street, where, as a family man who was very fussy and very generous about his children's clothes, he reared his three sons and two daughters. It is a seemly three-story-and-basement undetached house, which Al deserted for the Biltmore Hotel in 1924.

Also in the birthplace neighborhood is the Fulton fish market where Al worked as a fish checker in the early '90s, and where he found the inspiration for similes he still uses—as "he shakes hands like a frozen mackerel," and "an eye as glassy as a dead cod's."

Irish dramshops which poisoned the lower East Side population in Al Smith's youth gave way, while he still was an East Sider, to Greek restaurants; and from the white letters on their windows he plucked another of his racy similes which he released in a formal speech on budgets and comptrollers' reports only last autumn.

"When I came to the Legislature first," he said, "and for years after I was there, a comptroller's report just looked exactly to me like the figures on the window of a Greek restaurant. No ordinary layman or -woman can be expected to understand deficits or unallocated balances and all that kind of thing. Why, by the time you get all finished you say, 'Why, what is all this about?'"

SO, by fluent dictation and patient revision, he gets "all that kind of thing" into the simplest language, and then makes a public speech on unallocated balances that delights Elihu Root and holds the ordinary laymen to strict attention.

In looking back to the days of the '80s that shaped Al Smith, a fact must be kept in mind. The lower East Side was then leprous with vice; but he was no waif of the streets. His immediate environment was decent and his people were self-respecting. He did not

grow up in squalor. In boyhood he was a careful dresser, and he still is. His mother was strict and solicitous.

"Show a child," she would say, "the difference between right and wrong, and it will choose the right." And she saw to it that her lessons were minded. Besides, there were St. James' Church and Father Kean.

Father Kean, though not harsh, was strict, and St. James' was a parish of faithful churchmen who were proud of the fact that the archbishop always expected St. James' to make a handsome contribution for charity at Christmastime—and it always did.

Furthermore, Al had no time to go wild. He was always busy—as altar boy, as organ boy, as newsboy, as amateur actor, and as first-rate swimmer. The large bearing of those days on Al Smith's after life was packed into a ten-word sentence which Norman Hapgood, biographer of Lincoln, uttered about Smith:

"He had the genius not to forget his humble beginnings."

AMID the splendor and dignity of his present official surroundings, he remains simple. When he goes campaigning, he packs his own bag methodically, saying, "So many days, so many pairs of socks, so many shirts, so many collars." He has no embroidered military secretary. He abolished the office, and now turns to the commander of the National Guard, saying, "Lend me a colonel for a day—I'm going to the funeral of a State official."

The problems and policies closest to his head and heart are child welfare, public health, housing, water power, which he calls "the people's last public resource," public recreation, parks, education, labor compensation, and the derelict and how to rehabilitate him.

Knowing that many a poor woman with a son in prison—and with a shawl over her head—has patiently accumulated three or four hundred dollars by washing or sewing, only to become the prey of shyster lawyers, he said to George Graves:

"We'll have no more pardon hearings with counsel. We'll go over the trial documents and hear the petitioners ourselves!"

Perhaps his supreme aid in the transaction of business is a faculty for going straight to the nub of a matter—knowing what to look for. One of his associates said to me: "He brings a simple mind to bear on what most people would call intricacies, and thus he brushes away half the intricacies with one sweep. And he is the severest cross-examiner I ever encountered."

There are dozens of stories of his method of curt attack, as when, to the "The-roads-will-co-operate" refrain of the pompous spokesman of a hefty delegation of railroad magnates who had come to discuss the $300,000,000 project for grade-crossing elimination, he replied:

"Yes, I know; I know you'll co-operate—but I don't know yet how much you're going to *contribute*." In a very few minutes he did know.

Method and memory seem to do for him what thorough education does for some men. To a secretary he will intrust a batch of documents on a pending matter, saying, "In about six months from now I'll want these," and about a week before the six months are up he will say, "Now, don't forget about those papers we were speaking of in September."

He is exacting about his mail and reads practically all of it—"because," he says, "you never know where you're going to get an idea from."

This steam engine can relax. "The delightful power," Mrs. Moskowitz called it, "of relaxing after work." When Smith relaxes the relaxation is more along the lines of visiting and story-telling—which he calls "fooling around"—than of a specific hobby. If he has a hobby, it is good stories.

He loves to play with his grandchildren, and once became so preoccupied during a play hour that he forgot an appointment with the Governors of Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Vermont, who had arrived in Albany to join him in ceremonies commemorating the American victory at Saratoga.

But in the evening at dinner he could tell the Governors all about how the infant is being reared, the food it gets, when it gets it, and its regimen generally.

He likes a two-handed game of cards, preferably with his wife, and he loves the movies—not, however, going often to a theater to see them, because he has had a machine and a screen installed in the Executive Mansion. There you may see the household group many an evening—Mrs. Smith, some children, the butler, the chef, and the maids, and the Governor bossing the exercises.

He delights in his menagerie—a not very distinguished collection, comprising raccoons, rabbits, an eagle, a doe, an elk, some pheasants, and three monkeys—"because," he says, "I like to see what the little cusses will do next." Somewhat the same predilection explains his occasional intent and amused study of human specimens.

HE is no sport. When the reporters asked him whether he would go to the Tunney-Dempsey bout in Chicago, he said, "I've never seen a prize fight yet, and I don't think I'll begin now."

He eats simply. His favorite dishes are lamb stew, a New England boiled dinner, and, for breakfast in winter, sausage and cakes.

Eight hours' sleep he must have. He also says he must have a cold shower every morning—"can't do without it."

Reading is not one of his consolations. Once he succeeded in establishing himself in the trans-Mississippi mind as almost an illiterate.

"Is it true, Governor," a woman interviewer asked, "that you never read a book through in your life?"

"Lady," he said, "that's a lie. I read The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan from cover to cover." Funny, but perilous!

It is true, however, that books are read for him in this sense: An important book on some public question will come out. Handing it to a judicious associate, he will say, "Here, read this for me." The reader will return the volume in a few days with the remark, "You don't need to read anything in this except the pages I have marked."

Then he will, in his own phrase, "eat those pages." To that degree it is probably true that he hasn't read a book through in years, though he used to revel in the printed speeches of Bourke Cockran and Henry Grady. But he is not so self-confident as not to realize that when he missed a thorough education he missed much.

"If you don't believe," he once said, "in the importance of education, you only need talk to the man who had to do without it."

WHAT has saved him from the blundering and bullheadedness of the gifted but uncultivated is his natural capacity for close, intent, honest thinking all by himself. You will hear him say, "When I was shaving this morning I thought this out"; or, if he is asked when a certain decision will be ready, "I'm going to play golf tomorrow, and then I'll have my decision."

He never makes a speech until he has mastered its subject, and in accumulating information on the subject he will say: "Now, let me get this in my own way. I want it simple. Let's drop the Court of Appeals language."

Even the celebrated assault on Hearst—which was so terrible that it finally drove Hearst out of New York politics, and which sounded like the impetuous utterance of an angry man—was the result of almost prayerful thought. The speaker thoroughly knew what he was about.

He began arrestingly, solemnly, with the words, "I am going to ask for your absolute silence and attention"; and then he swept on to the classic specimen of denunciation which runs:

"I cannot think of a more contemptible man—my power of imagination fails me to bring into my mind's eye a more despicable man—than the man that exploits the poor. Any man that conjures up for you a fancied grievance against your government, or against the man at the head of it, to help himself, is breeding the seeds of anarchy and dissatisfaction more disastrous to the welfare of the community than any other teaching I can think of; because, at least, the wildest Anarchist, the most extreme Socialist, the wildest radical that you can think of, may at least be sincere in his own heart. He may think that he is right when he preaches it.

"But the man that preaches to the poor of this or of any other community discontent and dissatisfaction to help himself and to destroy, as he said he would, the Governor of the State, is a man as low and as mean as I can picture him."

Now, the man who can thus assail can also placate to the queen's taste. I do not believe that in their souls Al Smith and Seymour Lowman, a Republican and now Assistant Secretary—in charge of prohibition—of the United States Treasury, were ever sympathetic to one another.

Yet, when Lowman was Lieutenant Governor, Al Smith, chieftain of the opposition, would utterly disarm Lowman by turning to him

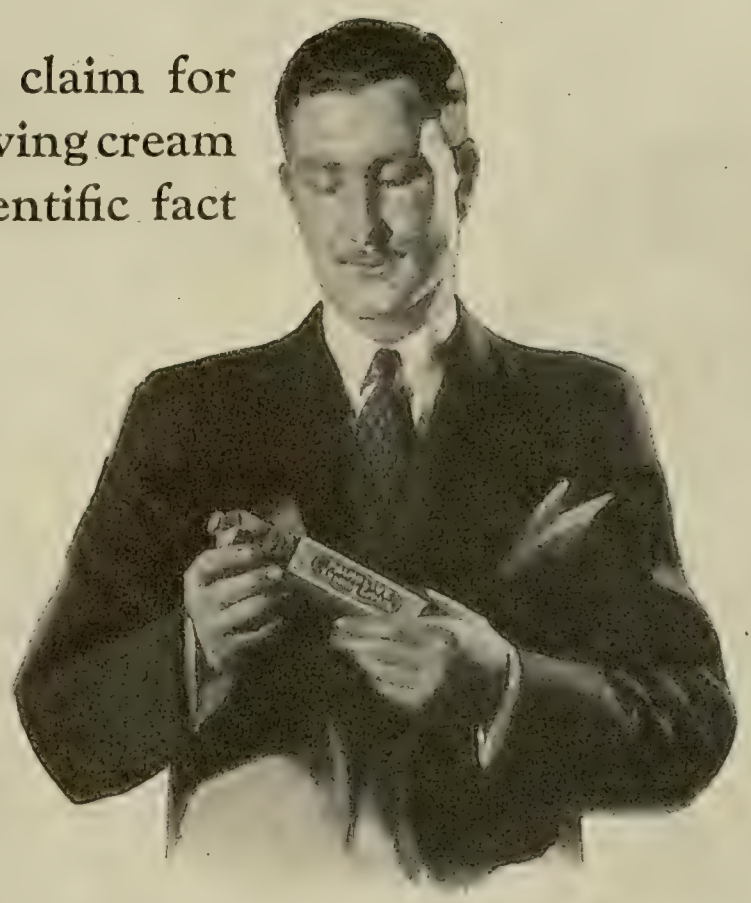
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Can he take the last hurdle?

To Men "From Missouri"

Let Us Show You

That what we claim for this unique shaving cream is based on scientific fact



10 Shaves FREE
Mail the Coupon

GENTLEMEN:

We like to make a booster of men with "the world's toughest beards" by proving that Palmolive Shaving Cream is quick, luxurious, and leaves the face feeling "like a million dollars."

For it isn't the ads that sell Palmolive Shaving Cream.

It's our policy of *giving* the first ten shaves free, to PROVE its supremacy.

And second, the word-of-mouth advertising for it, as one man tells another—in clubs, in Pullmans, on the links.

Hundreds of thousands have made this free test

We say "*Don't buy . . . yet*"—first let us *prove* our case. For we know the majority of men who make our test, thereafter stick to Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Sixty years of soap study stand behind it. Years were spent in our laboratories trying one formula after another, discarding them one by one. Success finally came after our 129th test.

Here are the five exclusive features we claim for Palmolive Shaving Cream. See if they are not what you've always sought for shaving comfort.

The ideal shaving cream

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience—to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

3854

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1442, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES Continued from Page Thirty-five]

gravely, eagerly, and saying, not once but three or four times in a conference on State affairs, "Ain't that so, Seymour?" The question became a popular catch phrase in Albany.

Smith is, however, no mere glad-hand artist. Such perfomers never last. He can refuse without rebuffing because people believe he is genuine. He can send even unsuccessful job seekers away reconciled because, while he has told them the stony truth, he has also made them feel that he has done the best he can for them.

His greatest service to the State of New York has been the reorganization of the State's business, which reduced 187 departments, boards, bureaus, and commissions to eighteen departments. Reorganization took seven years. It was a long, weary fight, with much opposition. Smith believes it the most useful fight he ever fought. Enormous wastes, triplication of effort, and working at cross purposes were eliminated. Under the old system some heads of departments had never met in six years. Out of the present system of eighteen departments has grown a Governor's Cabinet that is in close, sympathetic, intelligent touch, and which contains twelve Protestants, two Roman Catholics, and one Jew.

Now, here, I think, is the essence of the man in his sharply contrasted attributes: He is a popular idol who is pictorial, as popular idols have to be; but he is also a prudent and sagacious administrator. As man to man, he would rather do you a favor than not—his father, the teamster, used to say, "A man who cannot do a friend a favor is not a man," and the son feels that way about it—but as an official he is pitilessly honest.

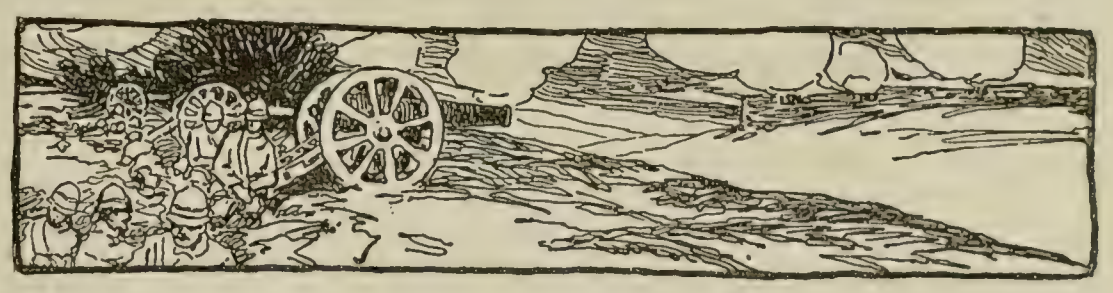
This man is all personality—sometimes rough and uncouth, sometimes very winning, always curious and arresting—speaking his own language in his own accent. With cronies he is—if the antic mood is on him—joke teller, jig dancer, mimic, eager visitor. In the gold-ceilinged room he is skillful, shrewd, industrious, independent.

But what I think ought to be emphasized about him—and is not, much—is that he is a good man, not overbearing, not greedy, not vain, not devious. In all I saw of him and heard about him, that was not doubtful. For twenty-five years he has been in public life, and his record has been plowed and dragged for something discreditable, and nothing evil has been revealed.

His future is on the knees of the gods. He may have no new future. I don't think he takes much time off from the day's work to worry about that.

The views and aims of Senator Borah, a possible Republican nominee for the Presidency, will be given by Mr. Bennett in next week's LIBERTY.

Poems You Ought to Know



The Song of the Camp

By BAYARD TAYLOR

[James Bayard Taylor (1825-1878), American poet, journalist, and traveler, produced an extraordinary amount of verse and prose. His translation of Goethe's Faust is best known. He died in Germany, soon after being appointed Minister to that country.]

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie.

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

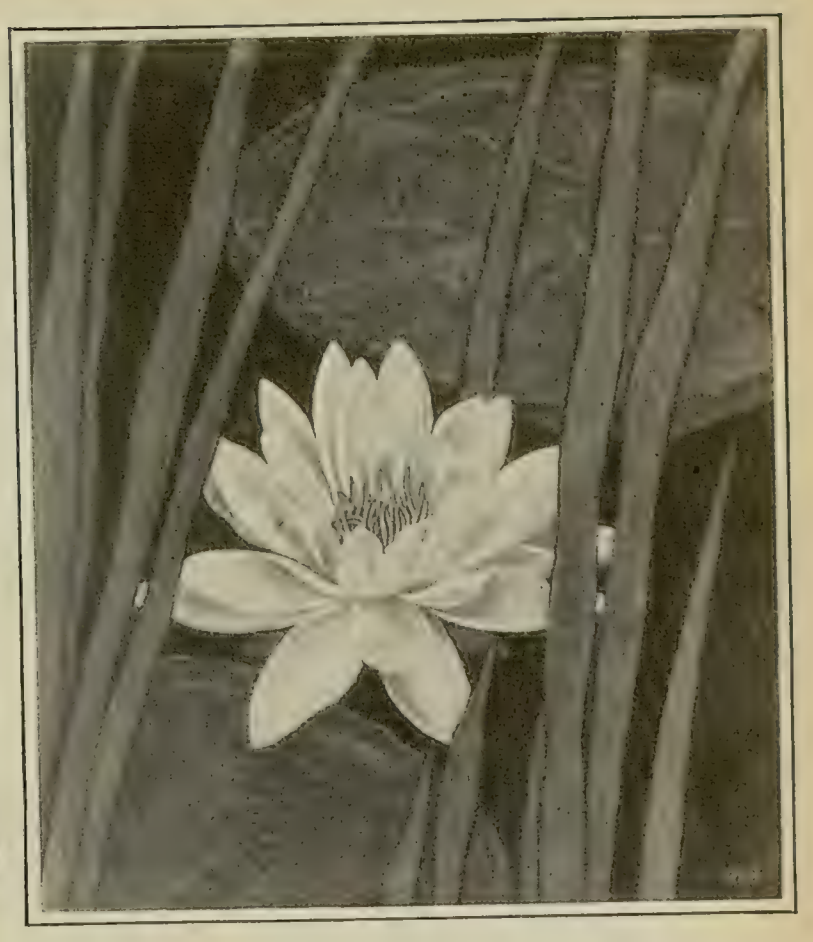
Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

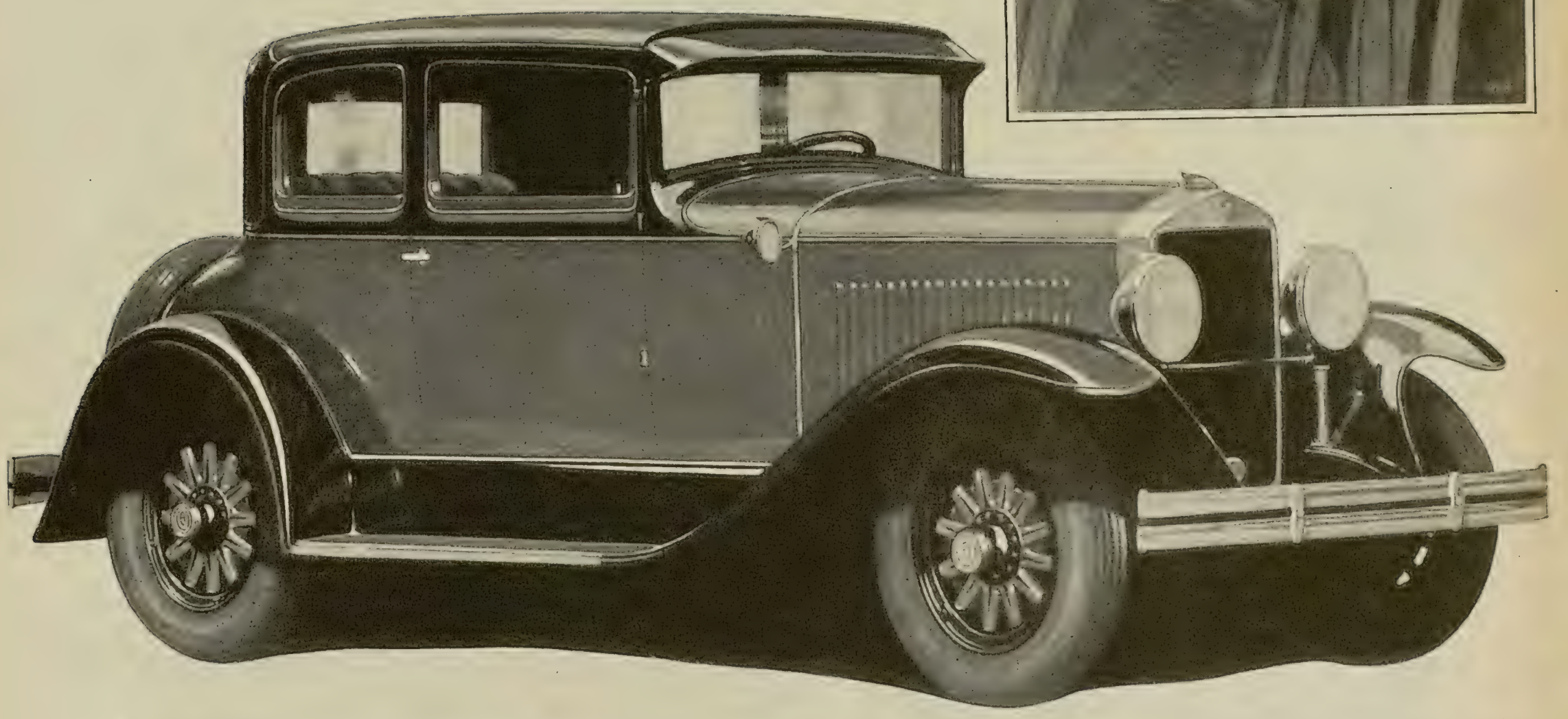
And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.



Beauty

Beauty that rises above the fads and fancies of the moment is an enduring source of gratification and enjoyment, and a reflection of the enduring goodness within.



A New line of Motor Cars

"My studio has designed this symbol of the integrity and unity of purpose back of the Graham-Paige."
Lorado Taft

To you, the owners of the millions of motor cars in use today, and to you who are about to purchase your first car, we present a new line of motor cars for which we ask your consideration.

12 models on 5 chassis in sixes and eights —prices beginning at $860, f. o. b. Detroit
Illustrated is Model 619
4 passenger coupe $1575

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

GRAHAM-PAIGE

Sore throat while you wait

Working in stuffy quarters, sleeping in overheated homes, mingling with crowds and using appliances that others constantly use, people run an almost constant risk of a cold or sore throat—or worse.

At the first sign of either, use Listerine, the safe antiseptic, full strength. Gargle with it repeatedly. Rinse your mouth with it. Employ it occasionally as a nasal douche.

This simple precaution may be the means of sparing you a trying—and possibly—a costly and painful siege of illness. In thousands of homes it has checked colds and sore throats before they had a chance to become serious.

Being antiseptic, Listerine immediately attacks the countless disease-producing bacteria that lodge in the nose, mouth, and throat waiting until body resistance is low to strike.

Remember that while you are thus helping Nature ward off disease, you are also putting yourself on the polite side socially, for Listerine, as you know, ends halitosis (unpleasant breath). Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Do something about it

LISTERINE

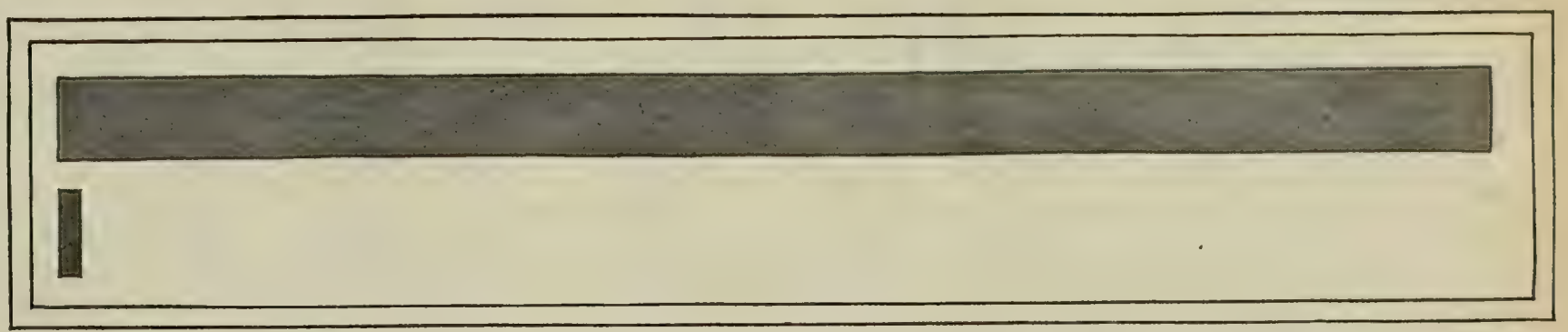
-the safe antiseptic

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

IS HE UNIQUE SPECIMEN? David Cwdnch of Llnwdr, Wales, who, in the interests of science, has confessed to having been completely fooled by a toupee on a foggy evening in November, 1924.



A DIAGRAM illustrating (at top) length of time and amount of serious consideration expended by two nations in concluding a Peace Pact, and (below) length of time and amount of serious consideration expended by two nations in declaring war on each other.

WE ALWAYS FELT THAT SOMEONE WOULD TAKE MAYOR THOMPSON'S ATTACK ON THE KING OF ENGLAND SERIOUSLY—and who should it be but our venerable contemporary *Punch*, the London funny paper! *Punch*, since its birth in 1841, has been a sort of English Mayor Thompson, seldom having missed an opportunity to say something unkind about America.

MRS. KITTY CUTHBERT KRANZ, snapped in a characteristic pose during one of her appeals in a nation-wide campaign to set aside Michaelmas, September 29, as National Sympathy Day, when we can all feel sorry for little King Michael of Roumania because he can't play with his toys and get his ears dirty like little American boys.

OUR CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT MAKES STRAIGHTFORWARD STATEMENT OF HIS PROHIBITION STAND. Dr. E. Glen Can, addressing large meeting, said: "I stand squarely behind the will of the people on this issue. I stand by the statement I made last May: Humanity, one and indivisible, greatest on earth. Let the chips fall where they may!"

War, Woe, *and* Lillian

Miss Gish Walks Off with The Enemy— Noah Beery Steals The Dove

A Movie Review *by* FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 40 seconds.)

HOLLYWOOD has just celebrated Uncle Sam's tremendous naval program by releasing a film version of Channing Pollock's anti-war drama, The Enemy.

The Enemy, a Metro-Goldwyn picture, is an out-and-out preachment against militarism. Conceding that war is hell and that something should be done about it, I must admit that the present match of Kid Pollock versus Battling Mars is a distinct defeat for the playwright. He doesn't even get Mars down for a short count.

The Enemy is propaganda rather than entertainment. It has more message than movement. Mr. Pollock writes at the top of his voice against legal murder—otherwise war—but, in the movies, the dramatic vehicle of his protests is turgid and slow moving.

Fortunately The Enemy has Lillian Gish as its star. I doubt if Miss Gish has done better work since she left the Griffith manse with its honeysuckle and mignonette.

Here she plays *Pauli Arndt*, wife of a young Austrian soldier and daughter of a pacifist. War drags her to the bottom—to selling herself that she may buy milk for her dying baby. After reels of suffering, the Hollywood gods relent and *Pauli* is reunited with her *Carl*, who wasn't killed after all.

There is none of the acute feeling of war hunger caught by Griffith himself in Isn't Life Wonderful? Vienna is the background, but nowhere is its vibrant spirit caught as in The Last Waltz. In fact, Director Fred Niblo had rather a tough time of it with Pollock's propaganda.

Still, you will not find Miss Gish more moving than in the moment of The Enemy when she pounds on a table in hysteria, unconsciously keeping time to the tramp of marching feet. Nor will you find her more glowingly tender than in the early scenes.

Ralph Forbes, the young English actor, is the *Carl*. Forbes is one of the two blond actors of Hollywood, William Boyd being the other.

Forbes was born in London in 1901 and educated at Denstone College, Staffordshire. A play called Havoc brought him to New York—and he met and married Ruth Chatterton, the footlight star. They separated recently.

Once in Hollywood, Forbes managed to land a hit in Beau Geste. He has a leading rôle in a Klondike special not yet released, The Trail of '98, but The Enemy is his first really important part since Beau Geste. Possibly you will find Forbes stolid and rather uninteresting in The Enemy. I did.

SPANISH America has been protesting so heatedly over our movies that Hollywood had cold feet about The Dove, Norma Talmadge's newest vehicle. This is the Willard Mack melodrama done behind the footlights with lavish and gaudy trappings by David Belasco.

The scene of The Dove was originally in Mexico, but the movies place the action in a mythical land "somewhere on the Mediterranean." The Mexican costumes and subtitle dialect, quaintly enough, still remain. The Dove in its celluloid form, as done by United Artists, appears pretty decrepit.

It seems that, for his plot, Mr. Mack went back to the film's favorite fiction: the pure-as-the-driven-snow dance-hall girlie who is pursued by a scoundrel of great power and relentlessness. Sometimes this sinister wretch has been a gambler, sometimes a ruthless politician, sometimes a heartless bad man.

Here he is *Don José Maria y Sandoval*, who boasts he is "the best damn caballero in Costa Roja."

Ralph Forbes and Lillian Gish partake of a tragic kiss on their woeful way through Channing Pollock's film war to end war.

In a lighter vein, General Don José *(Noah Beery) attempts to make terms with the lovely* Dolores *(Norma Talmadge) in The Dove.*

It is needless to add that *Don José* does not get the virtuous *Dolores*.

As *Dolores*, Miss Talmadge rattles long earrings, plays a guitar, and manages to be pretty wooden. Gilbert Roland is very actory as the dance-hall cutie's sweetheart, while Noah Beery romps away with the film as the wicked general, *Don José*.

Beery has absconded with many a film hit in recent years. Over and over he has been first aid to tottering plots.

Noah isn't just an actor. He has a ranch in the San Fernando valley, where he has large peach and apricot orchards. He conducts a mountain lodge, where you may go to fish and hunt at so much per day. He has dabbled successfully and extensively in real estate. Despite all this acumen, he is still rated the worst-dressed man in Hollywood.

There is a real story behind the Noah Beerys, married for many years. After nineteen perilous years of stage acting, they had to borrow money to migrate westward with their then two-year-old son, who was fighting a losing battle with life.

Pidge, who is Noah, Jr., is now fifteen and a husky chap, while the Beerys are wealthy and happy. The movies provided the correct happy ending. Remember that, when you see Noah leer at your favorite film actress.

Do you know that—

Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton are now making Partners in Crime? . . . Marion Davies is to do Polly Preferred? . . . D. W. Griffith is going to refilm his old success, The Battle of the Sexes?

Shingles forever fireproof

Beauty that will never fade . . . protection that will never fail

THE imperishable colors of natural rock, warm, harmonious, beautiful are moulded into Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. Yet they have more than charm. They are strong, solid, fireproof and everlasting.

Every advantage you look for in roofing you find in Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. Their pleasant hues of green, red, brown, gray and blue-black offer many variations. To your home they add beauty, a note of smartness, a distinction that increases its value. They are complete protection from fires, since no flames can burn them.

Residence of Dr. H. E. Robinson, Pleasantville, N. Y. Architect—James R. Thompson
Roofed with Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles

Lifetime Roofs

The poorest of economies is a cheap roof. Your roof will last as long as your foundation if you use Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. And you will end your roofing expense for all time. If you are building, use them and your home will never need another roof. If you are repairing or altering, re-roof for the last time by using Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. They are supplied either in hexagonal form or in standard American style.

Be sure the shingles you get are Johns-Manville Asbestos. With every roof of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles you are entitled to a Certificate vouching for its genuineness. Ask your roofer for this Certificate. Each one is registered at our home office. Thus, for your own protection, there will be a permanent record of who sold the shingles and who laid the roof. Any roofer, contractor, building supply or lumber dealer can furnish you Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. It pays to insist on getting the best.

Johns-Manville—Master of Asbestos

Wherever men live or work, they live and work better and more comfortably, because of Johns-Manville Asbestos products. Factories, power plants, railroad cars, steamships, office and apartment buildings and homes use Johns-Manville Asbestos in construction and in operation.

Asbestos, one of the strangest of minerals, might still be only a freak in collectors' cabinets, but for Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of its use. From the asbestos mine to the finished asbestos product, Johns-Manville handles every phase of the task of making this mineral useful.

Johns-Manville makes asbestos fabrics, yarns, cements and other raw materials from which are fashioned insulations, floorings, tiles, shingles, brake linings, sound controlling material, and a thousand other articles. Modern civilization, modern comfortable living, literally depend largely on the asbestos products of Johns-Manville.

Acoustical

The engineering skill of Johns-Manville has helped to overcome unpleasant noise. In offices, auditoriums or other places where there are echoes or where outside noises disturb, the Johns-Manville Acoustical Department can easily correct the trouble and do away with all echoing.

Brake Lining

Johns-Manville Asbestos Brake Lining makes automobiles safer. Insist on getting this burn-proof lining when you next re-line your brakes.

Pipe Insulation

Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel by means of air cells surrounded by asbestos keeps pipes from wasting heat. Improved Asbestocel on your heater pipes costs very little, saves coal, insures a warm house.

Packings

Johns-Manville Asbestos packings to fill every need of engines, pumps or compressors, make industrial operations in many fields more efficient.

For the small house Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles in hexagonal shape offer the charm of this pleasant French cottage.

FREE—Booklet of Color Combinations for Roofs

JOHNS-MANVILLE Corp., Dept. R 33,
New York, Chicago, Cleveland, San Francisco
For Canada: Johns-Manville Co., Ltd., Toronto
(Mail coupon to branch nearest you)

Send me your free booklet showing how to choose the roof most suitable for my house.

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Address _____

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JOHNS-MANVILLE
ASBESTOS SHINGLES
BRAKE LINING AND INSULATIONS OF ENDURING FIREPROOF ASBESTOS

These soft, rich foods, so highly refined, so delicately prepared, *break down the health of our teeth and gums!*

COOKING, once a plain and homely art, has changed. It has lost its old simplicity. Chefs have set the style, and our wives and hostesses have followed it. An abundance of delicious things to eat, daintily prepared and appetizingly served—these, modern taste demands, and gets.

But no one who has studied the effect of our diet upon the tissues of the mouth can doubt that herein lies the reason of modern gum troubles. As your own dentist will readily testify, the profession traces the wide prevalence of these gum disorders directly to the dining tables of the nation!

There's no mystery about it. The gum walls, like any other living tissue, need exercise. And in times gone by the vigorous chewing of coarse, fibrous foods kept gums active and constantly nourished by the brisk flow of fresh blood which this wholesome friction sent coursing through the tissues.

But these soft foods of today—these tender cuts of meat, these creamed vegetables, entrees, and fluffy puddings—they have no power to give gums the stimulation that should vitalize and sustain them. Gradually enervated by a life of too much ease and luxury, gums grow lazy and flabby. They become tender—they bleed. All too often "pink tooth brush" gives its warning that more serious troubles may be close at hand.

All of us today live on a diet rich, creamy, over-refined. But these same soft, fibreless foods that we enjoy so much deprive our gums of stimulation and health.

This modern tooth paste, so delicious to the taste, so cleansing to the teeth, *tones and strengthens weakened gums!*

AS the outcome of long research, the dental profession now offers a simple means to combat these prevalent gum disorders—to supply the healthful stimulation denied our gums by our modern soft diet.

Massage is the method they recommend—a gentle frictionizing of the gum surfaces with the brush while brushing the teeth. And thousands of dentists order their patients to use Ipana Tooth Paste for both the massage and the regular brushing. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic well known to the profession for its value in toning the gums and in strengthening weak and under-nourished gingival tissue.

The first time you use Ipana you will like its delicious flavor, and you will quickly see how much whiter and brighter it makes your teeth. The ten-day tube the coupon brings will readily prove these things.

But a fairer way to test Ipana is to get a regular tube at the drug store and use it faithfully, twice a day, for one full month. For when you observe its benefits to your gums, very likely you, too, will decide that you have found the tooth paste you want to use for life.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-28
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

© B.-M. Co., 1928

FIRST STAR—"They tell me you'll endorse any cigarette for a consideration . . ."

SECOND STAR—"*Sure,* so long as the *consideration* isn't that I give up my Chesterfields!"

© 1928, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO

Show Girl

Dixie Dugan Disappears and Gives Broadway a $10,000 Mystery

By J. P. McEvoy

Pictures by John H. Striebel

(Reading time: 15 minutes 40 seconds.)

[Who's Who, and Why: Notoriety is one road to fame, and Dixie Dugan, erstwhile dancer at the Jollity Night Club, is traveling it on high gear. Since Alvarez Romano, hoofer at the club, stabbed Jack Milton, a wealthy broker, in a love duel over her, she has been flooded with big theatrical offers. And the *Evening Tab* is printing her life story. Of course Denny Kerrigan, who sells greeting cards and mottoes on the road and is Dixie's old-time sweetie, thinks it's terrible for her to get mixed up in such an affair, but—Well, start the story here by reading the following letter to Sunshine, Dixie's girl friend.]

EVERY new installment is a surprise to me, the author.

WHO said the wages of sin is publicity?

Part Four

439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., June 18.

Sunshine Dear:

There hasn't been so much excitement in one little girl's life since Fanny Ward was a child—and they do say that when they opened up Eighth Avenue they found one of her rattles in the same layer of mud with Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg.

Firstly, the big sister Nita dashed back from Paris to help me through my troubles, which up to then consisted principally in pasting clippings. Who said the wages of sin is publicity? If I were Sodom and Gomorrer, whoever they were, I couldn't have rated more white space next to pure reading matter. The dear old subscribers sure like a good, hot, sexy brawl with their morning Java.

Nita took hold of things the minute she got back, which I knew she would do. The first thing she did was to get busy with some of the men she knows who are way up in politics or something, and they got Romano's trial stalled off for a while to see how Milton recovers from the stabbing he got at that party I was on up in Milton's apartments. Then she had a talk with Milton, who is recovering nicely, but seems to be sillier than ever about me. She says he would like to have Romano sent up, but he doesn't want to get involved in any scandal himself, so he is pulling all the wires he knows to have the thing shushed up.

Meanwhile my life story, written by myself, breezes along in the *Evening Tab*. Every new installment is a surprise to me, the author, who must pay two cents every evening to find out what it is. It seems by the chapter today I was the bestest girl they ever had in Sunday school and copped off all the little Golden Text cards—which will certainly be news to mother, who could never find me any time Sunday unless she sent out a posse. I mean, after I learned to walk.

The next thing Nita did was to cinch that vaudeville offer Keith's made me. I get 500 smackers for myself, and they pay the rest of the cast and expenses. The contract is for twenty weeks, but it seems there is a little goopher dust in the contract to the effect that eighteen of these weeks are optional on how the first two go.

Well, baby, if the first two don't go, all I got to say is, there is no hope for vaudeville and the movies will have the field to themselves. My stunt is going to be a sketch called Night Club, starring me. I'll sing and dance, and act too. It isn't written yet, but we are going to start rehearsals next Monday at Bryant Hall. Nita got hold of the man who writes a lot of these revue sketches for Ziegfeld and the Shuberts and he's working on it now.

Can you see me as an actress? Get away from that entrance, Jeanne Eagels—I can't have you stealing my stuff. . . . Who's on the phone? Mr. Belasco? Tell him to call me back; I'm in my bawth!

Whoopie! Get hot!

Dixie.

From the New York *Gazette*, June 18:

THEATRICAL NOTES

Confidential spies from this Department report that Dixie Dugan is going into vaudeville.

Pretty young things who get entangled with the law usually use the front page as a springboard into the Two-a-Day, but it seems that Dixie has something besides what her mother gave her.

It will be recalled, by those of you who waste time on other departments of this paper, that she was a specialty dancer in the Jollity Night Club, where the tango hoofer, Alvarez Romano, also danced before he eased a knife into "Jack" Milton, who was throwing a party up in his apartments for Dixie and his boy friends, from which it would seem that Dixie, though a brunette, suddenly went blonde. Well, boys will be boys, and vaudeville will be vaudeville, and never the twain shall meet.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The OILY NINETIES

The home camouflage corps preparing a dose of old-fashioned castor oil. Nine times in ten...a waste of ingenuity and ingredients. Disguise was as uncertain as disgust was certain in the youth of those days.

The poorest memory recalls the awful taste of old-fashioned castor oil. The best memory can't remember the taste of Kellogg's...because it's *really* tasteless.

KELLOGG'S
The Original
TASTELESS
Castor Oil

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

Kellogg's is tasteless because it is the *only* castor oil super-refined by the Kellogg exclusive patented process. Untouched from refinery to you . . . it is never sold in bulk nor in any form other than the original 3 oz. and 7 oz. bottles. We want to prove to you that Kellogg's is really tasteless. A convincing trial bottle will be sent you for 10c in stamps. Write for it today. Walter Janvier, Inc., 417 Canal St., New York, N. Y.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

COUPON
Walter Janvier, Inc.
417-421 Canal St., N.Y.
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me Trial Size Bottle of
KELLOGG'S TASTELESS CASTOR OIL
Name .....
St. and No. or R. F. D. .....
City ..... State .....

Bilious? Kellogg's will work wonders.

[SHOW GIRL Continued from Page Forty-five]

Dixie Dugan's vehicle in what is euphemistically called variety is a new sketch, Night Club. The brightest of our readers can probably deduce from this what the sketch is about. It will have a tryout out of town and then come to the Palace.

June 20.

DEAR MISS DUGAN:

I read about you in the Minneapolis *Tribune* and the trouble you got into, and it seems to me a girl like you all alone in the big city needs a man to take care of her. I am lonesome and affectionate and need a pal and helper, as I have a modest but successful little suburban poultry farm where I know I could make you happy. Will you marry me and help me take care of my chicken farm and my five darling little children? Their ages are from Hilda, 7 yrs., to little Pete, age 9 mos.

Maybe you will be interested in knowing how I look. I am an American, age 46, but look 40; am 5 ft. 10 in. high, weight 160 lbs., and am very active.

I am a Methodist and belong to the Sunday School and the Glee Club and have been a widower since Jan. Have been a country schoolteacher, a r. r. telegraph operator in Anoka, Minn., and all my life have been a hard worker, ambitious, and a hustler. Now I am an experienced poultryman with an established egg business, inventing labor-saving, sanitary brooders.

I have a piano and violin and associate only with refined people who I know will be glad to entertain you as my wife, not holding your past against you.

Trusting you will snap up this opportunity, I remain,

Yrs. truly, PETER NORTON.

Address: R. F. D. 4, Anoka, Minn.

From the Newark *Star*, June 21:

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT
State Theater
This Week Only
DIXIE
DUGAN
in
NIGHT CLUB
With an All-Star Cast Including Jollity Club Jazz Maniacs

From *Variety*, week of June 22:

STATE
(Vaude—Picts)

Stand-'em-up biz. May be due to the weather. May be due to the turns.

The weather turned out better than the turns. Stand-'em-up biz, anyway.

Biff Magee and Pals (new act) opened. This is the old comedy mule stunt, modernized for a lot of laughs. The Honeysuckle Four, individually heavy troupers, zipped across for an easy hit in the deuce spot.

Barney and Gert, following, were a class twosome, working in 1927 tempo for a sizable score in the giggle department.

Ben Sorka and Maude are an unsubtle comedy team in one with Yid humor and soprano straight.

Eppas Duo—man and woman novelty perch turn in four—didn't get much of a deal. The woman's work on a high horizontal, balanced by the man, got out of range of the spot and was lost. A dull eye and low lights throughout not so good for the mob eye.

Dixie Dugan in Night Club was in the choice groove next to shut. A flash act that has everything—comedy, speed, girls, talent, etc. Dixie is an eyeful, an earful, and means a houseful! What a girl! Where is Ziggy? The kid is clever—she's hot—she's vaudeville plus—she has all it takes—she dances like a zephyr—she has a mine of comedy—she has grace, personality, verve, and sex. She's a bear. Nobody can stop her. The kid is there—she's the spirit of vaudeville.

She sells it. They buy it. So be it. So is it. There it is. Take it or leave it.

Eight femmes and a pair of male hoofers take up the burden when she is off. Girls plenty young to please the fatigued men of commerce.

There is a song bird in the act who ungargles a pip of a soprano.

Of course, there is a band—nicely received.

Conductor not so hot. Somebody should explain the difference between the up and down beat to the boy.

The comedy was a peppy hash of gags and stories. Some of the lines could be sent out to the laundry with the rest of the wash.

But Dixie is in. This is one tabloid scandal that dug up a live one without the aid of a bathtub.

The pic—Hold That Girl—is one of those heavy muzzling affairs with the regular shrine-in-the-garden finish. Ran the die-hards out of the house. Even the community petters, with dark-corner specialties of their own, couldn't stand it. Heigh-ho!

(*Early*)

THE show did go on, but back stage was pandemonium. Dixie Dugan had disappeared.

From the New York *Globe*, June 24:

SHIPPING NEWS

ARRIVALS—S/S Sierra Cordoba from South American ports, bringing among other distinguished passengers, Señor Filippo Romano,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

Pennsylvania Station, New York

In New York's great Railroad Terminals

These two chocolate bars are the most popular

CROSSROADS of humanity—these two great railroad terminals.

More than 450,000 hurrying persons pass daily through their portals.

City folk, farmers, commuters—"white collars" and workingmen—capitalists and clerks — mothers with their children — stenographers and their "boy friends"—poets, princes, peasants.

Scores of convenient shops and stands serve these teeming legions—purchasers of souvenirs, stationery, tooth paste, magazines . . . and chocolate bars.

HERE, where millions throng, Nestlé's and Peter's are best sellers. An actual check-up showed them far in the lead. Another instance of the widespread and growing popularity of these two *different* milk chocolate bars.

Nestlé's and Peter's are constantly winning new friends, because people like their distinctive, old-time Swiss taste — kept fresh and full-flavored in special wrappers.

For smooth, melting creaminess, Nestlé's is unexcelled. You can *taste* the pure, fresh milk with all its cream—fresh and sweet as an Alpine meadow. Nestlé's is the creamiest of all milk chocolates.

Interior of the Grand Central Terminal, New York

Peter's tastes more of chocolate. It has a wholesome, tonic tang, and is the richest in chocolate of all milk chocolate bars.

ONLY the choicest cocoa beans are used for Nestlé's and Peter's. And only rich milk with all its cream. Blended according to the famous formula of Daniel Peter, who discovered and perfected milk chocolate fifty years ago, in a little Swiss village.

You pay no more for Nestlé's and Peter's than for chocolate bars far inferior in quality. They come in five- and ten-cent sizes, plain and with toasted almonds. The convenient croquette packages sell for five and ten cents.

Shops and stands everywhere display Nestlé's and Peter's. Step up and introduce yourself to them.

You ought to know what a real treat a chocolate bar can be!

Made by the Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., New York City.

Richest in cream *Richest in chocolate*

The tell-tale thumb tracks!

NEVER will you find these smudges on the thumb of a man who uses a Clark Lighter.

The wheel which makes the strong spark on a Clark Lighter is covered. You do not touch it with your thumb. The wheel you do turn always is as clean as the winder on your watch.

Keep your thumbs and gloves clean—but be sure, too, you have a gentlemanly lighter, of excellent character that you are proud to own and use.

Clark Lighters are made by a jeweler. They are good-looking. They always work. You can buy them for $7.50 or as much higher as you want to pay.

W G C

W. G. CLARK & CO., Inc.
NORTH ATTLEBOROUGH, MASS.
Showrooms: 580 Fifth Ave., New York

CLARK

ALWAYS WORKS

[SHOW GIRL Continued from Page Forty-six]

ex-Presidente of the Republic of Costaragua.

From the New York *Evening Tab*, June 27:

DIXIE DUGAN DISAPPEARS

Beautiful Night-Club Dancer and Stage Star Kidnaped or Murdered?

Last night the orchestra played the overture for Dixie Dugan at the State Theater, Newark, and the curtain went up on an empty stage. The audience waited expectantly for Dixie to trip out. No Dixie!

What could have happened? The curtain came down once more, and an agitated stage manager hurried out and, with profuse apologies to the audience, explained that Miss Dugan was ill and could not appear, but the show would go on.

The show did go on—as usual—with lights and laughter out front. But back stage was pandemonium. Dixie Dugan was not ill. She had disappeared.

Careful search of her dressing room gave no clews. All of her street clothes were there. Her maid could give no explanation. "Miss Dugan came back here for a cigarette, just after her call," said the maid. "She was in her opening costume and made up to go on. I gave her a cigarette and she went right out that door. I haven't seen her since."

The maid wept. But tears will not bring her back. Neither did any of the stage hands see her. Nor the doorman, nor anyone out in the street in the vicinity, so far as the police could learn.

All sorts of dark and ugly rumors are afloat. As everyone knows, Dixie Dugan is the central figure in the stabbing affray in which "Jack" Milton, millionaire broker and influential man about town, nearly lost his life a short time ago in a wild early-morning party in his luxurious apartments. It is said Dixie knows too much about the night lives of some of our leading citizens.

Rumor also mentions the arrival in this country a few days ago of Señor Filippo Romano, ex-Presidente of the Republic of Costaragua, the father of Alvarez Romano, night-club tango dancer, who stabbed "Jack" Milton and who until a few days ago was held in the Tombs. It is now learned that he was released a couple of days ago on bail, but his attorneys are keeping him incommunicado.

On the other hand, it is rumored in financial circles that "Jack" Milton was one of a powerful syndicate of oil interests who underwrote the last insurrection in Costaragua which overthrew the Romano government. So this stabbing by Alvarez Romano seems more than just a jealous fight for Dixie. It may be an act of poetic justice!

(Scene in living room at the Dugan Home, 439 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn)

REPORTER, *Evening Tab:* Are you the mother of Dixie Dugan?

MRS. DUGAN: (*Crossly.*) Yes, I am! What of it?

"I'm her mother," sobbed Mrs. Dugan. "Her mother who nursed her from tender childhood." And tears streamed down her honest old face, wrinkled with care.

REPORTER: Will you tell us something about her childhood?

MRS. DUGAN: I will not!

"Dixie was my little baby," she sobbed. And then she smiled wistfully through her tears. "And such a baby! Wide blue eyes and golden curls. I've kept one of them. Would you like to see it?"

REPORTER: Can we take a picture of you?

MRS. DUGAN: No!

REPORTER: (*To photographer.*) All right, Mike.

MIKE: (*To Mrs. Dugan.*) Hold these, please. Look at them as if you were about to cry. (*Hands her a grimy pair of prop baby shoes which he fishes out of his pocket.*) Head up a little more, please.

MRS. DUGAN: (*Proud in spite of herself over having picture taken.*) Wait till I fix my hair a little, can't you?

Her gnarled hands clutch the tiny baby shoes in which Dixie used to patter around the floor in those dear, dead days of long ago, when she would totter to the door and wave a chubby hand to her daddy coming up the rose-covered walk. "These were her first little shoes," sobbed the dear old mother. "Her 'little 'oots,' she used to call them."

"Hold these, please. Look at them as if you were about to cry."

REPORTER: (*Indicating three or four youngsters peering curiously through window.*) Those yours?

MRS. DUGAN: Thank God, no! (*Reporter gestures significantly to Mike, who disappears and returns almost immediately with children.*)

MIKE: Now, come on, kids. Look up at the lady. Look sad. Put your hands on their heads, Mrs. Dugan.

MRS. DUGAN: What's all this for?

TINY TOTS COMFORT FRANTIC MOTHER. The *Evening Tab* Staff Photographer pictures scene in home of Dixie Dugan when neighboring children come to console mother of missing night-club star. "Where is boo'ful lady? Will boo'ful lady b'ing us tandy?" they prattle.

MIKE: Stop chewing that gum, will ya?

TINY TOT: Aw, go button your nose!

THIS IS STATION WWW BROADCASTING OVER A BAND OF 980 KILOCYCLES BY AUTHORITY OF THE FEDERAL RADIO COMMISSION. REPORTED MISSING TO THE POLICE—DIXIE DUGAN OF 439 FLATBUSH AVENUE, BROOKLYN, AGE EIGHTEEN, FIVE FEET TWO INCHES TALL, WEIGHT 108 POUNDS, BROWN EYES, DARK BROWN HAIR. WHEN LAST SEEN WAS WEARING SHORT PINK STAGE COSTUME, NO STOCKINGS, BLACK SHOES. HAS SMALL SCAR ON LEFT WRIST. TWO SMALL MOLES ON BACK UNDER LEFT SHOULDER BLADE. LAST SEEN AT STATE THEATER, NEWARK.

WHILE WE ARE WAITING FOR THE FINAL RETURNS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE WE WILL HAVE A SOLO BY MISS AXIE GOODYKOONZ, WHO WILL SING WOULD I WERE A TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM.

From the *Evening Tab*, June 28:

$10,000 REWARD

The New York *Evening Tab* offers $10,000 reward for any news which will lead to the discovery, alive or dead, of Dixie Dugan, missing Broadway beauty and night-club star, who disappeared mysteriously from the State Theater, in Newark, on June 26.

VOX POP

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Evening Tab:*

I am an old subscriber of yours—dating away back two years come St. Stephen's Day—and probably the only subscriber you have who can spell out all the hard words under the pictures. So surely you will forgive me if I ask you to explain something in your paper which puzzles me.

You need not start so. It is not the editorial page. No. It is

something deeper and more significant—Dixie Dugan's life story entitled, rather pastorally I take it, Ten Thousand Sweet Legs. How—and this is the question that burns me—do you manage to get daily installments of this story from her own lips for your Magazine Page, when on the first page of the same paper you not only admit you do not know where Dixie Dugan is, but you will give $10,000 reward to anyone who can tell you? Of course, if this is a professional secret like levitation or ectoplasm, or if it is something you do with mirrors, I will not blame you for treating this letter with the amused contempt it deserves.

FAITHFUL READER.

DIXIE is an eyeful, an earful, and means a houseful. What a girl! She's vaudeville plus.

24 CL 16
DM HARRISBURG PA

1220 P JUN 28

EDITOR N Y EVENING TAB
NEW YORK CITY

GIRL ANSWERING DESCRIPTION DIXIE DUGAN TAKEN OFF TRAIN HERE WILL HOLD FOR YOUR IDENTIFICATION AND REWARD
POLICE DEPARTMENT

29 SO VN 36
RP SPEEDWAY AIR FIELD
CHICAGO 120 P JUN 28

EDITOR N Y EVENING TAB
NEW YORK CITY

PLANE PASSED OVER HERE EARLY THIS MORNING CARRYING PILOT AND GIRL WHO AIR MAIL PILOT EARL LANDRY CLAIMS ANSWERED DESCRIPTION DIXIE DUGAN TRIED TO APPROACH PLANE CLOSER BUT IT ESCAPED IN FOG HEADED NORTH PLEASE ADVISE
MANAGER SPEEDWAY AIR FIELD

46 EG SC 53
29 FORT LAUDERDALE FLA
320 P JUN 28

EDITOR N Y EVENING TAB
NEW YORK CITY

WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE STEPS TO CONVINCE LOCAL AUTHORITIES I AM NOT DIXIE DUGAN AM BEING HELD HERE FOR SOME IDIOTIC REWARD YOU ARE OFFERING MEANWHILE WILL LOSE JOB UNLESS I GET TO JACKSONVILLE WHERE ROBINSON BROTHERS CIRCUS IN WHICH I DO TRAPEZE ACT OPENS NEXT MONDAY WIRE ANSWER CARE LOCAL CHIEF POLICE
PEARL LE MAY

38 RL CF 6
45 BUTTE MONTANA 420 P JUN 29

EDITOR N Y EVENING TAB
NEW YORK CITY

DIXIE DUGAN FOUND HERE WIRE INSTRUCTIONS
THE LIONS CLUB

12 TA C5 20
17 DENISON TEXAS 1120 A JUN 29

EDITOR N Y EVENING TAB
NEW YORK CITY

I KNOW WHERE DIXIE DUGAN IS HIDING BUT WILL REQUIRE SOME MONEY FOR EXPENSES PLEASE WIRE ME TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS
G. F. GOLDBLATT

You'd never guess what's happened to Dixie! And Denny? We haven't heard much from him lately, but—watch him cut loose in a couple of weeks. As Dixie says —WHOOPIE! Get Hot!

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Sixty-two.)

1—Where is the Dismal Swamp?
2—Who was called the Maid of Orleans?
3—Between what waters is the peninsula of Lower California?
4—When it is noon in New York what time is it in Paris?
5—What United States stamp bears the picture of Nathan Hale?
6—Where does the wind always blow from the north?
7—Who wrote She Stoops to Conquer?
8—What are the nicknames of the State of Arizona?
9—Who were the only two American League players who played in all of their teams' regular games last season?
10—Which is heavier—a pound of feathers or a pound of gold?
11—What is apiculture?
12—How many wickets in croquet?
13—What is the Pentateuch?
14—What is Polaris?
15—What is bell metal?
16—What is dulse?
17—How many yards in a furlong?
18—Where are the Falkland Islands? To whom do they belong?
19—What is the preferred pronunciation of xylophone?
20—What key, in music, is indicated by three sharps?

Write for the FREE book on "How to Judge a Used Car" Use the coupon below!

First rate Studebaker values for the *Second* buyer

WHEN the average Studebaker owner trades in his car, it is not because he has exhausted its mileage possibilities. The car has scores of thousands of miles of unused transportation. His sacrifice opens the way to an exceptionally good buy for somebody else.

The fact that nearly a thousand Studebaker owners have driven their cars from 100,000 to 300,000 miles is convincing evidence of the excess mileage built into Studebaker cars by One-Profit manufacture.

Buy a cheaply-built new car and you'll always know it was cheaply-built. So will your neighbors. But a Certified Studebaker will give you satisfaction and pride of ownership that no cheaply-built car could ever give.

The famous Studebaker Pledge shown here not only expresses the dealer's confidence in the enduring performance of Studebaker cars, but backs up the quality of his own work in reconditioning Certified Studebakers.

Pledge to the Public
on Used Car Sales

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

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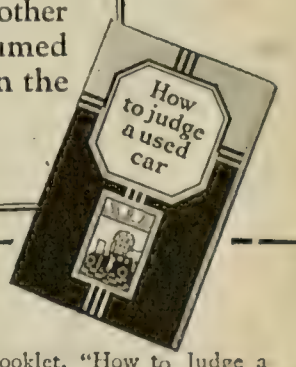


This Free Book Will Save You Money

Experts who buy used cars for Studebaker dealers have furnished material for this frank and helpful book. No such valuable guide was ever before offered at any price.

Send for it today!

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Dept. B-78, South Bend, Indiana

Please send me my copy of valuable free booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car."

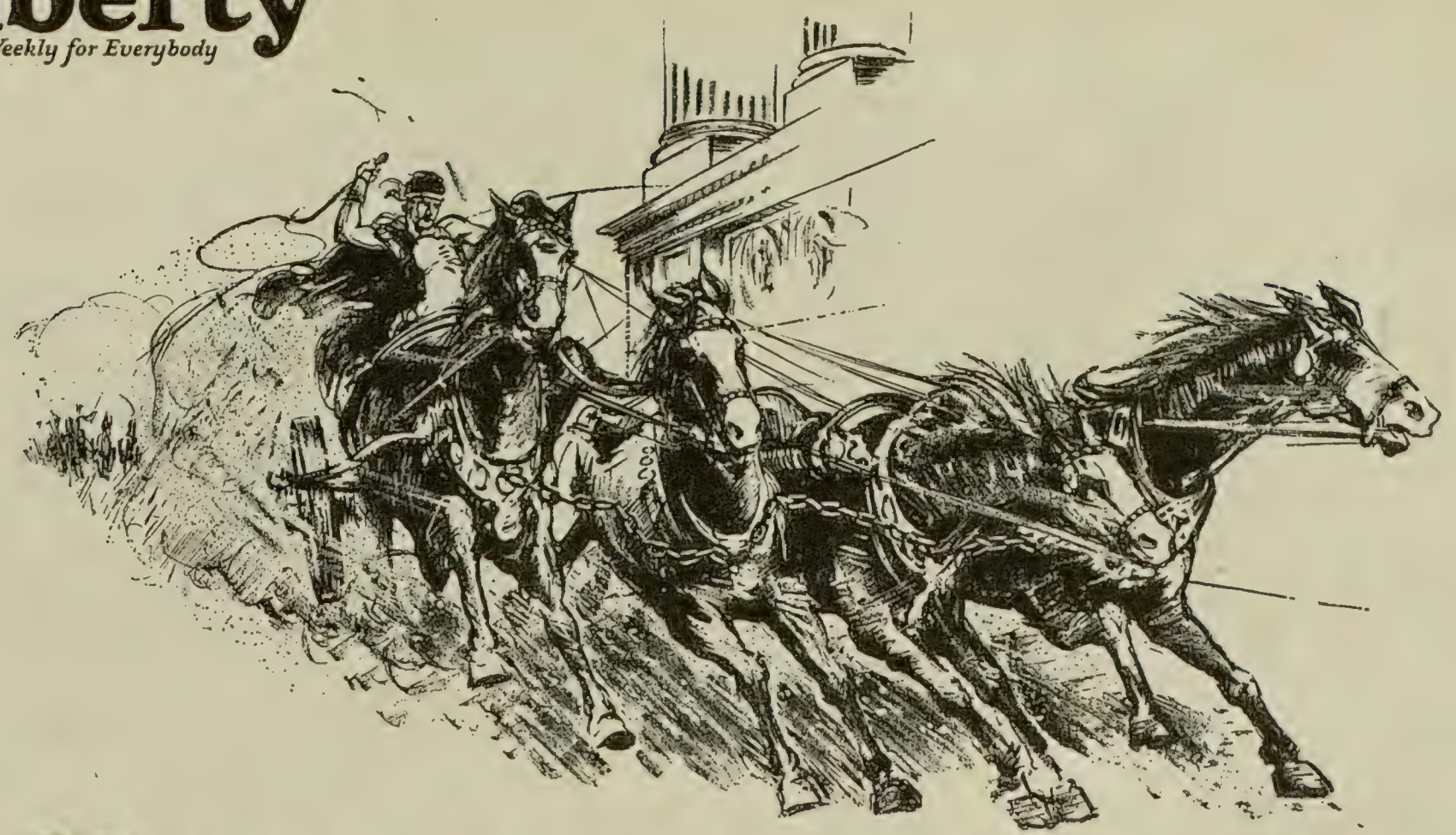
Name.....

Street.....

Town.....*State*.....

STUDEBAKER
The Great Independent

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody



FIRST *in Advertising Gains for 1927* [AMONG THE THIRTEEN LEADING MAGAZINES]

LIBERTY consistently led in advertising gains throughout 1927. For the first three months, LIBERTY gained 73 pages; for the first six months, LIBERTY's gain was 190 pages; gain for the first nine months was 232 pages—and LIBERTY closed the year with a gain of 260 pages.

LIBERTY's *gains for each three-month period and for the year as a whole, consistently exceeded any individual gain—as well as the* combined net gain—*of the 12 other leading magazines.*

Comparison of advertising change for 1927 over 1926 is shown in the following table, compiled from Reports of Publishers' Information Bureau.

		Pages
LIBERTY	GAIN	260*
DELINEATOR	GAIN	134
MCCALL'S	GAIN	96
PICTORIAL REVIEW	GAIN	41
COSMOPOLITAN	GAIN	23
COLLIER'S	GAIN	17
AMERICAN	GAIN	2
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	GAIN	1
RED BOOK	LOSS	3
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION	LOSS	46
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING	LOSS	62
LITERARY DIGEST	LOSS	159
SATURDAY EVENING POST	LOSS	172

(**Fractions disregarded throughout list*)

LIBERTY enters upon its fourth year *first* in advertising gains and *second* in advertising volume among *all* national magazines. 732 advertisers used LIBERTY in 1927. As of January first, 1123 advertisers had bought space in LIBERTY for 1928. In 1927, 145 products were advertised *exclusively* in LIBERTY, as regards the 13 magazines listed above. LIBERTY carried *more* drug and toilet goods advertising than any of the other 12 magazines. It gained *more* pages of automotive, automotive accessory, radio, clothing, shoe, food and beverage advertising in 1927 than any of the other 12 magazines.

Advertisers' growing preference for LIBERTY is due to LIBERTY's "Points of Advertising Difference," one of which is: 99% NEWS-DEALER CIRCULATION—*Every Buyer a Reader.* A buy of space in LIBERTY is a buy in *pulling power.* Proof sent on request to any advertiser or advertising agent.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody
NEW YORK
247 Park Avenue
CHICAGO
Tribune Tower
DETROIT
General Motors Bldg.
BOSTON
10 High Street
SAN FRANCISCO
820 Kohl Building

Net Paid Circulation Over 1,500,000—99% News-Dealer Sales

The Balloon Buster of ARIZONA

Frank Luke Begins His Thrilling Exploits in France— His Plane Is Riddled with Bullets as He Destroys His First Balloon

By NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 19 minutes 15 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The thrill of battle—the chance to strike at the enemy, to win the medals he coveted—came slowly to Frank Luke, Jr. Not until July 26, 1918—four months after his arrival in France—was he assigned to a combat group—the famous First Pursuit Group that included Rickenbacker and had numbered Quentin Roosevelt and Raoul Lufbery among its members. On August 16 he bagged his first German plane and received credit, but his mates refused to acknowledge his claim. Embittered, Luke continued to play a lone hand. Then, in Lieutenant Joseph Wehner, he found a comrade in kind. They paired together—a mad team of victorious, ill-fated war birds.]

PART SEVEN

THE controversy over Luke's first victory was still the principal topic of conversation in the Twenty-seventh Aëro Squadron when Major Hartney left that unit to take over the First Pursuit Group, of which the Twenty-seventh was a part.

Captain Alfred A. Grant, now a successful Los Angeles business man, succeeded to the command. Grant did not believe Luke's story, nor was he ever personally attracted to the Arizonian. Although they were reared in similar schools—Grant is a Texan—it is doubtful if you could find two more widely opposed personalities than Alfred Grant and Frank Luke.

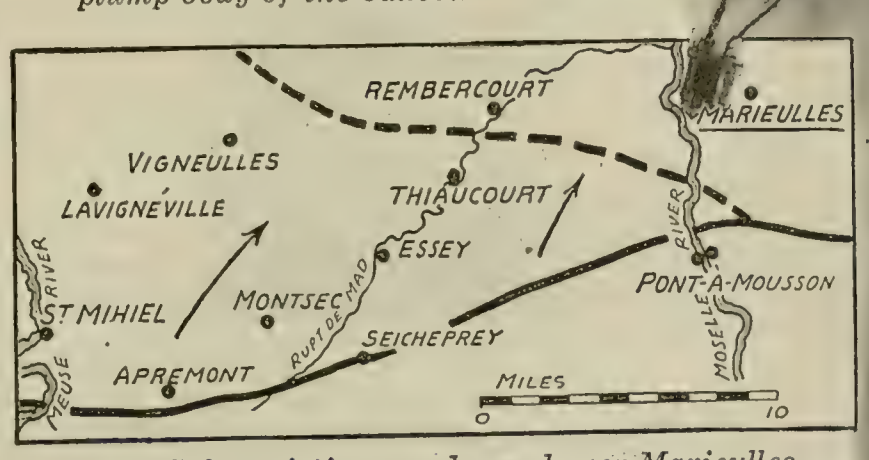
Both possessed great courage—among his decorations Captain Grant has the Distinguished Service Cross for intrepidity in air combat—both were leaders by instinct, but they were separated by a vast difference in mental attitude.

Captain Grant was an orderly soldier, who believed regulations were written for a purpose. He was a disciplinarian, a strict disciplinarian.

Frank Luke chafed at discipline, fretted under regimentation, and bridled at authority.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Luke's guns coughed and spat red streams at the plump body of the balloon.



HIS first victim was downed over Marieulles in the Meuse-Moselle sector. The solid and dotted lines show the battle fronts of September 12 and 17, 1918, respectively.

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

Before Shaving
HINDS CREAM

Job had his trials
And he was patient,
But suppose
He'd had to shave
Every morning!
His face would
Have been *sorer*
Than a boil!
But we've found
A way to make
Your fighting beard
Go limp and soft.
Just try Hinds Cream
Before you lather!

Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!

After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving
HINDS CREAM

© L. & F. INC., 1928

LEHN & FINK, INC.
Sole Distributors
Dept. 1478
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after February, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

"Too happy-go-lucky to know his own talents," one of the Phœnix High School yearbooks said of him, and his army superiors will add: "Too damned independent to do anything he didn't want to do."

It was a natural independence, born and fostered in his homeland, the open, rugged Southwest. No man can stand on his own from the boyhood years, as Frank Luke did, and not place a high valuation on his own abilities, and a still higher valuation on his freedom of action. Jam such a man into a mold, any mold, and you have a rebel.

Luke's rebellion was not founded on independence alone. The old urge to do things still motivated him, and there had been added—bitterness.

How many of the mighty accomplishments of all time are owed to some sorehead who did it "to show them"?

Frank was bitter. He was, so far as the picayune details of army life were concerned, in rebellion. But let this be remembered: he never questioned a combat order, he never groused at discomfort, nor whined under hardship. Hardship, discomfort, danger—these were dishes he relished and of which he was to have his fill in the few short weeks of life remaining to him.

DURING this period the massed assault that was to leave 150 square miles of German-occupied territory in the St. Mihiel sector in American hands was taking shape. This tremendous military maneuver, part of the colossal movement of armies which began the German rout ending in the Armistice on November 11, brought Frank his fame, his high place, the bronze for his chest . . . bronze he never wore; medals he did not know he had won.

As part of the battle plan, the First Pursuit Group returned to the Verdun sector and established its headquarters at Rembercourt, a dozen miles south of the line. From there Luke continued his desertion of formations, his solo flying.

"Joy riding again," his flight commanders complained wrathfully, and read him the riot act. They might as well have written letters to the *Times;* they'd have accomplished as much.

Luke's favorite misbehavior was to take off from his own field, quit the flight, cruise about on his own; then, instead of returning to his unit, land on the drome of the French Cigognes several miles from the Twenty-seventh's headquarters.

The Cigognes—so called because of the escadrille emblem, a stork, painted on their planes—were exclusive and proud of it. They were a sort of flying Texas Rangers, a band of superheroes, worshiped by the entire French nation, respected by their allies, feared by their enemies.

Officially known as N. 3 because of the Nieuport planes they flew, the Cigognes had gathered fame through the membership of such men as Captain Brocard, the squadron's founder; "Père" Dorme, still a mystery man, for he flew off one day never to return, and no one marked his fall; Captain Heurteaux, who, like the German air giant, Von Richthofen, first learned the scientific killing of his fellow men as a cavalry officer; René Fonck, Armand Pinsard, and the incomparable Guynemer.

The very hangars in which the planes of these men rested between combats attracted Luke. Here they moved, laughed, jested. Here they drank luxuriously of the smoke from a final cigarette before climbing the skies.

THE Cigognes regarded Luke and his erratic visits, first with tolerant good humor, then with genuine interest. Droll, this fellow, with his perennial grin and his boy's face, but, you perceived, a face of character. Irresponsible? Of a certainty. As irresponsible as a Montparnasse artist. But what mattered irresponsibility so long as one had courage?

And courage he had. That last take-off, for instance. But inches between his landing gear and the trees rimming the field. He would die, of course. These precious ones did.

The cursed war! There would be none but old men left, and who would set young breasts to fluttering then?

When, within a few weeks after he first visited them, Frank Luke began to achieve a balloon record surpassing that of any other aviator, the Cigognes looked upon him with amazement.

Captain Alfred A. Grant, Luke's commander, wielded little authority over him.

Whenever he taxied into their field, they ran out to his ship, chattering volubly. They clapped him on the back, crowded about him during the short walk to the mess for a glass of wine, toasted him with exaggerated French courtesy — which is not exaggerated in the French — and were proud of his friendship.

Laugh at Frank Luke because all this brought a ruddy glow of pleasure to his cheeks, a fever glitter to his eyes, stretched his blouse tighter across his chest? Don't be a hypocrite! You want it—I want it—the whole world wants it!

Frank Luke had earned it, for even the Cigognes regarded a voluntary attack on an enemy balloon as heroic madness. If one were ordered to strafe a balloon—well, one strafed it. One did as one was ordered in the Cigognes. But to cruise the clouds seeking them? No! Life was precious and one did not toss it away.

There are many excellent reasons for this attitude which may not be entirely clear to the inexperienced.

Because they are anchored to trucks, balloons are much better targets for an aërial gunner than airplanes. Their buoyant cargo of inflammable gas is almost certain to explode when the bag is struck by an incendiary bullet, and even a few well placed rounds of service ammunition will make the balloon collapse.

Not infrequently the falling sausage kills the observers—from one to four or five highly trained officers—as well as many of the winch and truck crews on the ground. This means casualties, and casualties are an objective of war.

The loss of life coincident to the destruction of a balloon is, however, the least important consideration.

The balloon is one of the most valuable adjuncts to modern artillery. As an observation medium for minor-caliber batteries, most artillerymen consider it superior to the airplane because, while sacrificing little in mobility, it is possible to maintain constant direct telephone communication between observation point and battery.

Every balloon put out of action means a valuable field of observation closed to operation. This means erratic battery fire, sometimes none at all; which, in turn, results in ragged, inefficient barrages, indecisive support for offensives, and weakened defensive counter-battery fire. Too, balloons, like most of the machinery of war, are expensive, the average one with its equipment costing about $100,000.

These considerations, and the knowledge that a balloon shot down is regarded as an important conquest, cause armies to go to great lengths in protecting the sausages.

Their locations are carefully chosen to facilitate the placing of anti-aircraft (Archie) batteries in the immediate vicinity. These batteries—during the World War mostly 75s on special mounts—are augmented by innumerable long-range machine guns and small bomb-throwing cannon. The balloon's fixed position enables the gunners to range the air about the giant bags with meticulous accuracy.

IN addition to these elaborate defenses, there usually is to be found at least a four- or five-ship flight of combat planes sufficiently near balloon-operating points to take the air above the bags immediately after an enemy plane has been sighted.

The pilot who would distinguish himself by strafing balloons must descend into this inferno of shrapnel, machine-gun bullets, and "flaming onions," either pursued by the balloon's protecting planes or with the almost certain knowledge that they will be upon him before he can register on the bag and gain sufficient altitude to fight or peak for home.

No chivalrous combats of the fathomless blue to be likened to the knight-errantry of old, these balloon rows. Rather should they be compared to the rough-and-tumble maulings of longshore-

men's speak-easies. Fights wherein the side with the advantage always wins and where both sides use every advantage, fair and foul.

A sudden swoop from the clouds —the "sucker's" shot from behind—is fair; so is the unexpected impact of three-inch high explosive—the knee in the groin. They are brutal, bloody, vicious—these split-second combats a few hundred feet above the earth—but they are vital episodes of modern battle; so if you're looking for lavender and old lace, don't go to any wars.

U. S. Official photo

A GREAT military maneuver centering around St. Mihiel (pictured above) brought Luke fame and the medals he never knew he had won.

This was the field of activity Frank Luke selected as offering the shortest route to military glory, one which would also thoroughly and forever confound those who had doubted him. Nor did he become the world's deadliest balloon buster by accident. He planned it as deliberately as he had planned hunting trips with Bill Elder into the mountains of Arizona.

AT the evening meal, September 11, 1918, the talk in the Twenty-seventh Squadron officers' mess blew lightly this way and that, as mess-room chatter will: the fit of this man's pants, the cut of that man's blouse; the latest on the war—authentic, since it came that day from a side-car driver who had a captain who knew an aide who drank with a general who said he saw; the comparative honesty of French *femmes de nuit* and American ladies of the evening; the mishaps of the day.

Luke gave little attention until the talk turned to balloons and Captain Jerry C. Vasconcelles, now residing in Denver, an ace and one of the most daring fliers in the Twenty-seventh, said emphatically:

"I think they're the toughest proposition a pilot has to meet. Any man who gets a balloon has my respect, because he's got to be good or he doesn't get it!"

The others nodded solemnly, little realizing that Vasconcelles' words would be indirectly responsible for one of the most amazing individual careers in our military history.

On the following day, while Luke and Wehner stood chatting a few minutes before the flight took off, Luke asked:

"Did you hear what Vasconcelles said about balloons last night?"

"Yes," Wehner replied. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing much," Luke went on, "only I'm going to get one today."

Mechanics who overheard the conversation smiled, and with a tolerant chuckle passed the word:

"Luke's gonna get a sausage. So he says."

And the grinning rejoinder:

"Yeah? So'll the Y. M. C. A. He'll get a mess-kit full of tough language from ol' man Grant if he don't quit cruisin' around France in that Spad of his!"

There was no tough language for him that day!

In less than two hours after he made the statement that evoked the mechanics' tolerant banter, Luke had crushed his first balloon, single-handed!

It happened over Marieulles, a bruised clutter that had been a town, bored with strife until it became aware of this fly-and-dragon contest above it. And the fly victorious!

At Lavignéville Luke sighted three enemy aircraft and gave chase, lifting his ship into a faster gait as he once shook out his reins in the pursuit of scurrying jack rabbits. The enemy planes sped east over Pont-à-Mousson and disappeared toward Metz.

He pulled over in the direction of Marieulles, and there, low above the battered town, bobbing and weaving in the light breeze, rode a balloon!

Up, up he went, because he wanted altitude to drop from. He wanted distance from the earth to fall through, that he might come down at skin-burning speed and strike!

He climbed until the bag was just a speck below him. To his right a soft black smudge spread on the air, soft and fluffy like a splatter of chocolate cream. Soft? Yes, if steel death is soft! That was anti-aircraft! The balloon batteries had seen him!

He gave his ship full throttle and dived! Earth and sky lost their accustomed stability and rushed madly at each other. Wind! Wind such as he did not know existed tore at his plane, pulled savagely at wing and strut and stay wire.

Sound! A hellish shrieking as though all the demons ever spawned writhed unseen about him, screaming a protest that penetrated his leather helmet.

Speed! The steady march of his air-speed indicator like a skinny black soldier on parade—125-130 miles an hour. More—135—140—145—150—like a child, its face in its hands standing against a tree counting: "One fifty—155—160—ready or not, I'm coming!"

Captain Jerry C. Vasconcelles gave Luke the idea for his flight to glory.

Ready or not, he *was* coming!

Dozens of black cream puffs around him now. Scores of them. Sky showing where, a moment before, there had been an expanse of gray canvas. The cream puffs did that.

Now! His sight clogged with the balloon's bulk. A squirming, terror-driven thing—a man—fouled in the rigging of the basket! Now! His guns coughed, choked on the vile-smelling phosphorus bullets in their throats, and spat red streams of them at the plump body of the balloon. It jumped under their impact like a fat man who had been prodded in the stomach.

A roaring spiral, a loop, and another burst into the balloon's sagging side. There was no Archie now, the ground batteries holding their fire because of the danger of hitting the balloon and the observers, one of them sinking earthward under a white splash of parachute.

FRANTIC winch crews applied themselves in a vain attempt to bring the balloon to the ground. Luke's machine guns aided them. They jammed.

He swung off to one side, pulled and pushed and slapped the firing mechanism of one gun into working order, and swooped back to the attack.

The balloon was almost on the ground; but he followed, banked in over the leaking bag, and raked it stem to stern with an unbroken sputter of fire from his left gun.

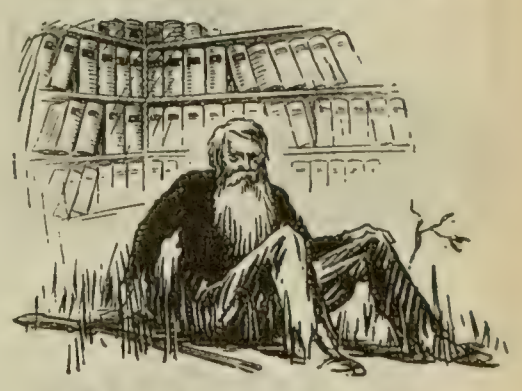
"*Who-o-o-o-m!*"

A puff of hot, gaseous air kicked him upward. Thick black smoke rolled aloft to obscure and confuse him as he climbed for clear air.

He couldn't get balloons, huh?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pointers on Patents



The danger of . . "*Rip Van Winkle*" Patents

Many a Patent has been "sleeping" in the Patent Office Files for five, ten, twenty years or even longer. Simply because an idea is not on the market does not mean that it has not been worked out before and Patented. Because of difficulties in manufacturing, or because a *better* device or process was developed, the Patent may have lain idle. Herein exists a pitfall to the inventor who is not cautious.

Too often an inventor will devote a long period of experimentation to his idea—or considerable sums of capital are advanced to develop a "new" invention — only to have one of these "Rip Van Winkle" Patents step out of the past and shatter all hopes. Not only is such a discovery disheartening, but it likewise turns the investment of time and money into an irretrievable loss.

Your Very First Step Toward Protection

To safeguard inventors and investors against discouraging loss—as well as to provide a systematic means for ascertaining the probable allowability of Patent Applications — the U. S. Patent Office since 1836 has followed the Search System. By this method, for a nominal fee, an inventor or manufacturer can commission his Patent Attorney to make a thorough search of the U. S. Patents on file and determine the probable patentability of the new device or process. Thus the registrability of Trademarks can also be investigated.

Our fee for the Search Service which we render to inventors, manufacturers and attorneys is moderate. When authorized to do so, we often can wire back the report on our search the same day.

Those interested in Patents, Trademarks or Copyrights are cordially welcome to the booklet "Patent and Trademark Protection"; it tells each step of procedure required by the Patent Office and answers your questions — and also to my Record of Invention form. My several thousand clients, in every State in the Union, have found them helpfully worth having. Mail the coupon TODAY; they will be sent to you immediately.

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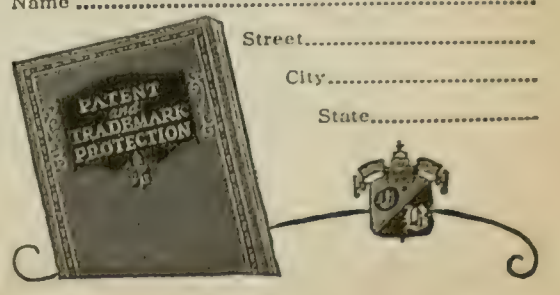
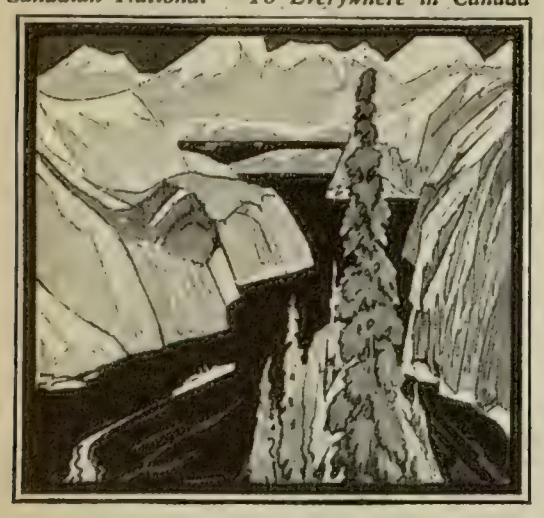


Canadian National — To Everywhere in Canada



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[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA]
Continued from Page Fifty-three

The hell he couldn't! And they'd want confirmations, would they? All right, they'd get 'em!

He swung back toward the American lines, where he had seen one of his own balloons on his way out, located it, decided to chance a landing in a near-by field, and slanted earthward, contributing a moment of stuttering panic to the observers until they recognized the markings on his ship.

Several of the balloon crew trotted toward him as he bumped in over the uneven field.

"Did you see that Heinie balloon?" he called above the diminishing thump of his propeller.

An observer laughed:

"Did we see it? You're damn tootin' we saw it. There wasn't anything else to see just about then."

Luke chuckled.

"Gimme a confirmation, will you?"

Frank Luke, Jr., became the Balloon Buster of Arizona right there! Armed with two confirmations from witnesses to his exploit, he attempted to fly back to his drome. But he had scarcely taken off when his motor went out on him and he had to return to the balloon field, where he learned his shrapnel-splashed motor could not immediately be repaired.

FRANK'S first balloon victory had its pathetic side. The squirming, terror-driven little man fouled in the basket rigging was Lieutenant Willy Klemm, still remembered by German officers as a jovial, ruddy-cheeked Bavarian. His commission was new, so new it squeaked, and he was tremendously proud of it.

In the days before the war, Willy Klemm regarded His Imperial Majesty's officers with awe. Now he was one of them, taking his first flight as a man of importance. It was short-lived. One of Frank's bullets went in under Willy's heart. They freed him from the rigging when the balloon hit the ground, but he died a few days later.

After making arrangements to have his plane transported to the home field, Luke returned in a side car and proceeded immediately to file his combat report.

Read it:

Combat Report
September 12, 1918.

Lieutenant Frank Luke reports:

Saw three E. A. [enemy aircraft] near Lavignèville and gave chase, following them directly east towards Pont-à-Mousson where they disappeared towards Metz. Saw enemy balloon at Marieulles. Destroyed it after three passes at it. Each within a few yards of the balloon. The third pass was made when the balloon was very near the ground.

Both guns stopped, so pulled off to one side. Fixed left gun and turned about to make one final effort to burn it. The next instant it burst into great flames and dropped on the winch, destroying it.

There was a good field near our balloons, so landed for confirmation. The observer, Joseph M. Fox, who saw the burning, said he thought several were killed when it burst into flames so near the ground. Left field and started back when my motor began cutting out. Returned to same field and there found out my motor could not be fixed, so returned by motor cycle. Attached you will find confirmation from Lieutenant Fox and Lieutenant Smith. Both saw burning.

"ATTACHED you will find confirmation"! The insulting guts of the lad risking a crash in a pasture lot not five minutes after a spectacular victory to take a confirmation with him! Here was one victory he would not be talked out of!

The squadron had heard of his feat by telephone from the balloon company and was out to congratulate him when he rolled in. They shook his hand, slapped him on the back, and trooped along with him to his quarters. His ground crew took on new importance and

HE would die, of course, said the Cigognes. These precious ones did.

averred truculently that they had known all afternoon he would get a balloon. Hadn't he said so?

The next morning his plane was flown back to the home field to be received by awed mechanics. They had seen other planes come in after combats; they had listened to Luke's own account of his exploit; they knew he had weathered the balloon defenses for three hawk-like rushes—still, the condition of the machine awed them.

It was riddled! Riddled, gouged, and splintered where shrapnel and machine-gun bullets had registered on it. The wings were slashed and torn, the fuselage a thing of unsightly punctures. Here a neat, round hole; there a long, jagged gouge. There was a hole through the seat, a shrapnel gash not six inches from his body.

Luke poked his fingers through them and laughed, but his chief mechanic saw nothing humorous in the situation.

"Lieutenant, I've seen a lot of planes come in," he said. "But when they come in this way, the bird that drives 'em gets it and he gets it fast."

Luke grinned at him.

"They can't get me," he replied confidently. "Look at that!"—inserting a finger in the hole through the seat. "Why didn't that one hit me?"

While he lived that was his attitude: "They can't get me!" Warned that his scorn of even the few rules of caution of which a flier may avail himself would kill him, Luke would laugh and ask:

"What's the matter? Afraid?"

The controversy over his first claim of victory still rankled. He had another characteristic, one that has taken a long toll of life—curiosity.

This is best illustrated by a story I have been told by several officers who flew with him. Late one afternoon, when Luke's flight was returning from a patrol, he deliberately swung out of the formation and turned back over the lines. He landed a few minutes after the others had come in.

"What, in God's name, did you turn back for?" they demanded.

The quiet sincerity of his answer convinced them of its truth.

"It was such a darn wonderful show in the half dark, I didn't want to miss it," he said. "Say, it sure was pretty to watch those rockets and flares and the artillery flashing way off. I turned back to get another look at it while I had the chance."

Beauty on a battlefield, and a man shoving a plane back into a night sky that might spew death upon him at any moment for another look at it!

Another time he broke out at mess with:

"Gee! You ought to see the fireworks around those balloons! The Huns have a short mortar gun that shoots a string of flaming balls—you know, those flaming onion things. They can't hurt you. They only go up about a thousand feet and fall back. I went back in again so they'd send up some more near me. They look like those flowerpots we used to have on the Fourth of July."

ASK any flier what he thought of the German "flaming onions," then consider how much that going back in meant to Luke.

But, with one balloon to his credit, there was no stopping him. Two days after his first victory, he and Wehner were ordered to attack a balloon near Buzy.

Luke got it, while Joe Wehner fought off a formation of eight Fokkers. Then Frank soared off on his own and downed another balloon!

In three days of September, 1918, Luke and Wehner destroyed nine German balloons and two planes. Thrilling accounts of these victories appear next week.

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A great number of slender women are telling this story to others. They have done so for two decades. Now you see the results in every circle. Note how slenderness prevails. Excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

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Marmola has for 20 years brought priceless benefits to people over-fat. Those people have told the results to others, and the use has spread. Millions of boxes have been used to contribute to the slender figures of today.

Go try it for a little time and watch how the fat disappears. Then tell others about it, in kindness to your friends. It means a great deal to many. Go order before you forget it.

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For Sale at all Drug and Department Stores.

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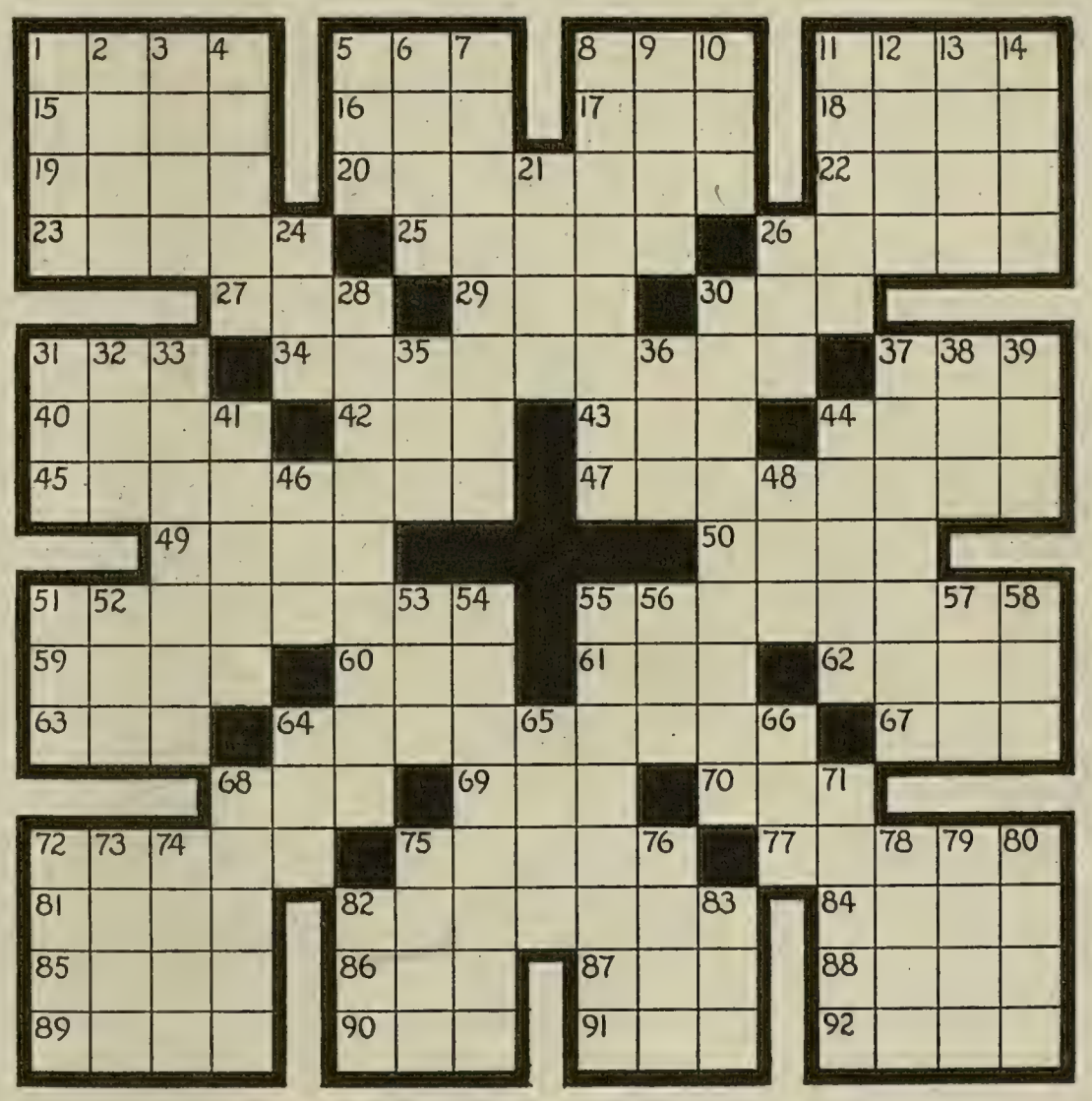
GREEK CROSS PUZZLE

THAT the use of the Greek cross is a sound method for breaking unduly long runs and, at the same time, avoiding unkeyed letters is clearly demonstrated by this cross-word-puzzle design.

Some of the eight- and nine-letter words called for are of infrequent occurrence in puzzles but familiar enough in general usage. They should offer just enough of a challenge to prove interesting.

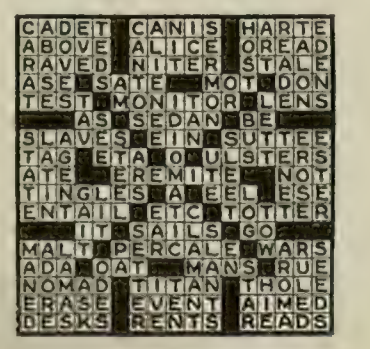


HORIZONTAL

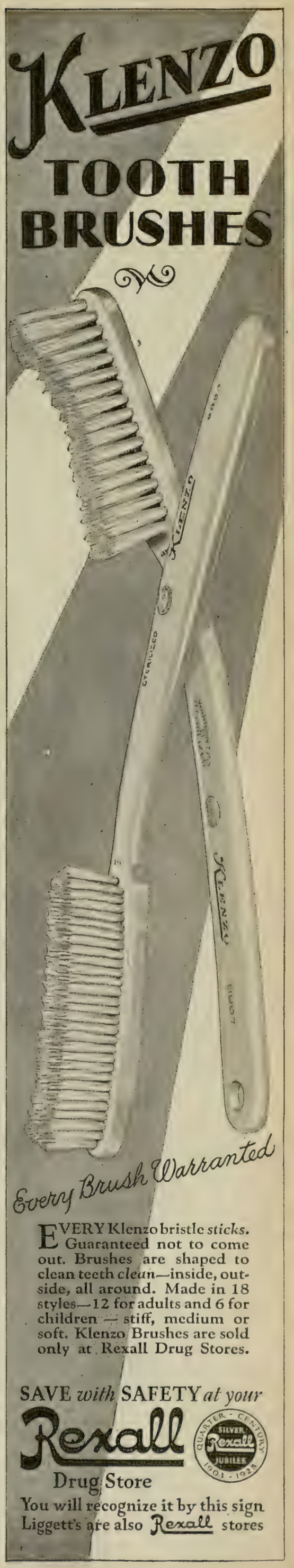
1 Go by
5 Serpent
8 Strike lightly
11 Responsibility
15 Encourage
16 Imitate
17 Salutation
18 Melody
19 Existed
20 Sea cow
22 Fasteners
23 Repose
25 Jockey
26 Triangular piece for splitting wood
27 Deer
29 Cardinal number
30 Possessive pronoun
31 Third King of Judah
34 Purpose
37 Prohibit
40 Part of a ladder
42 Metal
43 Unit of work
44 Portal
45 Cleverest
47 Abandoned
49 Equipment
50 Warmth
51 Characteristic of a parent
55 Spendthrifts
59 Ardor
60 Collection of facts
61 Edible seed
62 Silkworm
63 Jewel
64 Sailors' name for the Windward Islands
67 Examine secretly
68 Japanese measure of area
69 Although
70 Turf
72 Hell
75 Flat and narrow pieces
77 Pertaining to ships
81 Heating chamber
82 Minerals of group which includes rubies
84 Narrative
85 Citrous fruit
86 Craft mentioned in Genesis vi.
87 Spanish word for river
88 Son of Seth
89 Amend and revise
90 Color
91 Inclosure
92 Observes

VERTICAL

1 Scrapes with the forefoot
2 Second son of Adam
3 Dry up
4 Charger
5 Old Dutch liquid measure
6 To box
7 Repentant
8 Protected by letters patent
9 Declare confidently
10 Small mound
11 Loose, sleeveless garments
12 Extremely dry
13 Peal
14 Comfort
21 Seaport of Arabia
24 Article of diet among Hawaiians
26 Succeed
28 Amuse
30 Large casks
31 Measures of area
32 Total
33 Form of word puzzle
35 It is
36 Anger
37 Beats with repeated blows
38 Devoured
39 A color
41 Verdant
44 A degree
46 Yellowish brown
48 Even (poetic)
51 Wooden pin
52 Malt liquor
53 Feminine proper name
54 Characteristic of a gentlewoman
55 Sprinkles
56 By
57 Tear
58 Speak
64 Existed
65 Estrange from former habits
66 Descendant
68 Doctrine
71 Fruit (plural)
72 Cavity
73 Greedy
74 Half or partly
75 Agile
76 Long and narrow opening
78 Blade of a propeller
79 Plant that yields a drug
80 Fewer
82 Downcast
83 Chinese liquid condiment



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle



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Lifting MAKE-UP to a Fine ART

By EILEEN BOURNE

THERE are two groups of American women who should take the next boat to Paris—those who use no make-up and those who use it badly. For every Parisienne applies cosmetics, and most of them do so with such finesse that one suspects them of being absolutely artless. You really have to see Frenchwomen to realize how great is the gain to charm when rouge and powder are deftly applied.

Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the famous opera star, who two years ago established a *salon de beauté* in Paris, is an intensive student of this question of cosmetics. She declares that to raise every personal asset to its highest possibility is no more than a human duty. In one way only she finds American women a little lax. Said she:

"You are such a good-looking race, so chic, so intelligently interested in beauty culture, that when you once become expert in this final art of self-grooming you will lead the rest of the feminine world."

Her criticism of our tactics is threefold. We neglect to improve our eyes. We are overindulgent in the treatment of lips and cheeks. Moreover, we are apt to buy the shade of rouge and lip stick which is most talked about instead of the one which accompanies itself best to our individual coloring.

In addition to these lapses, we are too impatient for the meticulous care required to produce an effect of complete naturalness.

Mme. Cavalieri herself does just what she advocates our doing. Her deep-set eyes look even larger than they are because of the imperceptible touches of mascaro and shadowing. The ivory duskiness of her skin is so skillfully tinged with rouge that it looks as though a faint rose were showing through.

Her lips are warmly colored in a tone so perfectly chosen that it wasn't until she told me that she used lip stick that I was sure she did. This is her make-up for the street. For evening she merely heightens the same effect.

"All eyes may be shadowed to good effect," said she; "but only the slightest tinge should be used during the daytime by blondes or by women whose eyes, instead of being deep-set, lie nearly flush with the cheek. Indeed, everybody must be exceedingly restrained in the use of eye shadows during daylight hours."

The eye make-up consists of two parts. First mascaro is delicately applied with a damp brush. The lashes then should be curled upward and dotted on their tips. Shadows are made by a dry powder rubbed on the lids with a bit of cotton. For light eyes blue is best.

Brunettes must select the best tone from a range beginning at tan and ending at tobacco brown. These powders, when cleverly blended with the skin and with natural shadows, give a larger and more lustrous look to the eyes.

Now, when it comes to the application of rouge, there is, according to Mme. Cavalieri, one chief principle involved: "You must try to give roundness to the face because that increases its youth." She then proceeded to explicit details.

AFTER a thorough cleansing, place four dots of paste rouge of the right shade across the lower edge of the cheek bones, the first about an inch from the nose.

Then smooth it into the skin with a circular motion toward the ears and down. If the cheek bones are prominent, let the high point of color come below them. If there are hollows in the cheeks, tinge them with a faint shade of rouge to prevent shadows. Leave no streaks or edges.

The most important thing about powder is to get the right shade. White or even ivory powder should never be used. White powder makes the rest of the skin look dull, whereas from peach and ocher shades may be chosen one that exactly matches the complexion. For the same reason lip stick should usually be fairly dark. Brilliant rose or scarlet shades always look artificial and conspicuous.

Before I left the establishment I saw a most effective demonstration of what skillful make-up can do. The subject was a fatigued-looking woman. Deftly applied ocher chalk took away the red tinge about her eyes and delicately blended color and powder removed the lines about the mouth and nose.

Of course, make-up will not forever mask lines of fatigue and ill health. But what is sometimes essential as an emergency measure may be a daily aid in modeling the face and enhancing its beauty.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Beating *the* FASHION *Clock*

If You'd Know What Women Will Wear— Watch the Movies!

An Article by

CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

(Reading time: 21 minutes 10 seconds.)

SMALL drama is being enacted at the Montmartre.

The famous orchestra is back from a year in New York. The bachelors' table is making a fuss over Jack Dempsey. Four ill assorted people—two women and two men, trying desperately hard to ignore each other's identity—are making furtive sketches on bits of paper.

A fashion parade is in progress, with colorful models colorfully attitudinizing. Marion Davies is eating spaghetti. Norma Shearer is self-consciously displaying the new black velvet that formed a part of the very recent trousseau.

Rupert Hughes is trying to forget that he ever heard of George Washington. Conway Tearle is glowering at two producers whispering over a corner table.

Several hundred players, writers, directors, an occasional studio official, and a suave head waiter explaining to a curious-eyed mob of obvious denizens of the hinterland that all the tables are engaged, but that they can see the movie folk as they leave.

That's the *mise en scène.*

Eh? Oh, no. This one is on Hollywood Boulevard—the caravansary where the movie élite gather on Wednesdays and Saturdays for luncheon, where Buster Keaton smiles, where Bill Hart never brings his guns, where Raymond Griffith never wears his silk hat, and where men and women—everyone, without exception—call each other by their first names.

Suddenly one of the furtive four at the table stands up, scowls vilely at a woman across from him, thrusts some slips of paper into a coat pocket, and stalks out.

The remaining three studiously ignore his departure and continue to scrutinize every model. On the arrival of Aileen Pringle they make more notes.

"Who are the queer people at that table to the right?" I asked Lillian Shirley, said to possess more intimate knowledge of Hollywood fashions than anyone else in the cinema capital.

"They are the representatives of the Parisian couturiers," she replied, with a swift glance at the tragic trio. "They'll leave soon, pretending they are bored to extinction; but—Paris will shortly have very full descriptions of these new styles."

"Paris? Why, I thought—"

"That Paris was one hundred per cent original? Pouf! Paris frequently trails Hollywood when it comes to modes, and the big French designers make few bones about it—among themselves. Besides the four who sat at that table, there are two others I know of, and perhaps more I don't. They're all in Hollywood to watch the style developments of the studios.

"Who sends them? Molyneux, Poiret, Chanel, Doucet, Patou, Félix, Vionnet perhaps—or perhaps not. They mix very little, barely recognize each other, and, like Kipling's cat, affect to walk alone. Accident, and perhaps Paul Perrot—the manager over there, who has a sense of humor—placed them together today.

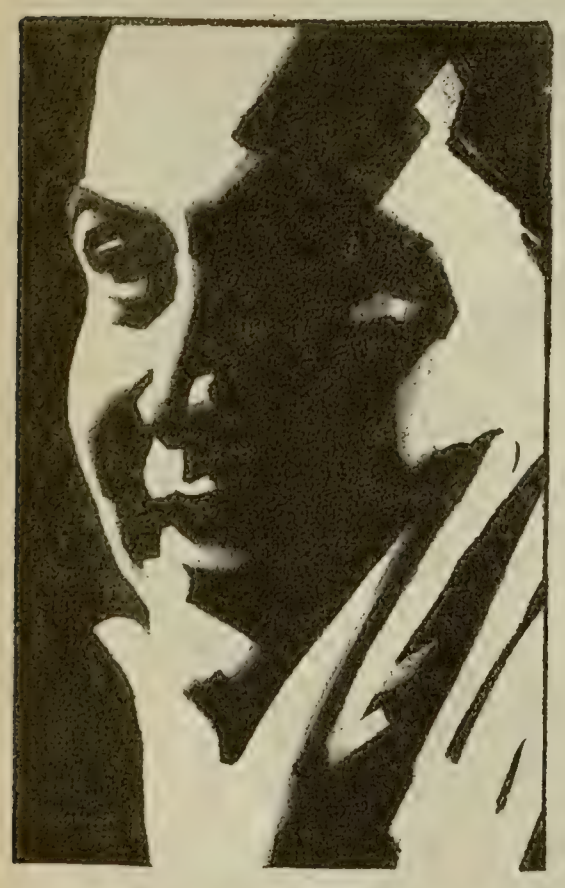
"But they function best at the previews. There's to be a big one down at the De Luxe Theater tonight. Probably tomorrow morning six Parisian establishments will have cablegrams about the gowns and wraps used in the picture. The picture probably will not be released for three months yet, so Paris will have ample time to keep even with the movie fashions. Of course it makes them positively furious to have it mentioned, but—"

So that secret's out—if it ever was a secret.

THE biggest influence on world fashions is not Paris: it is Hollywood. New York may sniff, London may put up its lorgnette in amused disdain, Paris may foam at the mouth; but deep down in their secret hearts they all

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Travis Banton, who creates styles for Paramount stars, admiring his handiwork on Mary Brian.



Lilac keeps your skin clear!

Unseen Nicks

can raise hob with your skin

They won't *ruin* your skin, of course—those unseen nicks the razor always leaves in the face after shaving. But they do give germs a chance to start embarrassing trouble-spots — little infections that *feel* as big as a house—and *look* unpleasant.

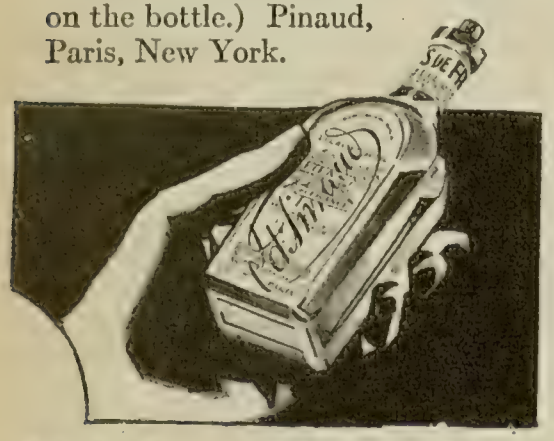
Now they need *never* happen!

Try this simple way of protecting your face—cleanse it all over, after each shave, with Pinaud's Lilac.

Lilac is the purest and finest skin antiseptic known. It's tonic, too! Gives your skin the ruddy glow of a good, brisk walk.

And the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac *blander* than before—give it a new, soothing *after*-effect—an even more delicate fragrance.

Try Pinaud's Lilac today! At all drug and department stores. (Signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle.) Pinaud, Paris, New York.



PINAUD'S

LILAC

Lilas de France

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

[BEATING THE FASHION CLOCK]
Continued from Page Fifty-seven

know the movie studios evolve more fashion novelties than all of them put together.

Chicago, Stockholm, Vienna, Cape Town, Calcutta, Rio de Janeiro, Mexico City, New Orleans, Buenos Aires, Hongkong, Quebec, Melbourne, and Cohoes Corners—all the thousand little cities and towns in the United States and Canada—watch the screen for styles.

Scold the Hollywood picture makers all you will; animadvert on their lack of cultural perception; nag them for their crudities; sneer at their pretensions to art: but admit their resourcefulness—because you must. They make 80 per cent of all the pictures shown around the globe, and long ago they had the necessity for painstaking accuracy drilled into them, unpleasantly, through the hide.

They know much better than you and I that more than half the 18,000,000 who patronize daily the picture theaters of the United States are women, and so they take adequate measures to keep those women interested.

Esther Ralston's latest screen costume. Note the length contrast in coat and dress.

It is not enough that a production reflects the fashion of the moment. The picture may not reach the public in from three to six months. Indeed, many of the 1928 pictures were made in 1927.

In that lapse of time the current cut of wrap, the length of skirt, the type of sleeve, or the style of brim might easily undergo a transformation, and the critical damosel in the audience might then remark:

"What a lot of frumps!"

Which wouldn't do at all; so—

The picture purveyors found it necessary to import half a dozen top-notch designers and instruct them to cast the horoscope of style.

"BEAT the fashions," were in effect the terse instructions. "Here are scrips for a dozen big pictures for Pola Negri, Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith, Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, and so on. These women are known to wear the smartest clothes. Design styles that will still be novelties six months from now!"

A simple order, eh?

But it is being done, and effectively, as witness the presence in Hollywood of the surreptitious six just mentioned. Watch the next "clothes" picture you see on the screen and judge for yourself how timely the gowns are, and then recall the many weeks that have elapsed since it was made.

The average American woman gets more style information from the screen in a single evening than she does from all other sources in two weeks, and she enjoys this advantage in addition: she gets entertainment at the same time.

Of course, I don't mean that Mrs. John Van Astor or Miss Vivian Goelet-Ogdenbilt rush off to Roxy's or the Paramount or the Capitol, all of a twitter to see what Florence Vidor or Billie Dove is wearing before they order their new

Pola Negri's white chiffon coat with cape effect, white chiffon dress, and—pearls!

things. I do mean that the women of the country at large get their very intimate knowledge of what is being worn largely from the picture screen.

"And," remarks Mrs. Brown, "you can see how they handle 'em."

In other words, the moving picture shows the action as well as the design, emphasizing Mr. Edison's statement that he could teach more geography in ten minutes with a moving-picture projector than could be taught in ten days with map and globe.

The embittered critic who clamors that the picture industry is run by and for morons probably doesn't realize that almost none of the rules of intimate entertainment apply. You haven't built a bit of drama for a selective audience; you've made a portrayal of elementals that must attract from 1,500,000 to 3,000,000 people, who will pay, on an average, thirty-five cents each to see it before it can be regarded as profitable.

I don't know exactly what percentage of moving pictures are made with regard to feminine patronage, but it is large. Women are interested in love, babies, clothes, and men in about equal degree. They take men with them to see pictures that deal with romance and well dressed people because they are incurable idealists, and about 9,000,000 of them do this every day of the year in this land alone.

Essentially, that's the reason for the Hollywood fashion situation.

American moving pictures carry American ideas and standards over the earth. Frankly, that's the reason the British government is disturbed about the lack of English home picture production. The United States Department of Commerce says that for every dollar's worth of American picture film exported, fourteen dollars in trade returns. Do you wonder Stanley Baldwin is perturbed?

GOOD, able, two-handed thinkers will tell you that China broke out in revolt because the coolie saw, in moving pictures, standards of living that set his sluggish mind to wondering why he too shouldn't live that way.

Do you believe the Mexican internal troubles happened accidentally? The Calles government doesn't share your optimism. It is watching and censoring the American films very closely now.

The vogue for silk lingerie, silk stockings, and sports clothing is the result of the subtle influence of the moving picture. Tessie Ferguson saw, yearned, saved, and purchased. Sales volume went up, production methods improved, prices came down; popularity, more sales—and there you are.

The radical styles in shoes were born in the picture studios, with the result that shoes are no longer just shoes: they have become millinery.

And so with trimmings, hats, the vogue for capes, the use of fur in various odd ways. Of this, more later.

"If the picture studios work so far ahead and have such influence, why don't the big Eastern manufacturers form an alliance with a studio and bring out a model simultaneously with its appearance in a picture?"

I asked that question of every studio designer and executive I could encounter, though I believed I knew the answer.

Three designers admitted such suggestions had been made. All insisted it wouldn't work. First, because the values involved in the production of a first-class picture are too great to risk for the sum such an arrangement might produce.

Second, because the style novelty, which is a prime asset for the picture, would be sacrificed. Third, because the advertising hook-up would be obvious, and picture patrons resent advertising. Fourth, because too many uncontrollable conditions govern a picture release to make a close tie-up practical.

Put it this way:

A first-class picture, such as a

well known star might be seen in, will cost anywhere from $200,000 to $300,000. By the manufacturer's common rule of one to three, this production must earn from $600,000 to $900,000 in forty-odd weeks.

A new type of garment, however popular it might become, could not reach its height coincidentally with the release of this picture, because the release does not necessarily occur simultaneously all over the country. The big-city first-run houses get it—fequently at different times; then the second-run; and so on until it finally reaches the smaller towns and villages.

"Moreover," says Johanna Mathieson, the designer at Universal Studios, "it may be but one garment of a dozen in the picture, and, unless particular attention were called to it, not only by a title in the picture itself, but also by a national advertising campaign, it would lose value to the manufacturer, and advertising campaigns of that character cost money.

"Individual fashions are too ephemeral to have great sums spent on one or even a few models."

NOW and again, however, an individual idea strikes home. Take the case of Greta Garbo's collar.

Miss Garbo appeared in Hollywood in 1925 from her native Sweden, unknown so far as pictures were concerned. She was cast for the leading rôle in Ibáñez' The Torrent. In this she was to portray first a farm girl and later a Parisian woman of fashion.

Planning for the production began in August, though it was not "shot" until November, and would not be released until March of the following year. Here was a woman of strong individuality, and the studio designer, Max Rée, was invited to capitalize it in her clothes.

"Something quite radical was obviously necessary," says Mr. Rée. "Just a mere projection of current style would not do. So eventually was evolved, among other things, what has since become known as the Garbo collar. It was a sable fur on an ermine wrap. Then we used it on other costumes for her. It was not unlike the Queen Anne collar, but stood out more.

"When the studio officials saw it, they objected that it was too bizarre, too absurd; that no woman would wear a wrap embodying such an extreme idea. We made tests of Miss Garbo in these styles, and she wore them in the picture successfully. A part of her vogue is due to that collar. The following spring I saw a dozen replicas of the Garbo collar at the Parisian style shows."

Greta Garbo and the Garbo collar, a novelty which attracted even gay Paree.

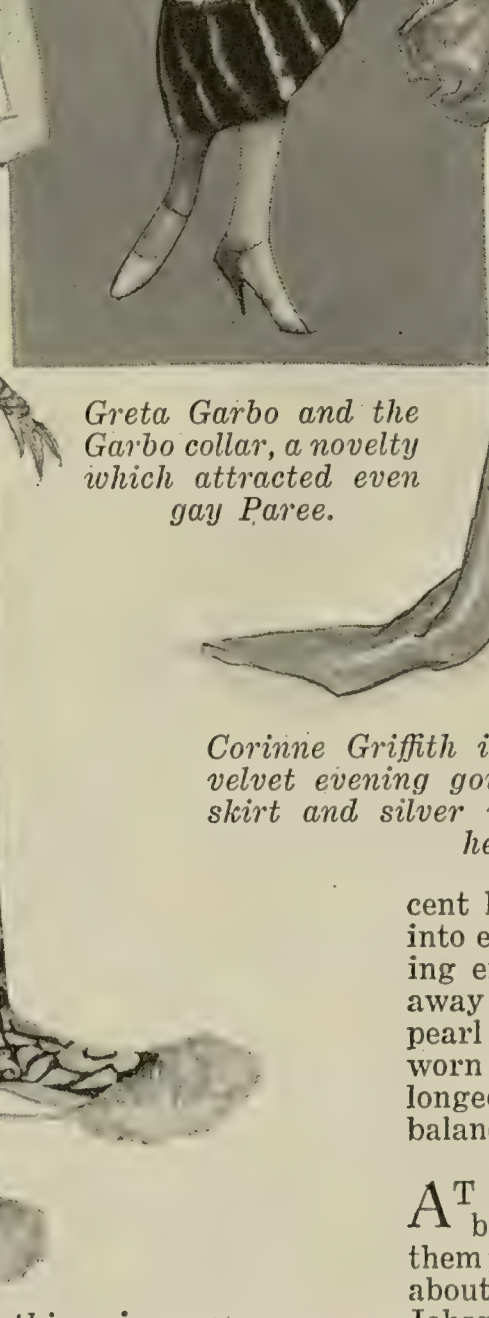
Constance Talmadge in an Alice O'Neill creation.

Then, there's the example of the new dinner gowns. The short skirt is snappy, chic, anything you wish, but even clever Vionnet couldn't make a formal costume look beautiful cut square off at the knee—at least, she hadn't.

Travis Banton was asked to garb Mary Brian for a very particular picture where grace and beauty were simply imperative. The short skirt blocked every attempt. What to do?

"Flowing lines are essential in formal wear," said Mr. Banton. "In desperation, I tried 'jagging' the hemline with some points of gauzy georgette. These half concealed the stockings and shoes, retaining their grace, but gave us the effect of length, and so a proper balance. Also it enabled us to prolong the waistline with embroidery effects, and we got exactly what was needed."

I'm told that a sketch of this dinner gown, made at a preview, went to New York over the telephone wires the same night, and was thence shot to Paris by a radio pictorial transfer process. That's how keen the fashion scouts are!



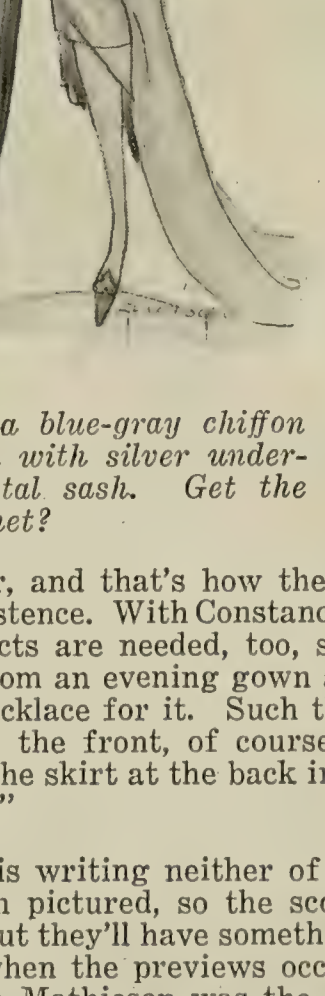
A little something in sapphire blue, without a back. Worn by Laura La Plante.

Banton is responsible for the new cape effects, too, I'm told. Pola Negri was to do a picture where definite novelty was required. The result was a chiffon costume, embodying a cape of the same material, that set all the wires singing.

In Norma Shearer's new picture, Cloaks and Suits, which is scheduled for next spring, there will be a number of new ideas. Gilbert Clark, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer designer, has produced several novelties, among them a new type of sleeve.

"I'm not very strong for movie effects," says Mr. Clark. "I prefer to dress our women as ladies are expected to dress in good society. To be effective, clothes must be made for the particular person; for a woman does not reach stardom without strong individuality, and you can't clothe individuality in generalities. In a design for Miss Shearer I've used a pearl-gray georgette, fastened at girdle and cuffs with black pearls, while the flower design is bordered with pearls also.

"For Jeanne Eagels in Man, Woman, and Sin we've done something different, I think, in a negligée, and negligées are no longer the type of garment that ladies wear at the tea hour. Since women rid themselves of the corset they don't need relaxation from its binding effects, so the negligée has become a much more intimate affair, confined largely to the boudoir."



Corinne Griffith in a blue-gray chiffon velvet evening gown with silver underskirt and silver metal sash. Get the helmet?

Corinne Griffith, driven to live up to the characterization of her as the most beautiful woman in the world, requires always novelty. For her Alice O'Neill evolved the huge bow for the left side, with long ends reaching the floor.

"With such individuality as Miss Griffith displays, striking, definite effects are necessary," said Miss O'Neill. "We just have to accent her, and that's how the great bow came into existence. With Constance Talmadge striking effects are needed, too, so I cut the back away from an evening gown and substituted a pearl necklace for it. Such things are usually worn to the front, of course. Then we prolonged the skirt at the back into a train, to get balance."

AT this writing neither of these gowns has been pictured, so the scouts haven't seen them; but they'll have something to write home about when the previews occur. Incidentally, Johanna Mathieson was the originator of the long panels hanging straight from the shoulders of an evening gown and forming a train effect. That, too, is awaiting production.

But don't let us run away with the idea that the studios do all the novelties. The women of the screen who have achieved prominence are not without inventiveness. A part of their stock in trade is a feeling for style, and at a Friday evening affair in the Cocoanut Grove, a Saturday night dance at the Biltmore, or the Montmartre luncheons something very startling is frequently sprung.

Bebe Daniels, Florence Vidor, Dolores Del Rio, Claire Windsor, Gloria Swanson, Billie

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BEATING THE FASHION CLOCK]
Continued from Page Fifty-nine

Dove, all with a flair for the smart thing, generally manage to anticipate things a little, which accounts for the presence of the scouts at these places.

"Who are the best dressed women of the screen?" I asked Lillian Shirley, and metaphorically and literally she threw up her hands.

"If I knew I wouldn't dare tell you," she replied. "I'd make a dozen enemies for life. I'll say this, though: A round dozen can always be depended on to display the very latest ideas. And they're as well if not better dressed than any group of women anywhere—which takes in a lot of territory. However, Elinor Glyn confirms that, and it will be admitted she knows something of the subject.

"SOME of these players are seen at every smart function, and others seldom appear in public. Aileen Pringle, Corinne Griffith, Norma Talmadge, Billie Dove, Bebe Daniels, Florence Vidor, Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson, and Hedda Hopper are always beautifully gowned wherever you see them, and generally well in advance of the fashions. I mean entirely apart from their picture work, of course, and that's because their clothes sense is a part of their screen value.

"Some months ago Norma Shearer came to a Montmartre luncheon with a silken bandanna scarf draped about her neck *à la* cowpuncher. Six or eight weeks later Lottie Pickford came back from Paris. I met her an hour after she reached Hollywood, in Mary Pickford's dressing bungalow at the studio, and she mentioned that the week before she left Paris the cowpuncher's kerchief had appeared at a Rue de la Paix fashion preview.

"Chanel of Paris invented the idea of cutting material apart and sewing it together again so a hair-line seam would show; but the studios here first used the idea when they cut colored leathers into odd shapes and then reassembled them in tucks and inlay effects. They, too, insisted on having shoes in colors to match the new dress shades. All sorts of materials for hats and bags and dress accessories came out of the studios before they reached the trades.

"Now the shoemakers and the milliners are watching the pictures closely. They have discovered it is just as easy to get twenty dollars for a novelty pump that has beauty as it ever was to get six dollars for an old-style boot with twice the amount of leather in it. The fashion makers are fully aware of Hollywood.

"Fritzi Ridgway created a sensation the other day at the Grove. She had a local furrier do a Spanish shawl design in ermine, around the bottom of which was a fringe of alternating strands of crystal and silk. It was lined with white chiffon velvet carrying a gorgeous hand-painted bird of paradise, and could be worn either side out. You're sure to hear from that shawl."

Many people think the studios can use any cheap material for their costuming. But they can't, for quality is as inexorably revealed by the camera as are facial defects. Any woman of your acquaintance, sir, can tell you the difference between a two-dollar cotton velvet and a ten-dollar silk velvet in the star's gown, and don't believe she can't. Values stick out like the proverbial doorknob.

But, someone asks, do the people who see the pictures take a real interest in these things?

Do you know what "fan mail" is?

Every studio has a special system for handling the hundreds of thousands of letters that pour in every week from all the world. Perhaps you thought that the employment of a secretary by a successful picture player was an affectation. Well, it isn't. It's a necessity. If you saw the sacks of letters that have to be taken care of you'd realize it. And literally thousands have to do, specifically, with clothes.

Jeanne Eagels wearing a negligée of apricot soufflé de soir over peach satin.

A long-waisted, tiered evening gown designed for Colleen Moore.

And don't get the idea all the letters are from women. Men want to know. They may have admired the appearance of a player and think that perhaps their wife, daughter, or fiancée would look as well in a similar costume. And the small-town girl—

"The movie fashions are a godsend to the small-town girl," said Corinne Griffith. "They keep her alive to what is going on. Time was when the local dressmaker took in a fashion magazine and a few paper patterns, and did her best. Now there is plenty of opportunity to study the designs on the screen, see exactly what they are and how they should be worn. It is the older women from the little places who are the dowds, but not the youngsters. The pictures are their fashion gospel."

THE studio designers have come from everywhere and seemingly have done everything. In the six principal studios the sexes are evenly divided.

Gilbert Clark is chief designer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. An Englishman, he began as an actor with Arthur Bourchier, and for amusement one day copied the gown of a character portrayed by Violet Vanbrugh and with it dressed a doll for her little daughter, Patience. Later a similar figurine was made to be given to Lady Marjorie Manners on the occasion of her marriage to the Earl of Anglesey.

Lady Duff-Gordon, the famous Lucille, saw it, found Clark, signed him to a contract, and took him off to Paris with her. The apprenticeship lasted seven years, though four of his other years had been spent with the Sixteenth Highland Light Infantry in the war, an experience that supplied Clark with seven wound stripes.

Max Rée is at First National Studios, where his especial cares are Colleen Moore, Billie Dove, and Estelle Taylor. He is a Dane by birth, was educated in law and architecture at Copenhagen, and was associated with Max Reinhardt in the productions of Orpheus in the Underworld and A Midsummer Night's Dream. Then, in New York, he did productions for the Music Box Revues, Greenwich Village Follies, and also a little illustrating. He dressed Greta Garbo as mentioned previously, and also Lillian Gish in The Scarlet Letter.

Pearl-gray georgette trimmed with black pearls. Designed for Norma Shearer by Gilbert Clark.

CONTRACTS with such players as Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Corinne Griffith, and Constance Talmadge stress the clothes situation hard, and so United Artists Studio selected Alice V. O'Neill to take the necessary step in advance of the fashion. Miss O'Neill is a New Yorker, and designed for Klaw & Erlanger and other stage producers. On her arrival in Hollywood, she dressed The Merry Widow and The Midnight Sun. Lately she has done Sorrell and Son, Camille, and The Drums of Love.

Paramount - Famous - Lasky pins its faith on Travis Banton, from the New York designers' ranks. For several years he was associated with the house of Frances. He's a Columbia College graduate, and served in the navy during the war. He specialized in individual designs for some of the Gotham social leaders, spent a year or two in Paris, and Jesse Lasky talked him into a Hollywood contract.

Universal Studios believe firmly in Johanna Mathieson. She is a Norwegian, though much of her art education has been obtained in America. She is a graduate of the University of Washington, and did her first work as a painter, her pictures receiving favorable attention from the critics.

Her first work was done for the stars in Hollywood as individuals. Her work attracted the attention of Carl Laemmle, and there she is at Universal City, looking after Laura La Plante, Mary Philbin, Barbara Worth, and Marion Nixon.

Kathleen Kay began her professional career as an actress. She too is a New Yorker, and for years made appearances as a *diseuse* in various parts of the world. Then her voice failed, and she opened a dress establishment in New York, specializing in work for the stage and screen stars.

She went first to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and now is in charge of the advanced fashions for the Fox Studios.

In 1925 Louis B. Mayer, in Paris, induced Erté to take up designing for the big Culver City studios, but after a trial of several months the contract was abrogated by mutual consent. M. Erté could not work to a picture schedule.

And there's the story. The pictures are in advance of the current modes simply because they have to be—proving once again that a necessitous urge prods invention into superactivity.

THE END

A Couple *of* Fathers

Coming Parenthood Casts Its Rosy Shadow upon Sandy

A New Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By LESLIE THRASHER

"HORRORS—quarter past eleven!" Lil gasped, putting down her sewing. "I want to go to bed as soon as I soak the prunes." She hurried out to the kitchen(ette). "I've soaked prunes—prunes—prunes three nights a week since we've been married," she called. "I wish you'd change your favorite fruit to apricots or something."

Sandy didn't quite catch all these pruniferous remarks, but he added a tame "Yes, dear," as meekly as usual, and then made his threefold nightly promise:

"No, I won't sit up late, and I'll take the dog for a run, and move your sprouting grapefruit seeds away from the open window."

"Good night, dearie," his wife said, covering the fish bowl with her brass cheese plate so the kitten wouldn't catch a fantail for a midnight feed. "Be sure to put out the milk sign."

Sandy began to pace the sitting-room floor and its queer assortment of scatter rugs. The fourth evening this week he'd stayed at home! His new red cashbook proved that he hadn't played billiards since January 5, and he hadn't seen a movie since Little 1928 knocked out the Old Year. He'd cut down on lunches, too, usually eating in the Goldenrod Lunch Wagon near his office.

But he'd splurged in some ways, ethically speaking: He'd christened the top shelf of his bookcase Inspiration Row, filling it with great biographies and discourses upon character and personality. A newly acquired bust of Washington—slightly busted around the hair ribbon and therefore reduced in price—peered sphinxlike from above Inspiration Row and never blinked an eye.

Approaching fatherhood was responsible for Sandy's sudden thirst for speedy possession of a cultural background. The dignity and responsibilities of the great coming event were casting their shadows across his married life. And what shadows!

He lit an expensive black cigar—his only luxury so far that week—and poured out a strong drink of ginger ale.

Sandy, Junior—his boy!

"Now I'll have to work—and how!" he declared, casting an ambition-fired glance at G. W. "First for Lil, and then for—for—er—a—er—ah—*him!*" And the old adage of Two's company, three's a crowd, never entered his head.

Expenses would mount, certainly, but so would his salary—not to mention commissions, bonuses, and extra dividends for new stock he'd bought in the Sunflower Aluminum Button Company! He must take out more life, accident, burglary, eyesight, and fire insurance; and start an education fund and one to cover a European trip for Lil and Sandy, Junior, some summer.

"I'm the monarch of all I survey," Sandy stated, surveying his two-by-four sitting room. Then he eyed his row of books. "I'm glad my son won't have to raise himself from a meager log cabin. And as for Napoleon and Washington—just keep your blinkers on my Boy—spelled with a capital B—chesty, energetic, a leader of men—*whoop!*"

"Whatever is the matter, dear?" Lil called sleepily. "Is the kitten walking around the plate rail? If so, I rather hope she'll knock down your Aunt Georgia's atrocious pink pitcher."

"Ha-ah!" Sandy continued, enjoying George Washington's respectful silence. "What's the state of being the father of your country in comparison to being the father of my—er—er—er—ah, *son?*"

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

The Sensitive Marines

During the World War, my little daughter, watching the formation of a company of marines by the first sergeant, became excited when the order to "about face" was given and, in relating the event to her mother later in the day, said, "Oh, mama, the officer said something to the soldiers about their faces, and they were so angry they all turned their backs on him."—Harry A. Magill, 186 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Reason and Economy

Grandma sent small daughter to a near-by store to purchase dog crackers for the little girl's new pet. She returned shortly with a package of animal crackers.

"Why, dearie," said grandma, "I sent you for dog crackers!"

"Yes, I know," answered the youngster. "But I thought I would get something the doggie and I both could eat."—Mrs. R. D. Pearsall, 21 Princeton St., Rockville Center, N. Y.

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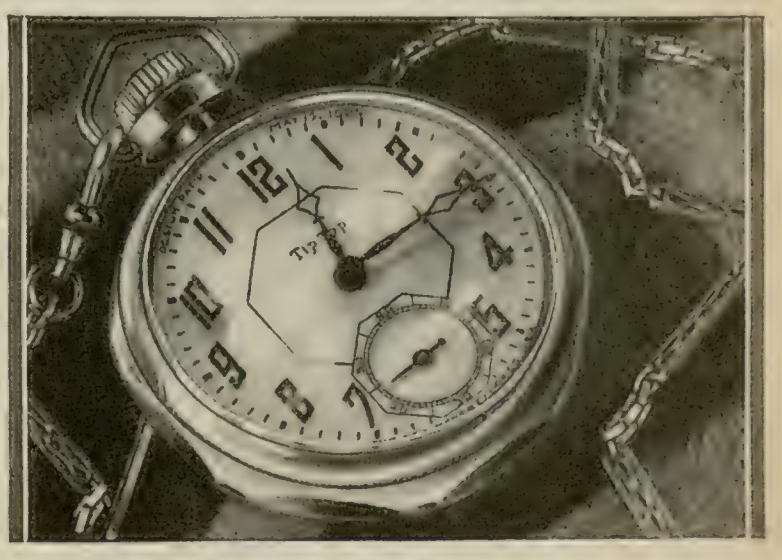

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Answers to Last Week's WORD GOLF

CUP	COLD	COOK	DECK	CALF	CELL
CAP	HOLD	BOOK	PECK	CALL	FELL
LAP	HELD	BOON	PEEK	HALL	FELT
LIP	HEAD	BORN	PEEL	HELL	FEET
		BURN	KEEL	HEAL	FRET
				VEAL	FREE

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 49

1—In southeast Virginia and northeast North Carolina.
2—Joan of Arc.
3—Pacific Ocean and Gulf of California.
4—Five P. M.
5—The half-cent stamp.
6—At the South Pole.
7—Oliver Goldsmith.
8—"Baby," "Sunset," "Apache."
9—Lou Gehrig of New York and Joe Sewell of Cleveland.
10—Feathers, which are weighed by the avoirdupois pound of sixteen ounces. Gold is weighed by the troy pound of twelve ounces.
11—Rearing of bees.
12—Nine.
13—The first five books of the Bible.
14—The polestar or North Star.
15—An alloy of copper and tin, with copper predominating.
16—Edible seaweed.
17—Two hundred and twenty.
18—In the Atlantic Ocean east of the southern extremity of Argentina. They are a British possession.
19—As if spelled "zylophone" and with the "y" sounded long, as in "dye."
20—The key of A.

BEG PARDON: The answer to Question No. 2 in LIBERTY of January 21 was incorrect. The first legal electrocution was at Auburn, New York.

The AIM of the Modern High-School Girl

What One of Them Thinks About Life and Things

An Article by

VIOLA ILMA WALDMEIER

Photo by Nickolas Muray

THE AUTHOR—She is seventeen years old, a pupil in a New York City high school, and the editor of her school paper. Her article appears exactly as she wrote it.

(Reading time: 10 minutes 35 seconds.)

VO-DO-DE-O-DO-DO—Jazz—Flaming Youth—what is your aim in life? We love your short skirts, bobbed hair, painted lips, powdered faces, but we are wondering more than ever what this is all for. Have you a purpose?

Most people of today have a very definite idea of the modern girl, but unfortunately they have not the right impression. Can you imagine a beautiful, lively girl of seventeen staying at home doing Latin, geometry, French, and kindred classic subjects five evenings each week, and then on Saturday night have no Boy Friend to take her out?

There are thousands of such girls who are on this "honor roll," but, unfortunately, there is a minor group of young women with which the public has found it easier to come in contact.

Mr. Chesterton, in a recent article, expresses some of his views on the modern girl.

> The only defect I should allege about her is that I gravely doubt that she exists [he wrote]. I doubt whether anybody could be quite so unnatural as that simple child of nature. I doubt whether any theory could be quite so illogical and unreasonable as the theory now set before us as The Gospel of Youth.

Picture by Will Perrin

BENEATH our reputation for gold digging we have hearts of generosity and kindness. We do wish you would not worry so much about what will become of us.

I am a student of the Julia Richman High School of New York City, which has a register of approximately 4,500 girls. It can be readily seen that in a school such as this there are fine examples of modern youth. I may then say that the facts which I am about to state are not thoughts and fantasies of my own, but are ideas which my classmates have conveyed to me.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

The thought which at present prevails in our minds is, "What is our aim in life?" What an immense and vital question to think of! When we have reached the high-school age, we begin to plan for our future. Today the world offers much to young women, and because of this it is hard to aim at the right spot and hit it.

It is not like a hundred years ago; the girls not only have a choice of profession, but their parents say to them: "You are going to live your own life; choose that in which you will be most successful. As a result, your ultimate aim will be your own happiness or sorrow."

This is one reason why we have become more independent than our grandmothers were at our age. We realize we have many opportunities offered us, and we are preparing ourselves to take them and fufill them successfully.

Pictures by Henrietta McCaig

"My sole aim is to be a loving and devoted wife." Does that sound like the modern girl's cry?

HERE let me present to you the ideas of a few of the girls who have been elected by their fellow students to represent them when necessary; not geniuses, nor ignoramuses, but typical examples of the modern girl.

The questions I put before them are: "What is your aim in life? Why is this your aim?"

Answer I: "Ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper I have played ball and exercised. When I entered high school I found that the physical-training teachers do all that I used to do; so now I am going to be a physical-training teacher or bust."

Doesn't that show determination?

"I have chosen physical training on my own account; no mother or father is interested. My pals, who are all of athletic type, have helped me in deciding my aim."

Answer II: "My sole aim is to be a loving and devoted wife, really."

That does not sound like the modern girl's cry, does it?

"We are made to produce the next generation. I think I would make a better wife than a lawyer or teacher. I have chosen this on my own account."

Answer III: "I would like to become a poet. I have chosen this goal because I feel capable of writing poetry and I like to characterize people."

Then people say modern girls do not think!

"A teacher's influence and my own desire in liking this have made me take this for my aim in life."

Answer IV: "To become a secretary; work for about five years; then get married and have a home.

"Why? Because I think I would enjoy doing this and therefore I would do it well."

This shows that some of us believe in thoroughness.

Answer V: "My aim in life is to get married, have children, have my own home, do my husband's cooking, and generally make myself as useful as possible.

"I have chosen marriage as my aim in life because no woman can get along in this world alone; one must have a life partner, someone to soothe me."

I hope she will get her man!

I have shown you that these girls have a decided aim.

Although modern days give us many chances at grasping opportunities, we still have as the uppermost thought in our minds, matrimony. We either have a positive or negative reaction about this subject.

It is surprising, probably, to the public that we think marriage is a dutiful and sacred thing.

I believe girls have seen so much discontentment between parents in their own homes that they themselves become more serious when they think of this all-important problem.

A proof of this was stated by one of my own classmates: "My aim in life is to fulfill my duty to my State, to have a happy home, not like my own, and to bring up a healthy family."

A thought connected with marriage and our aim in life is, "Can we be married, and also become famous?"

There are few girls who have not, at some time or other, expressed their desire to become an actress, and why? It will bring to them fame and glory, but the craving for fame and glory which our parents are now striving to have, plus a family, have made us think twice, and on second thought we are not so thrilled at the idea.

We feel that a happy family will bring more happiness than electric lights, fame, and glory.

One of our senior representatives stated: "Marriage is a career; to some it comes later in life, but eventually, when becoming old, it is a comfort to have a home and children; so it *does* spell success. I would like a little fame first and then I would like to settle down."

She does not realize that then the troubles begin. But if I had to choose between the two, I would probably weaken and give in to marriage, because fame eventually dies down, while marriage lives on.

Then we have another point which is or is not a part of our aim: Do we need money to be successful?

I believe we can classify groups of girls into three divisions regarding this matter. One-third believes that it is absolutely essential; one-third believes that a certain amount is needed; and one-third thinks that it is not at all necessary.

Still, we hear of all the diamond rings and fur coats that they get. These thoughts are up in the clouds and seldom come down to earth.

I asked the girls: "If you would receive five thousand dollars suddenly, what would you do?" In chorus they answered, "I'd drop dead!" But in seriousness afterward they decided they would buy clothes and put some money in the bank.

That is the kind of a wife the modern man needs.

One kind-hearted lassie said that she would buy gifts for her friends and relatives. That proves our hearts are not like rocks; but beneath our reputation for gold digging we have hearts of generosity and kindness.

ANOTHER factor which tends to give us a thought of what our aim is, is intelligence. Many experienced writers and philosophers have said that modern youth is not intelligent, but more or less flippant.

As I have spent most of my life in school, I feel I have a right to express my opinion.

All the world is worrying and discussing "What will actually become of the modern girl?"

We do wish you would not worry so much. I am a true believer in the "survival of the fittest." I am certain we will not destroy or bring the future world to disaster.

Today we have our leaders, geniuses, and intelligentsia, but we do not brag about it as much as we might. We advertise everything but our real selves.

To prove that the modern girl is as anxious to gain knowledge as her predecessors, I will give an example. Dr. O'Shea, president of the Board of Education, recently announced that the requirements of Teachers' Training School have been raised. This proves that there are many young folk seeking for a greater knowledge, and we have not enough universities and schools to hold them.

Years ago there was plenty of room in them, but the very fact that there is no room now proves that youthful desire for knowledge is increasing rather than decreasing.

It is sad to put an extremely high standard for entrance into higher institutions of learning, to be used as a sifting process, which this really is.

PEOPLE often wonder why youth indulges in vices and sometimes even suicide, but do you realize that to be turned out of a school at a young age is heartrending and discouraging? Is it fair that because of a few examinations or marks, our future is changed?

Then, instead of spending money on announcing to the world all our faults, it would be another wise step for the wise to spend their time and money and, as a result, have new buildings and educational institutions which welcome all who are desirous of gaining higher knowledge. As I have said before, we all have an aim in life because we want to be successful. Then the question is, "What is success?"

Every individual has his own idea of success. Did you ever wonder what the modern girl considers success? I will give a few definitions of success which were given to me by ideal modern girls.

Miss X, a girl most popular, states: "Success in life to me is the ability to cling through all difficulties that come to pass to reach your one aim in life."

Miss Y, a girl whom we would call a flapper: "Success is the accomplishment of your desires which aid the world for your having lived in it."

The President of the G. O., the highest position which is held by a student in the school, says: "Success is happiness."

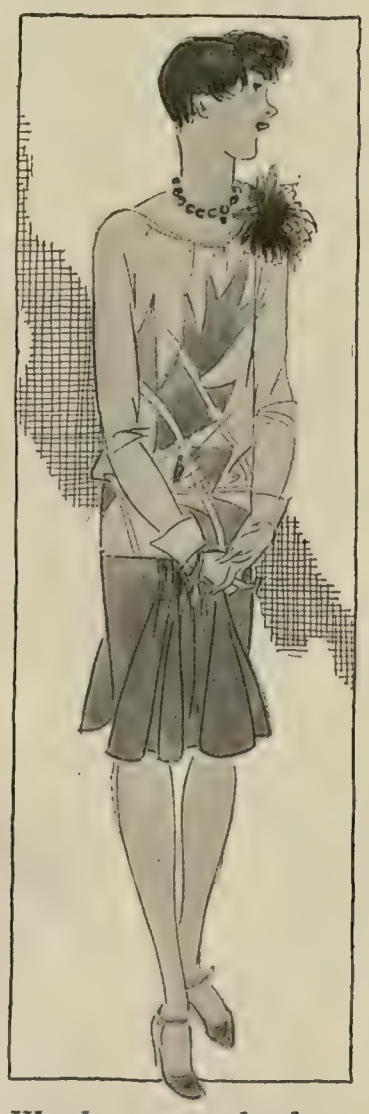
Miss Z, a girl who represents the senior group: "Success is that which one has attained through hard work; is that which one has striven for and finally, after many attemps, has attained."

Miss B, a girl of much pep and initiative: "Success is the ultimate achievement of an embryo idea."

Do not these ideas on success convince you that the girls of today have a definite aim in life? Remember, I am speaking of the girls ranging in ages from fourteen to eighteen. They have their ideals, they have great ambitions, much hope, love, and kindness in their hearts.

We have a far greater aim in life than that which is generally painted for the public, but more like Wordsworth's idea of a perfect or successful woman, which he has expressed in few but beautiful words:

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.



We have our leaders and geniuses, but we do not brag about it as much as we might.

THE END

DIAMONDS

FIND THE ONE NEAREST YOU

FEELING draggy this morning? Well, forget it. Look for a Diamond. A red Diamond. They're in all the better drugstores. They mark the spot where Borden's Malted Milk is served.

It's the food that picks you up, fills you with energy, lets you drive ahead at top speed. Doctors praise it, athletes use it, all the younger generation drink it.

Because it's full of the sun-sweet energy of wheat, the balanced nourishment of pure country milk, the wonderful diastase of barley malt.

Be sure you get Borden's—made by the oldest, largest milk company in the country. Find the Borden Diamond. Sparkle with health.

◆ ◆ ◆

DIAMONDS FOR DEALERS

Let people know that *you* serve Borden's Malted Milk. Get one of the new Diamond Sign outfits and dress up your fountain with it. Order a set today. Free. Learn, too, about our special offer on Glass Package Malted Milk.

If you enjoy Borden's Malted Milk at the fountain, buy it for home use, too. Natural or Chocolate Flavor (new). Convenient sized packages.

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Borden's

THE IMPROVED

MALTED MILK

All flavors Delicious

This is the Diamond Sign that identifies fountains serving Borden's Malted Milk. Look for it.

Genuine Hookless Fastener. Will not jam, rust or break. Launders with perfect safety. Absolutely Guaranteed.

Babe Ruth Says: *"There's as much speed to a Lee Whizit as there is on Walter Johnson's fast ball. Both are on you before you know it."*

BABE RUTH

and Sonny Bowles Keeping Clean on a Dirty Job

BABE RUTH and Sonny Bowles—Babe in his Whizit Union-All—Sonny in his Whizit Play Suit. One dressed for any emergency, the other clothed for red-blooded, romping play, just as thousands of mothers clothe other sons and daughters.

Keep a Lee Whizit in your car. Save your clothes from wear and tear on emergency jobs. Keep a suit in your home for painting, cleaning, odd jobs—for camping and fishing trips.

Thousands of alert, confident, successful men, engineers on famous trains, men in other responsible jobs wear these famous garments day after day—will wear nothing else!

Whizit Open! Whizit Shut!—no buttons to bother—to come off—to sew on. The famous Lee fabrics, strong, easy to wash, keep their color and shape through months of hard service.

Lee dealers, carrying both Whizit and button styles, are in every city and almost every town, village and hamlet in the United States. Slip on a Whizit—you'll like it.

Lee Union-Alls, Overalls, Play Suits Are Made in Clean, Light, Airy Factories by Hundreds of Union Employes.

THIS GUARANTEE WITH EVERY GARMENT
If you do not find this to be the most satisfactory and best value-giving work garment you have ever worn, you can get a new one free or your money back.

"Just Like Dad's"

UNION MADE

Lee

THE H. D. LEE MERCANTILE COMPANY
Kansas City, Mo. Trenton, N. J. South Bend, Ind.
Minneapolis, Minn. San Francisco, Calif.

WHIZIT

Union-Alls-Overalls-Play Suits

Vox Pop

The Kaiser's Sacrifice

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Why pan Richthofen? He was a sportsman, and gave his life to his country. Roy Brown would be playing a harp right now if he had gotten into a real fight with the Baron. He did not know who it was and hit him with a "luck" shot, and still he boasts of it in his artical.

Give us a good artical on Germany, and quit panning the Germans; they compose a large part of our population and are a clean, honest, respectful, law-abiding race.

They did *not* cause the war, our own Congress said so; read the treaty and see for yourself.—*John Stanton Hinchley.*

Give Him Air!

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—So—Oscar C. Pfaus of Chicago calls Roy Brown

a braggard, does he, and says that he is no *real* man?

Just who is this Oscar C. Pfaus, that is an authority on what a real soldier and man is? I'd like to get little Oscar just fifteen thousand feet up in the air. I think he would register symptoms of anything but a man. For he has no conception of what an airman's experiences are.—*An Airman.*

Luke Warm

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Why *do* you specialize so in aviators? That fellow, Frank Luke, may have been very nice, but I think the majority of your readers would much rather hear about some other "profession" for a while, at the least.—*D. E. N.*

But, on the Other Hand—

OAK PARK, ILL.—Your new serial by Norman S. Hall is just what us kids like. Something with a real honest-to-goodness *kick* in it. And something that makes up, and twice over, for the stuff that is not so good. —*Chi.*

Food for Thought, as It Were

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I live on LIBERTY. I feast on the short stories. I strangle on some of the articles. I bite at the Twenty Questions. I chew Vox Pop thoroughly before swallowing any of it. I gnaw at the lengthy serials. I gargled "The Red Knight of Germany" and spit it out. I can hardly digest your editorials.—*Charles Kirk.*

A Springs Critique

EL PASO, TEX.—The story entitled "Angel Face" was as rotten as anything I have ever seen in print. Elliott White Springs was evidently just recovering from an attack of Jim Jams and could think of nothing but likker.—*A. Watson.*

A Dark Secret

ALLIANCE, NEB.—My mother doesn't want me to read the LIBERTY, and she says it isn't fit for the ash can, but she doesn't know that I keep several in my closet on hand.—*Tom G.*

Here's to the Ladies!

ALLENTOWN, PA.—I think the two greatest pests in this country are LIBERTY MAGAZINE and My Girl. She insists on discussing, arguing, and chewing the rag about your stories, articles, and advertisements, and what not, and so I am forced to read LIBERTY from cover to cover and back again to please her.

This is not the only thing the women are putting over on us men, but it is plenty.—*Bill Lovegood.*

Mr. McEvoy Can't Swim

DENVER, COLO.—Of all the stories I ever read, "Show Girl" is the worst. If that is the best J. P. McEvoy can do I would suggest that he try swimming the Atlantic.—*R. H. Lanier.*

Well, That Seems to Be That

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Your short stories are *rotten.* Your continued stories are *horrible.* Your sporting articles are *terrible.* Your

covers are *hideous.* Love o' Lil is *fierce.* Richthofen's war story was *idiotic.* Your movie page is *disgusting.* Your biographies are *simple.* Your fashion page is absolutely *no good.*

Therefore, my wife and I must be very low scale morons because, ever since LIBERTY was first on the newsstands, I always buy two copies. One for each of us. My wife won't wait until I have read my copy.—*Jack Barnett.*

And How!

DAYTON, OHIO—Here is my Comfort Combination:

1st—LIBERTY.

2d—Big chair by the fireplace.

3d—Good program coming in on the radio.

4th—One good cigar (lit).

5th—Feet propped up on a footstool.

6th—No one to bother me till LIBERTY is fully digested.—*Doc White.*

Wants 'Em Sensible

CHICOPEE, MASS.—The only thing in LIBERTY I can't stand is your fashion page. Now I'm just an average girl, neither rich nor poor, and like pretty clothes, but *please* give the average girl a chance. Can we ever hope to array ourselves in those evening clothes with the Spanish Influence and Paris Styles?

Draw us some sensible dresses, useful to work in—not to sit around a tea table.—*A Reader.*

Mr. Viereck Is Not a Catholic

PORTAL, N. D.—I have just read your article, "The Pope at Home," by George Sylvester Viereck, and I wish to state that you are at last showing just what your sheet amounts to.

Why permit authors to use your pages for religious propaganda?

I was wondering why your articles on the Mexican Situation appeared to lean toward the poor Catholics. What is the idea of the present article? Trying to make things easy for Al Smith, I suppose.—*A Reader.*

Appreciation

SPOKANE, WASH.—I would like to congratulate you on your unbiased article, "The Pope at Home." It may clear up some existing false stories.—*W. A. Smith.*

Watch for Mr. Viereck's Interview with Marshal Foch, in an Early Issue

MONROE, LA.—Do you realize that we do not care to read items about the Pope? Have you forgotten that this is Protestant America, and that very few people care to read anything about any Italian? Please print things in your magazine that are interesting.

I have been a reader of LIBERTY since it was first printed.—*A Reader.*

It Has

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—LIBERTY is to be congratulated upon having the courage to print an article of the type of "The Pope at Home." It will probably bring in the brickbats from both camps.—*M. F.*

A Voice from Alabama

JASPER, ALA.—Is LIBERTY controlled by Catholic gold so that it is compelled to run articles as in this week's issue glorifying the Pope of Rome and Rockne, the coach of Notre Dame.

Shame on you!

I am taking it up with the great champion of Americanism, our Senator Heflin—to see what can be done about barring you from the mail for your insidious propaganda.—*A 100% Alabaman.*

"Narrow-Minded Enemies"

CHICAGO, ILL.—LIBERTY is as good as you can get and I don't mean maybe. Your stories are good, illustrations good, and your magazine is good. The only thing I don't care for is "The Pope at Home." Religion always causes a lot of disputes and sometimes, with the narrow-minded, enemies. Keep up your good work and I'll always buy LIBERTY.—*Bud Feil.*

Meat for Strong Men

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your stories and articles relating to war, sports, etc., are *great* and not paralleled by any other magazine. Along these lines you have staked out a virgin field and have no competitors and no substitutes. But why do you think it necessary to pad each issue with a string of drivel of which "The End of Eileen Grant" and "Thin Ice" are examples?

This bromidic material, in the midst of the other vigorous and stimulating subject matter, is like a mouth organ solo in a Sousa's Band concert. Stick to such writers as Elliott White Springs, Floyd Gibbons, Roy Brown, Rudyard Kipling, and Cosmo Hamilton.—*H. M.*

Exactly

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—I can understand why LIBERTY hasn't a joke department. You have Vox Pop.—*T. W.*

Sneers and Cheers

OTTAWA, CAN.—I imagine your Toni articles appeal only to mothers and wives. They would have to be pretty good to interest a male.

Get this guy Bert Green to sign a life contract with you. He writes the kind of comedy I like.

Yours till interior decorating goes up to the same price as plastering.—*Hank W.*

Expert Testimony

CHICAGO, ILL.—We have a little girl just a few months under the age of your "Toni, Jr." And these humorous stories of Toni's little world are absolutely true.

Whether it be the worst doll episode, or the buggy and furniture, or "mind my daddy," or "pull the curtains and shades," Toni, Jr., behaves exactly as our youngster.

You must continue these beautiful stories.—*Charles and Alice Broad.*

Looking to the Future

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Here's hoping that Sandy and Lil celebrate their

Golden Wedding on one of your covers, in 1977. If Mr. Thrasher decides to give it up in the meantime, I do hope someone else will carry on.—*H. C. Chesley.*

Be Patient

CHICAGO, ILL.—You have never, to my knowledge, put out an article on the most he-man of sports—wrestling. Why not?—*John Hammond.*

CUPID'S *Got Nothing* On ME

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Norah's going to leave. We have to get another nurse now. Norah isn't mad, though. Not like Hulda when she left. Norah's singing all the time. But Mom isn't. She's sad because Norah's going to leave. She liked Norah. I liked Norah, too. Somebody else likes her. He wears a blue suit with shiny buttons on it and stripes down the legs and gold bars on the sleeves. He carries a stick in his hand.

He's why Norah's leaving us.

His name is "Beau-ti-ful." That's what Norah calls him. Also his name is Babe. She calls him that, too. She pets him. She holds his hand. She pats his head. But he's an awful big babe, I think. If you tried to put him in a baby carriage only a little of him would go in.

He comes to see Norah. He comes often. He's so big Norah has to stand on tiptoes to kiss him.

I guess they are happy. Norah pets and hugs me too, now, when I go out there. She used to chase me out of the kitchen. She gives me candy her "babe" brings her. She never used to give me candy.

I asked Mom why Norah sings all day. Mom says Norah is in love. I said, "What's that?" Mom says, "It's something grand—when it isn't something ter-rib-le."

Daddy says love's Norah's young dream. So I asked Norah what's her young dream, and she said her Beau-ti-ful. Which sounds awfully silly to me. But then, so many things grown-ups say sound silly. You don't have any idea what they mean when they get through 'splaining.

How could big policemans be dreams, when they stop auto-mo-biles and scold people in them, and the peoples don't look happy? Some of them look very cross when he puts something in their hands that looks like a ticket.

Well, anyway, Norah didn't get a ticket. She hasn't any auto-mo-bile. But the police-man stopped her one day. He was holding his hand up high, like as if he was expecting to catch the snowball I had. But he didn't catch it. Not in his hand. He caught it in his mouth, which was part open.

She gives me candy her "babe" brings her.

When he spit out all the snow he yelled, "Hey, whose impa Satan is that?" Norah says, "She's mine, and she isn't any impa Satan, I'd have you understand."

And he said, "I have a mind to arrest her and put her in the lock-up." And Norah said, "If you take her, you'll have to take me too."

And he said, "I'd ruther take you without her, you spunky little colleen." And she said, "Go on and mind your business and be after leaving the likes of me alone."

And he said, "Gwan yersel' and don't be after dis-turb-in' the likes o' me, either, with your roguish eye and your saucy tongue."

And he came over as if he were going to take Norah by the arm. I thought he was going to take her away from me, so I grabbed hold of his leg and held on to him tight.

And he said, "Get out of there, you little divil." And Norah said, "Don't you call her any more names like that. She's my child."

And he said, "Where's your husband?" And she said, "It's none of your business and I haven't got any."

And he said, "I knew you didn't have any, but how would you like one?" And she said, "I'll be doing my own pickin' when I get ready for it."

And he said, "Well, mebbe you'd let me help you find a handsome young fellow that would be deserving of the likes of you."

At which Norah grabbed hold of my hand and said to me: "Come on quick now; here's our chance to get across the street. Run!"

We runned. Norah turned back when we got across to see if the police-man was following. He wasn't. He wasn't pre-tend-ing to see any more of us at all. Norah stood a minute or two on the other side, waiting to see if he'd turn his head. But he didn't.

So we went into the park, and Norah told Katie all about the police-man. She was laughing, though, so I guess she wouldn't be afraid if he did put her away in a dark place.

We played around the park for a long time. Then came dinnertime. We didn't come out the other end of the park, like we usually do. Norah said, "I guess we'll go back the same way we came in." And I said, "We'll see the big police-man." And she said no, she hoped he'd be gone. But she packed a snowball and told me if the police-man was there to throw it at him.

He was there. He was standing with his back to me. His hand wasn't up this time. But I threw the snowball anyway. It went up so high it knocked his hat off. He turned around to see who it was, and he was saying a word that didn't sound like a good one. But when he saw it was only me and Norah he said, "Now I'll get you both this time."

HE made for us. Norah grabbed me quick and started to run me across the street, dodging behind his back. Halfway across, we almost got run over by a big bus the police-man forgot to tell to stand still. When he saw it coming down on top of us, he put up his hand and yelled, "Stop!" Which we all did, the bus and Norah and me and him.

He said to Norah, "What in the blithering blazes are ye trying to do? Knock the bus over?" And she didn't answer. She only held her head down. "It's plain to be seen," he said, "you need a man to look after ye." And she didn't say anything. "Where do you live?" he said. And she told him. And he said, "All right; I'll be over tonight at eight o'clock."

And that's how we came to have dinner so early that night. And how she gets the dishes washed awful fast some nights. And how she came to get candy which she lets me have some of. And how he pats me on the head and says, "You young rascal."

And Mom says, "Yes, and if it weren't for you we might be enjoying the priv-il-eges of Norah's company longer."

Next time, she says, she thinks she won't choose one with a roguish eye or a saucy tongue, so the police-mans won't want to be stealing her.

Another of Toni's stories will appear in next week's LIBERTY.

"MOCCASIN TRACKS"

The Puritan colonies were the outposts of civilization in the wilderness that reached a thousand miles along the north Atlantic coast.

In the picture the Puritan maiden is pointing out to her lover moccasin tracks in the snow, tell-tale evidence of an unwelcome visit to the settlement from some savage neighbor.

(Additional copies of this and other pictures of our Puritan series will be mailed free upon request to Dept. B, The Cudahy Packing Company, Chicago.)

Cudahy's

Puritan Lard

"First in the Land"

Pie that "melts in the mouth." Cakes light, fluffy, delicious.

The first essential is a shortening, fine grained, free from moisture, that mixes readily and thoroughly with other ingredients.

Cudahy's Puritan Lard—100% PURE LEAF—meets these requirements perfectly and therefore is "The Perfect Shortening."

For deep frying Puritan also excels. The golden brown seal which it quickly forms keeps in all of the food flavor—keeps out all the fat.

Puritan does not smoke at cooking temperature; and, as it does not absorb food flavors, may be used again and again. Better results and greater economy are assured when you use Puritan. At your dealers.

"The Test Tells"

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LAXATIVE Bromo Quinine Tablets make it easy to get rid of a cold. That's why one million of these tablets are taken every day. ††† When you feel a cold coming on, take Laxative Bromo Quinine for quick relief. Its tonic and laxative effect will also

fortify your system against grip, influenza and other serious ills which often begin with a slight cold. ††† Since 1889 the signature of *E. W. Grove* on every box of Laxative Bromo Quinine has identified it as the first and original cold and grip tablet. ††† Price 30c.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING COLD AND GRIP TABLET

Select Your BREAKFAST to Suit Your Job

By ETHEL SOMERS

FOOD should be served as attractively as possible, especially in the morning.

TO solve the breakfast menu problem one must serve such breakfasts as fit the individual needs within the family group. The breakfast is an important factor in starting the day right. A too scanty breakfast allows one's energy and vigor for work to become depleted before noon. A too hearty breakfast dulls the mind for those precious morning working hours. In the accompanying breakfast menus we have planned to solve the varying breakfast needs.

Each breakfast menu plan herein, no matter what purpose it is to serve, includes fruit in the menu. Fruit serves as an appetizer for the plainer foods. It also provides nutriment in the shape of minerals, vitamins, and body regulators.

Even in the very light breakfast plan the fruit element is essential.

For the hurried eater a glass of fruit juice is quick and appealing.

Every menu plan includes a beverage as a stimulant to attract and prepare one for the more wholesome foods such as fruit, cereal, and milk. Beverages are valuable food items in proportion to the milk or cream they contain.

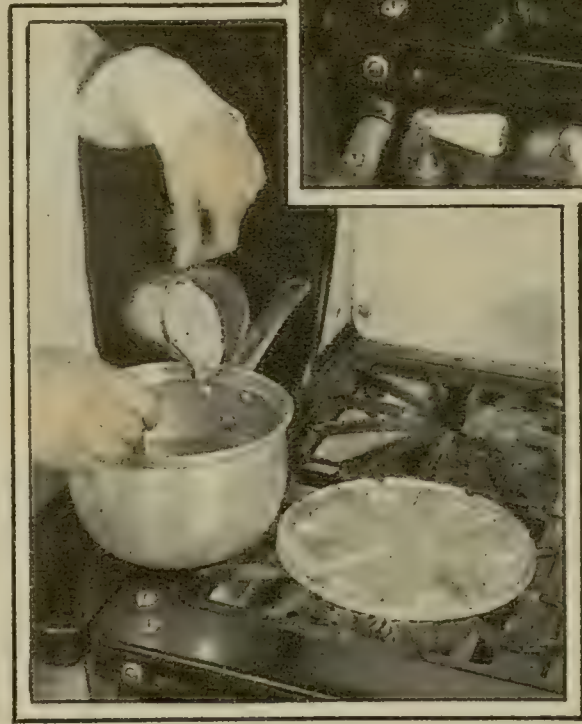
All of the accompanying breakfast plans contain some cereal, varying from bread alone to bread and a breakfast cereal. The cereals are essential to an adequate breakfast because they are rich in energy, and all the more so when cream and sugar are added. Furthermore, energy from cereals is quickly released in the body into actual working power.

Besides energy, the varieties of whole cereals provide other important benefits, among which are phosphorus for the bones, iron for the blood, and protein for building muscle and other body tissues.

When the outer coating of the grain is included, cereals provide heat-producing oils, health-promoting vitamins, and roughage for digestive stimulation.

Less rich cereals are important breakfast items because they are usually eaten with considerable whole milk or cream. With cooked cereal, this nutritive feature may be largely augmented by cooking the breakfast cereal in hot milk instead of in water.

The vital morning need for energy is easily and cheaply provided in varying amounts by using cereals.



CEREAL may be kept free of lumps by removing the boiling water from the fire while stirring. A metal disk eliminates the necessity of a double boiler.

THE odor of hot griddle cakes will often spur tardy members of the family to breakfast. Keep the cakes hot over boiling water.

Very Light Breakfast Menu

(For those who are reducing)

FRUIT—Unsweetened orange juice or halved grapefruit
BREAD—Watered toast
BEVERAGE—Cocoa

A Light Breakfast Menu

(For the average sedentary worker)

FRUIT—Stewed prunes or figs
BREAD—Popovers or toast
CEREAL—Whole cereal porridge
BEVERAGE—Cocoa or coffee

A Medium Breakfast Menu

(For the indoor active worker)

FRUIT—Sliced bananas with cream
BREAD—Toast
CEREAL—Oatmeal porridge
ONE HOT MAIN DISH—Bacon and eggs
BEVERAGE—Cocoa, milk, or coffee with rich cream

A Hearty Breakfast Menu

(For the outdoor manual worker)

FRUIT—Baked apple with cream
BREAD—Buttered toast or corn bread
CEREAL—Rolled wheat with dates
TWO HOT MAIN DISHES—Fried potatoes; ham and eggs
BEVERAGE—Cocoa, milk, or coffee with rich cream and sugar

Cereal Porridge

ROLLED OATS OR WHEAT OR CRACKED CEREALS:

3 cups boiling water or milk	1 cup cereal 1 teaspoon salt

FINE CEREALS, AS CORN MEAL, FARINA, OATMEAL, HOMINY GRITS, OR WHEAT MEAL:

3 cups boiling water or milk	½ cup cereal 1 teaspoon salt

RICE OR HOMINY:

3 cups milk or boiling water 1 cup washed rice or hominy	1 teaspoon salt

HEAT the liquid to boiling. Add the salt. If fine cereal is being cooked, such as corn meal, remove the boiling liquid from the fire while the cereal is being stirred in, as this prevents lumping. Rolled cereals or rice may be stirred in as the liquid boils directly over the fire. Stir and cook directly over the flame until the mixture thickens—5 to 10 minutes. This first cooking should be maintained at a boiling temperature, as it better explodes the starch cells and thus enables quicker cooking. Then place over boiling water or a protective metal disk and cook from 15 minutes to 1½ hours.

Cereal cookery may be hastened by using ready-cooked cereals or the so-called steamed cereals, which are partially cooked by steam in the process of manufacture.

Griddle Cakes

(This batter may also be baked as waffles)

2 cups flour	1 tablespoon sugar, if desired
3 or 2 teaspoons baking powder	2 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon salt	1½ cups milk
2 or 3 eggs	

PUT the griddle on to heat up *slowly* over a low flame. Mix and sift the dry ingredients until thoroughly blended. Combine the milk, beaten egg, and melted fat. Slowly stir this liquid into the dry ingredients, and, when all of it has been added, beat until smooth and creamy with an egg beater.

Smooth, glasslike griddles, which are not roughened by scouring and using for other purposes, need not be greased. Griddles which tend to stick because they are rough on the surface should be greased just before each cake is put on, and the excess grease wiped off with a piece of absorbent paper.

The flame must be regulated during the baking so as to maintain an even heat. It is always wise to cook a few test cakes until the griddle is adjusted properly, and then proceed to bake the full amount of batter, keeping the finished cakes warm for use over hot water as pictured.

Pour the cakes on the griddle in round, even forms, and when their surface is full of bubbles and *slightly* cooked, though still raw, reverse the cakes to bake on the other side.

DOES the breakfast taste flat? Time to change the menus! Try something new to change "picky" morning palates into zestful appetites. Here are a few items from the many delicious breakfast dishes in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks (list in coupon): Popovers, Blueberry Muffins, Rolls, Breakfast Breads, Fritters, Goldenrod Eggs, Liver and Bacon, Broiled Bacon, Omelets, Creamed Eggs—all in new ways. Each book only 10¢—and all 3 for 25¢. Use the coupon, please.

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2-25-28

The SWORD of Damocles

The Story of a Girl Who Paid Her Debt to Love

By VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by JOHN LA GATTA

It was the press agent of the Caprices who saw believe it. He waited till it

(Reading time: 23 minutes.)

PRUDY KING was the daughter of Bob King and Miss Wells. It sounds most irregular, but, you see, Miss Wells didn't marry till she was far past thirty, and people had become so accustomed to calling her Miss Wells that they couldn't get out of the habit.

The Author

Nobody ever expected that she would get married. Miss Wells expected it least of all. She was too tall, too thin, and too grouchy. She was the best seamstress in Wickesville. You simply detested her, but she did sew so well, my dear.

She was thirty-three when a theatrical troupe burst upon the sylvan calm of Wickesville. They played four days and lingered four weeks. Then, one by one, they left town as friends and relatives from distant cities replied to their distress signals.

In time all the stranded barnstormers had departed from Wickesville—all but Bob King. He hadn't a friend or a relative in the world. He was an extremely unamusing comedian, and viewed from even an untheatrical angle, Bob King wasn't much.

Miss Wells found him ill and hungry, lying asleep in her back yard. She kicked him experimentally and he opened his eyes. He had brown eyes. Miss Wells was partial to brown eyes. She dragged him through her kitchen door and deposited him on the sofa which had recently been demoted from the back parlor. Then she called for the doctor.

"He won't live," said the doctor. "Exposure, starvation, and a complete giving up of will. He can't live."

Miss Wells had always disagreed with the doctor, and besides she hated anyone who made positive statements.

Bob King lived and he became Miss Wells' husband. Two years later he became the father of Miss Wells' daughter, Prudence, and simultaneously he became Miss Wells' widower. Miss Wells had left him the house, $2,000, and the baby. He sold the house, spent the money, and gave the baby to some people named Mortimer who needed a baby.

For nine years he made a living in Wickesville reporting for the Wickesville *News* at two dollars a report. At the end of that time he went to Chicago to resume his dramatic career, and he died a year later of exposure, starvation, and a complete giving up of will.

Prudy King was twelve years old when the Mortimers got around to telling her that her father was dead. She said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Mr. Mortimer said, "You were, several years ago," and the subject was dropped.

The Mortimers lived over near the railroad tracks in a drafty barn-like house which had depressingly large rooms. Mrs. Mortimer liked to say that you could dance in any one of her rooms. She didn't mention that nobody ever felt like it. Mr. Mortimer was a foreman in the Greer canning factory. They were common people, with a rough generosity and hearty prejudices.

They thought that their adopted daughter was as good as they could have hoped for under the circumstances, and they treated her as one of themselves—an adult Mortimer. At the age of ten, Prudy had brought home the tidings that Mrs. Teilford looked as though she was going to have another baby, and two years before that she had begun to abuse Mr. Mortimer in round, Anglo-Saxon terms during strife.

"Your mother wouldn't approve of that." Mrs. Mortimer's corrections were languid.

"No," Prudy replied, "she wouldn't approve of me cussin', but she'd think I was damn' cute because I did it."

And with those words she proved herself the only person in Wickesville who understood Miss Wells' marriage.

Prudy's scholastic career was most desultory. At fifteen she found herself a job. She went to work in the Kind Thought Shop. John Shores was the proprietor. She sold elaborately ribboned boxes of candy, baskets of fruit, brightly colored jars of preserves, and all kinds of nuts. Prudy got six dollars a week and the hours were from nine to nine.

Perhaps it was the sober richness of the shop, perhaps it was the new contact with the Wickesville plutocrats, or perhaps it was that she had just grown up, but certainly a change came over Prudy King in the two years that she worked in the Kind Thought Shop. Her voice softened and she learned to use a light, scornful laugh—a deadlier weapon than profanity.

Her hair, which had been a bright, flaming cerise, had taken its cue from Prudy's manner and had faded to a deep warm russet. Her figure was trim and alluring. The eyes of Prudy King were brown and sparkling and, like the eyes of other seventeen-year-old girls, questing, flirtatious, and expectant.

HER heart leaped and fluttered when young, good-looking men stared at her. She loved to be admired. She enjoyed walking down Maple Avenue and counting the smiles and nods she got from the youth of Wickesville. Then into the shop she would go and sling her hat on a peg and go to work without a look at John Shores.

Had she ever looked at him during one of those moments when she sat in the back of the shop, mending a run in her stocking or combing out her hair, she would have been surprised at the expression in his eyes. But she never

Prudy dance at the Midnight Club. He didn't was time for her to dance again.

looked, for he was thirty and married and she was seventeen and had the world before her.

Sometimes they held short conversations. Mostly about the Kind Thought Shop. John Shores would sit in front of the candy case and allow an expression of discontent to crawl across his face, obliterating his professional smile and the bright, helpful look he wore during store hours.

"This shop is five years ahead of Wickesville," he would say. "I brought the notion from Chicago. This town's going to grow, though. It will grow north. Where Crazy Ned's farm is there'll be a bank five years from now. I got to move up that way and be first in the new thoroughfare."

Prudy would swing her legs back and forth and say, "Um," "I suppose so," and "Just imagine!" John Shores was nice enough and not bad to look at, but what a bore.

Thus Prudy King.

When Garlock Greer came home from his Eastern college, she saw his green-and-silver roadster fly past the door of the Kind Thought Shop. She had not seen him since the days when she had been a long-legged, freckle-faced child in gingham, knee-length dresses. She had never known him. He was Garlock Greer.

She walked away from the window of the shop and went to look at herself in the little mirror in the back. She tried combing her hair a new way.

HE happened into the shop two days later. He bought a box of chocolates. Prudy smiled at him across the counter and a harassed expression crossed his face as though he were being forced into making a decision.

He had a pair of solemn blue eyes and the Greer profile. His parents were very proud of him. He was handsome, fair-minded, and even-tempered. His mouth made you wonder a little. It had eager, sensuous lips that were conscious of their unseemliness and made an admirable effort to conform to the Greer standard. That mouth made you think of a spy in an enemy camp doing his best to pass unnoticed.

"So you've come back to Wickesville?" said Prudy.

Garlock's brow puckered. "You weren't here when I left," he said.

"Yes, I was."

"Then why did I leave, I wonder."

There was little more than that to their conversation. But somehow, at closing time that night, Prudy found herself in the green-and-silver roadster, flashing over moonlit roads with Garlock Greer.

He brought her home at midnight—safe, unkissed, and terribly in love. She thought that this was the first time in fact or fiction that the Great Young Man of a town was adored by a little insignificant redhead.

After that he met her every night at closing time. He was kind to her. His kisses were tender, unalarming. She didn't mind that he stayed away from Maple Avenue where people would see them together.

It was on a blustering night in November that John Shores seized her wrist as she ran to join Garlock.

"Prudy," he said, "wait. Let me talk to you. What do you want to chase after him for?"

She gasped and looked at Shores with wide, staring eyes.

"Chase after him?"

"Well, you know what I mean. He's after only one thing—"

Prudy tore away from John Shores. She was angry at the interpretation he put upon Garlock's beautiful courtship.

"You're jealous!" she cried, with a sudden lightning flash of instinct. "You'd like to have me yourself, but you never will!"

She was wrong. At 12 o'clock Christmas Eve she sat stupidly in a chair at the back of the Kind Thought Shop and tried to figure out why she had been such a fool.

John Shores, white and tragic, paced the shop. He had kept open later than usual in anticipation of a last-minute gift rush. It had not come. Climax had come instead. A quart of Scotch, a holiday mood, a girl who had never been lit before, and a man—himself—who for months had passionately wanted the girl. But now they were sober.

"My God, Prudy, you'll keep this quiet, won't you? My wife—if she ever knew—"

Her eyes, filled with a burning scorn, fixed themselves upon him.

"If you don't say anything, nobody will ever know," he ran on. "Garlock Greer might even marry you. Don't let him know that you're easy, though, or he won't."

"Thanks for the advice," she said. There wasn't any more to say. Probably he wouldn't believe that his liquor had made her reckless, silly, and that in its golden warmth she had entertained a notion that nothing counted in this lovely old world.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Greer did marry you," he said magnanimously.

"He won't," she said, rising from the chair.

"Why not?" He thrust his question at her sharply as she stood in slim, dark relief against the wall.

"Because I wouldn't let him," she said. She laughed a little wildly as she added, "You see, Mr. Shores, I'm not that kind of a girl."

John Shores thought swiftly. If she didn't want to marry Garlock Greer, then perhaps she would not guard their secret. She would be a constant worry to him, a sword of Damocles.

"Why don't you leave Wickesville?" he asked with sudden inspiration. "There aren't any men here worthy of you, anyhow. I'd give you three hundred dollars in case you felt like going somewhere else."

After he spoke he feared that he had been too crude, too obvious.

Her answer amazed him. "Make it four hundred," she said, "and it's a go."

AND that's the way life was. One day you were expecting a proposal from the most wonderful man in the world and the next day you weren't eligible to be his wife. So you left the place where you would be constantly seeing him and went to New York.

Bob King, on his visits to the Mortimers, had given his daughter an interest in dancing. From early childhood she had done back bends, cart wheels, splits, and all the other highly regarded feats peculiar to acrobatic dancers. She had no technique and merely any slim girl's grace. This carelessly acquired talent must serve her now.

She settled in a rooming house that was not too clean nor too moral and began a round of the theatrical offices. She did not get work at once, but she did meet a lot of people. Other girls looking for work. Through one of these sisters in distress she met Anthony.

He was English. His clothes were threadbare, but his linen was clean. He was tall and a trifle underweight. Prudy thought him very attractive. He was a puzzle to her. She could not tell whether he was young or not.

She sat on a sofa with him up in Florrie Morton's room. The phonograph played and ice tinkled in frosted glasses. People howled with laughter and shouted every thought which they desired to convey. Presently Prudy King found herself telling Anthony Pierce what she had never expected to tell to a living soul.

"And so you gave up your comfortable bed with the Mortimers," he said when she had concluded.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES
Continued from Page Seventy-three]

"Yes; you see, I couldn't stay there. I couldn't see him every day knowing that I could never marry him."

Anthony's brows drew together in a quizzing pucker.

"Let me get this straight, my dear," he said. "Because this Shores person did what he did you would forgo the opportunity of becoming the other chap's wife?"

"But what else could I do? Garlock is too wonderful and clean to be saddled with a woman who had belonged to someone else. He would have married me—I know he would. But I wouldn't have let him."

PIERCE tapped his long, slim fingers meditatively upon the arm of the sofa.

"And now what do you want out of life?" he asked.

Prudy King's eyes glowed with a murky flame. "I want," she said, "to make John Shores sorry. Somehow, someway, he's going to feel as I felt when I saw the lights of Wickesville and the Greer mansion fading out of sight."

"Oh, revenge was the motive," Anthony hissed. "She murdered him because he wronged her in her youth."

Prudy shook her head. "No," she said; "I shan't murder him."

Anthony laughed. He had a very nice laugh.

"And what do you do for a living?" she asked.

"I tell dirty stories at stag entertainments," he said simply.

"Good God!" Prudy gasped. "What a career!"

"Well, it pays fairly well," he said.

"Can't you work in vaudeville or a show or something? Why dirty stories at stags?"

"Because I must have my afternoons and mornings free."

"Why?"

"Ah, why indeed?" said Anthony, and acted as though Prudy's question had been answered.

"What do you do for a living?" he asked, after a moment.

"I'm trying to get a job dancing."

"What! You haven't a job! Good God, how distressing! And you're a dancer. You must let me get you a job. You've probably got a rotten approach. I'll be your manager and perhaps we can keep each other from starving."

And so the partnership began. Prudy King, with her brazen eyes and her childish mouth that told the world that she wasn't brazen at all, and Anthony Pierce, attractive, penniless, and impenetrable.

"Prudy, you'll keep this quiet, won't you? My wife—if she ever knew—"

He got her a job. It was in a cheap café on Seventh Avenue. Prudy was to have a costume that no one had worn before, a dressing room to herself, and fifty dollars a week. Out of this Anthony was to have ten dollars every Sunday night.

"Now, my darling managee," said Anthony, "you must have dancing lessons. Until we can afford more you must take one lesson a week."

Prudy took a lesson a week. The sixth week that she was dancing in the Naples Café she had an offer of a better job. The owner of Salmoe's had to know by 6 o'clock that evening whether or not Prudy would take it.

She could give no answer till she had conferred with Anthony. He was not to be found before seven in the evening and he had no telephone. She knew where he lived, but she hated to go to his place. People said that he smoked opium and lay around all day building dope castles.

Still, if he was her manager he had to be consulted. He lived farther uptown. It was twenty minutes in the subway. She found the house. It was on a dingy street where stale bedding hung from windows and frowzy women gossiped on the steps. He had a three-room apartment, he had said. She guessed from the look of the street that his rent was small. She walked into the gaping blackness that was the hallway and began to look at the names above the bells.

Alien names: Barshefsky, Mallio, Giotinno, McGarnagle, Nicpopulos. Names scrawled in pencil and crayon. Names peering out from beneath great black blots fallen from pens held by inexpert hands. Above the top-floor bell she saw his name. An engraved name on a white card: Mr. Anthony Morrison Pierce. A brave cry in the wilderness.

She knocked on the door. There was no answer, but she could hear someone moving inside the apartment. She knocked again, harder this time.

Anthony's voice, angry and singularly nerve-racked, replied, "For the love of Mary, quit that damn' knocking!"

"It's—"

"Oh, you may as well come in. You've done it now!"

The door swung open, and in the half light Prudy saw Anthony standing before her with a wailing baby in his arms.

He looked tired, sheepish, and defiant all at once. He found words first.

"She's getting over the measles," he said.

She followed him into a small, light room where a Teddy bear sat on a typewriter, where a pair of booties bubbled out of a derby hat. A bowl of cereal nudged a glass of whisky and a high chair was draped with a pair of pajamas.

PRUDY took the baby from his arms. He did not seem surprised. An expression of relief crossed his face. Prudy looked at the baby. It was a frail, white wisp of life.

"Did you have a doctor?" Prudy asked.

"Two of them," Anthony answered. He gulped the whisky down. "She's all right now, only she's weak."

"Oughtn't she to get out in the sunlight?"

"I was going to take her out," he said, "but I wanted her to have her nap first, and I wanted to clean—" His voice dwindled off into nothing and one thin hand made a weary gesture toward the dishes from which he had breakfasted and the floor over which he had scattered toys in a vain effort to interest the convalescent.

Downstairs Mrs. Malshowsky's phonograph played Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life, and Prudy King looked through the seductive little half veil on her hat at Anthony Pierce, then back at the miserable little wet creature she held in her arms.

"Oh, Anthony, why didn't you tell me? I could have helped."

"It's so stinkingly sentimental," he said. "Fancy drifting down Broadway and telling people that my wife was blonde and beautiful and that she died because she had heart trouble and a daughter at the same time. No, Prudy; somehow, I can tell filthy stories without feeling cheap, but I can't tell about the baby."

"You put her in clean clothes, Anthony, and I'll fix the house," Prudy said.

When he took the baby from her he looked at her strangely, but what he said was, "You're not a half-bad sort, Prudence."

"ANTHONY, I'm fresh, I guess, but listen: If we pooled our money we could all three live in a decent apartment somewhere. In a clean neighborhood—for the baby, you know—and I could do so much for both of you."

"Prudy, I'm not a very good fellow."

"No, but your baby's wonderful and I love her. Besides, you're not a very bad fellow, and I can cook and clean, and you could sort of see that I kept out of bad company, and it would be an economical help, too."

"Prudy, you're an ace, but are you sure you— Just think. After all—"

"Don't rush me, Anthony. So far, I'm only anxious to put five pounds on your kid, twenty pounds on you, and save a little money for us all while I'm doing it. I'm not even trying to marry you. Don't be frightened."

Even two years in New York didn't make her forget that, melodramatic or no, John Shores had taken from her her chance at happiness. Never did the vision or a reminder of Garlock Greer fail to produce a sick longing for something that would not be strangled within her.

Young love. People laughed about it, but Prudy could never do more than smile crookedly at the memory of a boy who in another life had kissed her and had called her sweetheart. She had lost him and she dreamed of a moment when she could do something to John Shores that would make him realize remotely how much she had ached for Wickesville and her dead little romance.

Somehow money and Shores seemed coupled in her mind. She must have money. If applied correctly it could inflict pain upon someone who had said, "Don't let Garlock Greer know you are easy." Oh, she had to fling a taunt as acrid as that at John Shores some day.

She worked at her dancing with the untiring zeal of a fiend. She knew now that she had something. She recognized her talent, not as an incidental help on a dark day, but a consuming, pressing force that had seized her and would carry her out of the scrap heap of oblivion. She was still in cafés, but she was making progress. It was a second-rate café. Not bad at all.

At 3 o'clock in the morning she would reach home flushed and exultant. Applause, even the applause of second-rate people, thrilled her. She would find the baby sleeping peacefully in the crib. Anthony would be reading. It was a pleasant life, the life this strangely assorted couple lived in a tiny apartment in Harlem.

The way Prudy King loved that baby was enough to make angels weep at the thought that Prudy hadn't one of her own. She bathed the child, she washed the clothes, she took her for walks, and played with her every afternoon.

When Anthony tried to do things for the child, Prudy cried. She took it as a reflection on her mothering.

Anthony was getting jobs for other girls now. He had desk room in a theatrical office. He entertained no more at stag dinners. The firm of Pierce & King was doing nicely and the souls of Prudy and Anthony asked no more questions, but reconciled themselves to the way of all flesh in a three-room apartment.

"Prudy, we could be married."

"No, we couldn't, darling."

She was in correspondence with Mrs. Mortimer now. She had not written the first year and had expected a blistering letter from her foster mother. Mrs. Mortimer was far too unemotional and much too garrulous to hold a year's silence against Prudy. She wrote an eight-page letter full of Wickesville gossip, none of which was of interest.

In her next letter Prudy asked for news of Garlock Greer and the Kind Thought Shop. Mrs. Mortimer replied that Garlock Greer had married Elsie May Hamilton and that the Kind Thought Shop was still functioning.

"Mr. Shores is still here," Mrs. Mortimer wrote. "I see him once in a while. Everybody

who can afford it is moving up to the new buildings on North Van Dine Street. Mr. Shores will probably be moving up there next."

Prudy looked up from her letter. "John Shores' business is still going and Garlock Greer is married."

"And whom did he marry?"

"Elsie May Hamilton, a pale blonde with faded eyes."

"Quite so, and I'm sure she has a perfectly disgusting nose."

"You'll judge that for yourself, Anthony. In another year or so we're going to Wickesville, you and I."

"But I'm sure I shouldn't like the place," he said. But that wasn't what he was thinking. He watched her as she stood with a sunbeam falling aslant her russet hair. She was incredibly lovely with her lithe young form and her misty eyes. Her lips were full and eager.

She did not love him. She loved that dream which she had left back in a Mid-Western town. And some day, he thought, she will have that man. I have her now, for she is generous and kind, but this is just an interlude.

Prudy spoke: "Yes, we're going to Wickesville and make John Shores sorry."

Anthony faced her, leaning thoughtfully against the wall with his hands in his pockets. "Prudy," he asked, "just what are you going to do to John Shores?"

"I'm going to have an affair with him," she said calmly.

"An affair!"

"Yes. I'm going back to Wickesville with beauty and clothes and money. I'm going to make him love me so much that he'll forget caution and secrecy. I'm going to break up his home, and then I'm going to open the finest sweet shop that Wickesville ever saw, and I'll sell things at cost, and when he hasn't anything left I'm coming back to New York and dance."

"Yes," said Anthony; "I dare say."

"You see how much I wanted to marry Garlock Greer?" Prudy asked.

"And where does that gentleman fit into your picture?"

"He doesn't. He's married and he's forgotten me. But I never forget. I'm funny like that."

"And may I make so bold as to inquire my rôle in your delightful little play?"

"You're the comic relief, Anthony."

"Oh, I say, thanks."

IT was the press agent of the Caprices who saw Prudy dance at the Midnight Club. He didn't believe it. He waited till it was time for her to dance again. By then he had sobered some.

In the morning the owner of the Caprices heard about her, and that night a slim, red-haired girl of the Midnight Club danced her way on to the Caprices pay roll.

Anthony and Prudy went wild with excitement.

"I've landed!" she cried. "I'm going to do specialty dances in the Caprices. Imagine it, Anthony!"

They hugged each other and Prudy wept. They hugged the baby and plied her with ice-cream cones. Prudy in the Caprices. Fame and fortune. A two-year contract at five hundred a week.

"Who could want more out of any business than five hundred a week?" Prudy demanded.

But she had forgotten that speech when two years later she said to the owner of the Caprices, "Don't be silly, Francis. George Black will give me a thousand without an argument. I am the Caprices, you know. Let's say fifteen hundred or I'll go to Black just for spite."

Anthony, sitting on Francis' desk, idly smoking, had not forgotten. He laughed. This was still Prudy King, he was thinking, and nobody could take away the years they had been together.

In the month of June a strange sight burst upon the Wickesville landscape. All Wickesville had known that Prudy King, the star of the Caprices, was coming home to see her foster mother, but nobody expected anything like this.

He brought her home at midnight—safe, unkissed, and terribly in love.

Wickesville saw Prudy, a glittering redhead with a diamond anklet. They saw her manager, Mr. Pierce, with his good-natured boredom, his impressive worldliness. An unexplained child of radiant beauty who wore adorable frocks and pure silk hose.

Wickesville stared at an ugly French maid, who stared back at them and chattered volubly though unintelligibly about "Mees Prudy." Wickesville cringed beneath the cold and haughty scrutiny of an English governess. They wondered who the obliging gentleman was who carried hand bags, ran errands, and did favors for Mr. Pierce.

Wickesville thought it all over and decided that perhaps they ought to know Prudy. After all, she was a local girl who had made good. Everybody remembered what a cute baby she had been.

Alleged friends of her mother called on Prudy the second day. They promised to come again. Mrs. Mortimer sneered amiably.

A letter came:

DEAR MISS KING:

Forgive me for imposing upon the acquaintance my husband had with you so long ago. I am so anxious to meet you that I believe I should send this note even if he had never known you. Won't you and Mr. Pierce have dinner with us? I hear that you are leaving soon, so may I hope that tomorrow night at seven will be convenient?

Sincerely,
ELSIE MAY GREER.

"And what," asked Anthony, "do we do about that?"

"We get into dinner clothes at six o'clock tomorrow evening," said Prudy. "It's too much to expect if you're hoping that I'll not go take a look at him."

"When does the affair with Shores begin?"

"Possibly the day after the Greers' dinner."

"Very well, m'lady. Eat, drink, and be merry, for all too soon the sword falleth."

PRUDY gave Anthony a scared glance. There had been something in his voice which had frightened her. A new note.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Now, what would you imagine if you were forced to guess?"

"You're furious, I suppose."

"You have not overstated the case."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Think *of* next winter's comfort *now!*

WITH the top sheet torn off the new calendar, and the second about to follow, the householder awaits with growing impatience the coming of summer. Warm weather means that the bugaboo of attending the furnace is a thing of the past—if only for a few months. And even such brief respite is welcome.

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By acting promptly, you may enjoy the comforts of Pascoe heating through the crisp spring months, when it's so hard to keep the temperature just right if you burn coal. The Pascoe Burner does this automatically. And no matter how cold the day, you will not realize your Pascoe Burner is being installed.

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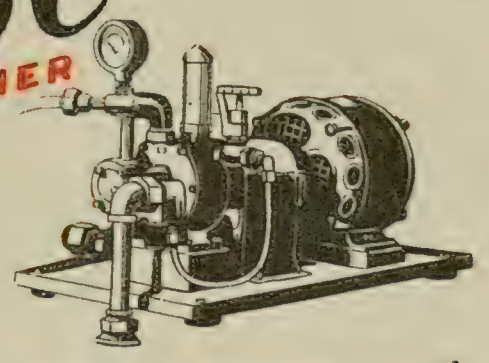

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[THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES Continued from Page Seventy-five]

But, furious or no, Anthony Pierce was a cool and cheerful guest. Prudy swept into the Greer mansion hanging on his arm.

In the awe-inspiring drawing room their hostess awaited them. Prudy and she eyed each other with expressions that were too honestly critical for polite usage. Elsie May Greer saw a small, lovely figure in a pale green sheath, tiny slippers with jeweled heels, a pale and beautiful face crowned with jagged russet hair.

"Miss King, thank you so for coming!"

Prudy smiled. Her smile was not for her hostess; it was for her reception to the Greer mansion. She saw Elsie May Greer and pitied her. Heavens, what a sight! More faded than one can excuse in a woman just past thirty. Nervous, excitable, pale blue eyes. A dowdy gown. How could Garlock bear her?

"My husband will be here shortly," she said. "He's one of the bank directors now, you know, and since Daddy Greer died Garlock has the worry of the canning factory, too. He's anxious to see you, Miss King, and you, Mr. Pierce. He's always later for dinner nowadays. Sometimes I wish he hadn't any responsibilities. There's so much—"

"Yes, I'm sure there is," said Prudy. How the woman babbled!

Garlock Greer appeared in time for dinner. He strode across the room and seized Prudy's hand. She did not look at him until she had to. It was going to be a glad pain to see his face.

She looked. He had grown stouter, a bit coarser. Well, time passed. One could not expect him to remain a slim boy forever.

HE took her in to dinner. It was a heavy, stupefying meal. Mrs. Greer tried to keep conversation alive. Anthony helped her. He hated himself for making her babble inanely, pointlessly on, but he could not leave her stranded. She, too, loved that hulking big Nordic blond.

Suddenly Prudy spoke. "How is the Kind Thought Shop?" she asked.

"Lonesome," Garlock replied.

"What do you mean?"

Garlock Greer coughed embarrassedly. He had certainly not meant that the way it sounded. "I mean," he explained, "that all the good stores are now up on North Van Dine Street. Shores hasn't the money to move up into the high-rent district, and nobody dreams of shopping in the old section."

"And what will he do?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Garlock carelessly. "The bank can't loan him any more money. I suppose he'll go to work for somebody."

Mrs. Greer arose from the table. "I dare say they'll talk Wickesville for an hour, Mr. Pierce. Let me show you the conservatory."

Anthony obeyed meekly. He had a curious feeling that Mrs. Greer was following a prearranged plan.

Garlock and Prudy withdrew to the music room. Garlock turned the radio set on and sat down on the sofa beside Prudy.

"God, you're a stunner!" he said.

His tone annoyed Prudy vaguely. It smacked of a traveling salesman's approach.

"Do you think so?" she asked.

"I always did. Say, what did you beat it out of Wickesville for?"

"That's a secret."

"Well, now that you're back, I don't care," said Garlock, and he kissed her.

PRUDY drew away from him. Something was wrong. This wasn't the Garlock she remembered. This man was cheap, vulgar.

"I think I'd like to see the conservatory," she said.

A nasty expression crossed Garlock's face. "You're not high-hatting me, are you?"

Prudy's eyes regarded him calmly.

"Suppose I am?"

"Say, you're not in New York now. I *know* you."

"Interesting, if true."

"Didn't we chase around together all one summer and fall? You were a wise baby even then, and I was a dumb-bell. I saw you the other day and cursed myself for not having kept you in Wickesville. I got Elsie to write you that letter."

"Oh, you did?"

"Sure. You know I might have married you if you hadn't beat it."

"Yes, and now *I'd* have crow's-feet from worrying over you."

"Pretty fresh, aren't you? Listen—isn't this Pierce the kid's father?"

"He is."

"Gee, you're a great one. I expected you to deny it."

"Why should I deny it?"

"Some women would claim to have been married."

Garlock's arm went around Prudy's waist. His mouth drew close to hers. "Can't we get to know each other better?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Why not?"

"Because I know you better now than I ever knew you before, and I'm not pleased even at this stage."

"Hey, hold on with the insults. Remember this is Wickesville."

"I find it hard to remember. I thought in Wickesville there was something I'd been cheated out of, but now I find it's the place where I was saved from something. Don't gape at me, Garlock. I'm on my vacation. During the season there are many Mid-Westerners who sit down front and gape at my seminudity.

"Now, let's talk business. I wish to put ten thousand dollars to the credit of John Shores, and he must never know where it came from."

"Why—what the hell—"

"It isn't your affair why I'm doing it. I'm just doing it. Let me have a blank check. I'm good for it, you know. John is the man I owe my success to. Figure it out!"

THE END

The SCARF Weds the GOWN

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

SO many of the French fashion notes immediately suggest the basis for a French plot—one of the kind that goes on and on in the endless complications of a French farce, with a lot of sex about it, of course. A note now comes along, however, which makes you think, "Well, here is something that can't be used at all dramatically." The style which it is succeeding lent itself readily to plot-building. The new fashion we mentioned most casually at the end of last week's letter—and it is that scarfs are being attached to the garment they accompany, as an integral part of it. Up to the present we all know that the fashion has been that scarfs were separate, and you left a trail of them behind you wherever you went.

I know a stale, gray-haired American business man working out a bored sentence to a vacation in Europe, who took some young thing—a cousin of his wife or somebody as exciting as that—out to Versailles in his motor, instead of allowing her to go by train. She was to meet friends there, and he sent his car back as soon as they arrived, preferring to loaf around the gardens for a while and return by train.

But the girl's friends didn't meet her and he was left with her on his hands.

After buying her tea at the Hôtel des Reservoirs, and later dinner at the Trianon, he finally said, "Well, if you want to go back to Paris tonight, come on with me now, for I'm going."

He took her by train. The incident was just as romantic as that. But the next morning his chauffeur, a Frenchman needless to say, came to him in deep mystery, carrying a tiny package wrapped in tissue paper. "Don't open it here, monsieur, in the presence of madame," he admonished. "But you will see it contains something."

What it turned out to be was the girl's scarf. She had left it in the motor and the chauffeur had carried it back to town, but before putting the car away had carefully withdrawn this telltale accessory from any possible chance of making mischief. And he loved the rôle he played.

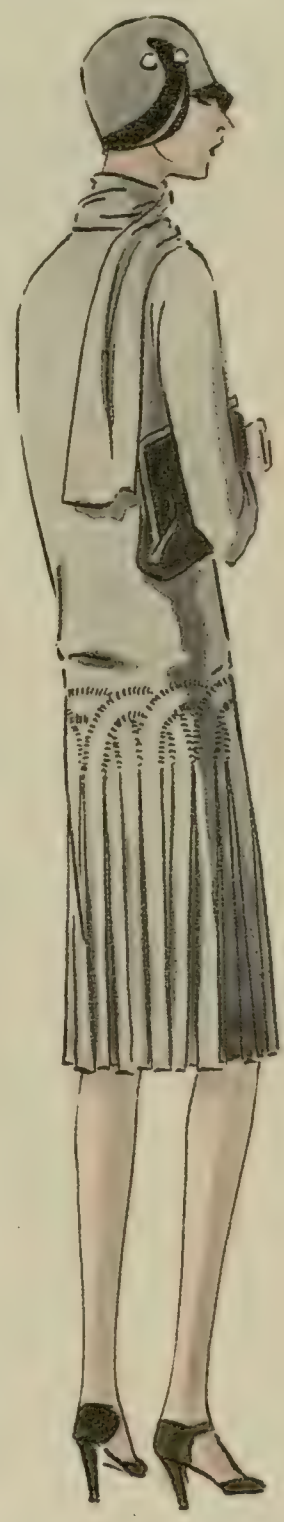
Now, how, I ask you, are we going to get any such action into the new style of scarf, one tail end of which is nailed down to the front of the collar band on the coat or the dress it accompanies, as in the model on this page?

This one, done in the classic treatment of Vionnet, is even a little plain and severe. So many French designers have ever cherished the feeling that it is most awfully smart to have trying necklines. They love the little band, almost like a man's shirt band, that stands halfway the height of the throat. Well, as we have seen these on coats during the past season, the French dressmakers have once again proved themselves right, for never have we had a style more care-free and more becoming, with all of the endowment of youthfulness it bestows on everybody that wears it.

I have a hunch that this style is going to be becoming in just that same way, and therefore maybe we might once again without anxiety intrust ourselves to French authority. The extreme austerity of this dress at the shoulders is offset by the extreme complexity and elaborateness it takes on at the hips, where inserting goes round them in a series of semicircles which end in plaits.

This ought to answer the almost constant flow of questions as to whether plaits are dead. Not dead, but superseded, perhaps, by the gored effect across the front.

The third model shows this new skirt movement. The costume is of beige and marron satin, and features another new detail of fashion, which is the short bolero. As the artist says, it combines an interesting version of the ever smart bolero idea and the newly smart circular skirt. Beige satin is used as trimming in flat bands, which are laid along the neck, the waistline, and the bottom of the high bolero. The dress is excellent, by the way, for a tall person. The short bolero may be a little difficult unless one has long lines.



SIGNIFICANT features of this Vionnet green crêpe de Chine dress are the attached scarf and an elaborate treatment of the hipline.

MADE in two tones of blue, this dress has a blouse of silk and a skirt of wool. The skirt has an unusual godet, and the blouse has a novel slash in the neckline.

THIS dress is composed of marron satin trimmed with beige satin.

A BLACK cloth suit trimmed with satin bands, worn with a silver lamé blouse.

OUR second model is a rather interesting sports frock. One would conjecture that there wasn't anything new to put into sports frocks any more. Yet this one has attained a decidedly new skirt movement by the device of setting a sort of semicircle of the material in under an arch of two rows of stitching which ascend from the hemline on the left up into a curve over the hip. The effect is of a highly original godet.

The dress is further distinguished by being made up of two kinds of material. The skirt is of wool and the blouse of silk. It is notable, too, for an audacious piece of cutting. Notice the slash at the side of the neckline, running along the side of the five buttons. The dress is in two tones of blue.

We might almost go so far as to call the fourth model "dressy," with its groundwork of black cloth and its blouse of lamé, not to mention its rows of satin scallops and bindings for trimming. How elaborate it sounds, how simple it looks, and how altogether it is in the Worth manner; which is another way of saying that it is elegant.

We announced cotton materials for summer long before there was any sign of either them or summer, or even a Riviera season in which to display them. We now take pleasure in reporting that they are plainly visible on the borderland of southern France. How fortunate for Americans that something is going to be the summer fashion which actually suits our semitropical summers. South America is crazy about these cotton materials, and we ought to be, if we are not, for they will permit us after long years of summer torture to dress appropriately.

Our other item is that skirts are a shadow of a shade longer—and that, of course, is real news when true, as this apparently is.

Paris Takes Off Her Hat to Nobody

By
BETTINA BEDWELL

A huge bunch of silk violets gives distinction to this cap hat of violet felt from Suzy. The collar is also of violets.

Le Monnier makes this hat of brown-and-beige marbled felt, with a band of beige felt passing through a slit and ending at the left side front.

Photos by D'ORA, PARIS

Bengaline, a clothlike straw, makes this Georgette model with upcurved brim and aigrettes over the right ear.

A wide-brimmed hat from Agnès features the unusual combination of natural leghorn with a close-fitting black jersey cap.

"Mme. Récamier," from Blanchot, is of blond silk, with petals for the crown which form curls.

Paris, January 29.

UNEASY lies the head that makes the mode these days. "Head" is used here in the collective sense, meaning Paris as represented by those clever ladies and gentlemen who are always busy at the head of Fashion, changing hair and hat styles.

It is woman herself who is causing all this unrest. Seemingly she doesn't know what she wants, but she won't be satisfied until she gets it, both in the matter of hair and hats, and the two are inseparable. Paris is full of short hair and rumors of long hair. Women have their hair cut and flirt with the idea of letting it grow in the same instant. Coiffeurs, from Antoine to the humblest *coiffeur de dames* in the slums of Villette, are worried with this menacing shadow of long-haired women.

Meanwhile the Paris milliners offer a solution. "Why not," they say, "long-haired hats for short-haired women?" Most of the leading modistes here have created at least one version of a long-haired hat; that is, a hat fashioned from some sort of luxuriously supple material, made in imitation of hairdresses of the good old days when hair was long and was eloquently spoken of as "woman's crowning glory."

In my humble opinion short hair is vastly more suitable and practical for the majority of women than long hair can ever be. French painters whom I have questioned on the subject tell me that woman is not nearly so paintable with bobbed hair as she is with long; but then, painters, even if they are artists, are apt to be reactionary.

Not one woman in a hundred, to be modest, can arrange her long hair so that it is graceful all around, front, back, and sides. Coiffeurs arrange the bobbed head, and do it well. And almost every woman looks younger. That's the answer. In the meantime, if there is any doubt about it, there are the long-haired hats which Paris offers. Try a long-haired hat this spring, and then decide if you want to let your own special glory grow.

These long-haired hats are made from a variety of materials, but more often than not of silk or very supple straw. Reboux makes a blond silk hat with a chignon like the old-time Psyche knot. Cora Marson twines heavy braids of silk and straw around a silken skullcap. J. Suzanne Talbot makes tight, schoolgirl braids of blond straw, crossing them in front, and putting a hairlike knot behind, on a hair-straw cap.

Most amusing of all is Jane Blanchot's "Mme. Récamier" hat, shown in our photograph, in perfect imitation of that lady's celebrated curls and bandeau of smooth hair. You put it on over your bobbed head, and you have the long hair in effect. You can take it off or wear it as you will, without the stigma of "wig" or "transformation."

Blanchot makes this hat of blond silk, and the petals that fill in the top and form curls over the ears are also of blond silk. For a brunette, Jane Blanchot makes this hat of black or dark brown taffeta. She matches the hair with no extra charge. This is the newest, the most striking, but not the only spring millinery which Paris offers. If you aren't interested in the issue of long hair, even for hats, the other photographs represent the newest types of Paris millinery.

Georgette, one of the great Paris modistes, shows a universally becoming hat. This hat is made of black ballibuntl—called in Paris bengaline, a clothlike straw—with a round, head-fitting crown, a deliciously upcurved brim, and cross aigrettes in a large cluster holding it flat over the right ear. A marcasite pin gives sparkle to the crown. Many smart Parisiennes are already wearing this hat, so it may be said to be "signed and approved."

Our third photograph shows the newest thing in spring millinery from Agnès, with Mme. Agnès herself wearing it. It is a natural-colored leghorn straw with a wide brim *à la Espagnole*, and a close-fitting cap of black jersey showing against the face and head on the left side, and emerging on the right side of the crown in two rabbit's ears. Mme. Agnès is one of the celebrated smart Parisiennes, and when she wears one of her own hats, it is her favorite, and is usually very much copied and worn by others.

While straws indicate which way the spring wind of styles is blowing, it is not to be construed by observers that felt hats are not still very much in the running. Straws may come and straws may go, but felt goes on forever, so far as I can learn. There are, however, felts and felts. The new felts worn in Paris are novelty felts, and are made with motifs of taupe, plaids of angora, polka dots of chenille, and other details that make them different from plain bread-and-butter felt.

Our second photograph shows you the latest version of felt. It is marbled felt, and like "marble halls" it is extremely aristocratic. Spinelly, the idol of the Paris theater, is wearing it together with a brand-new all-embroidered coat collared and cuffed with sable.

DON'T overlook the new way of wearing pearl necklaces—around the wrist and dripping therefrom.

To return to the hat—or cap I should say: It is made of brown-and-beige marbled felt, with a band of beige felt passing through a slit and under a column of the *fantaisie* felt at the left side of the front. This is the type of headgear which, like short hair, is so becoming and so comfortable that it is sure to endure for some time.

From what the French milliners tell me, our hats are going to be, at least to an extent, flower gardens this spring. Flowers return as smart trimmings for many of the latest millinery creations. Our very first photograph shows you one of the approved flower-laden hats that Paris is offering. This is worn by, and photographed on, Mme. Stevens. The cap hat is of Parma violet felt, the color being one of the favored shades for spring millinery, and at the right side is placed a huge bunch of Parma violets in silk. The choker that Mme. Stevens wears is also made of Parma violets.

Radio SPEECH

Proposing an Armistice in a War of Words

An Article by

QUIN A. RYAN

WGN ANNOUNCER

The author, who defies the purists with "khaáaki" instead of "kah-ki."

(Reading time: 14 minutes 27 seconds.)

THERE is a possibility—or do you think it's too far-fetched?—that the radio may standardize our varied American pronunciation.

You must admit that we speak many kinds of English in this country. Representatives of a dozen sections of the United States, thrown together on an Eastern campus, in a New York theater lobby, or in a company of marines, sound like a miniature Tower of Babel. A native of New Orleans often sounds as strange as a Japanese to a native of Vermont.

The periodic settlement of the country, its far reaches, and the motley ingredients of the melting pot have made for this polyglot English of ours.

While the bulk of the population never travels more than a flivver jump from home, it can eavesdrop on its most distant countrymen by means of the radio. And, imitative as it is in dress, manners, architecture, and such, may it not unconsciously mimic the utterances of an authoritative radio horn, if such there be, at least to the extent of brushing up some of its provincial mispronunciations?

The British are already setting up such an authority with just such an end in view. The British Broadcasting Company, operating all of the country's twenty-odd radio stations, has enlisted a distinguished Advisory Committee on Spoken English, composed of George Bernard Shaw, Robert Bridges, the poet laureate; Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, L. Pearsall Smith, Professor Daniel Jones, and A. Lloyd James. They issue to the broadcasters lengthy lists of recommended pronunciations.

England has in its small area as many different versions of the one language as we have in forty-eight States, with each dialect serving to vary pronunciation. The philologist in Shaw's Pygmalion found a score of tongues being spoken in London—Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Oxonian, and so on.

In ordaining definite radio pronunciations the efforts of the committee are directed not at the innate dialects, but at the ancient errors of accent which constitute the difference between polite and common speech.

Even a pronouncing agreement among radio announcers is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Take a peek at some of the recommendations of the committee:

ADULT—Accent on first syllable.

AERIAL—First syllable of noun to be pronounced air, the adjective to be airial.

AEROPLANE—First syllable to be pronounced air. (Recommend use of term airplane.)

AMATEUR—Amaterr.

ASPIRANT—Accent on second syllable, rhyming with spire.

ATE—Rhymes with bet.

AUTOMOBILE—Automobeel.

BEDIZEN—Second syllable to rhyme with horizon.

CALIBER—Caleeber.

CELTIC—First letter pronounced as *s*.

DAIL—Rhymes with oil.

DAIS—Spoken in two syllables.

EERIE—Pronounced eyery.

FEBRUARY—First *r* is often omitted. Recommend it should be pronounced.

FORMIDABLE—Accent on first syllable, except in the case of H. M. S. Formidable, when accent is on second syllable.

GIBBERISH — Spoken with soft *g*.

GYNECOLOGY—Spoken with first *g* hard.

HELIOTROPE—First syllable pronounced hell, not heel.

HOUSEWIFERY—Huzzifry.

IODINE—Pronounced dine, not deen.

IRON—*r* not pronounced (Have you had your well-you-try-it today?)

LAMENTABLE—Accent on first syllable.

MEDICINE—Pronounced meds'n.

NEPHEW—Nevew.

PALFREY—Pawlfrey.

PIANOFORTE—Final *e* should always be pronounced.

PREMIER—First *e* is short.

RECONDITE—Accent on second syllable.

RESEARCH—Accent on second syllable, and pronounced search, not zearch.

SHEIK—Shake. (What will our drug-store sheiks say to being called shakes?)

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This Ethan Allen figure identifies the genuine Ti-con-der-oga box.

It's rich black lines, easily written and easily read, have made Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga America's favorite five-cent pencil.

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[RADIO SPEECH
Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

SIOUX—Soo.

SOVIET—Accent on first syllable, with long *o*.

TORTOISE—Tortus.

TRYST—Letter *y* pronounced as in trice.

UNTOWARD — Untoard, with long *o*.

VALET—*t* to be pronounced.

WON'T—Pronounced woun't.

WRATH—Rawth.

ZO-OLOGY—Zo-ol-o-gy.

ZO-OLOGICAL—Zo-o-logical, not zulogical.

SUCH a lexicon is to be desired for our native announcers. It would exert an educational persuasion on the public; it would make the broadcasters wary of their responsibilities to the impressionable ears of their vast audience—to say nothing of the jolly surprise it would be to many of the boys themselves, who can stand a bit of tutelage.

The president of the American Radio Foundation, Arthur R. Tucker, says:

"Announcers do not realize the responsibility that is placed on them. Their words go directly into hundreds of thousands of homes. They are heeded, studied, remembered, and repeated. Announcers have the rôle of teachers, editors, and ministers. . . . It should be a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment or both, for any radio broadcast announcer to use language that is not grammatic."

The influence of the radio will not alter our American dialects, which are as colorful as our historical landmarks, and it would be regrettable if it could.

Lambdin Kay, at WSB, Atlanta, will proclaim the weather prospects in his Georgia brogue; the cowboys at KOA, Denver, will recount rodeo thrills in their Western drawl; and George Furness, at WEAF, New York, will mention the pugilists coming into the "arener." The listeners will be mildly entertained by these whimsicalities of speech, but they won't strive to mimic them.

Modern influences have standardized American life. The movies and the fashion ads have wrought a uniformity of dress. The widely read magazines and newspapers have effected a similarity of menus, of kitchen operation, of home decoration, and of domestic habits.

With the automobile as an accessory, the modern age has standardized our forms of recreation. The huge circulation of national periodicals and syndicated newspaper features has dictated a similarity of thought. The radio may get our pronunciation into step.

This is, indeed, no brief for the radio as an educator. Radio will achieve its results by good example, not by pointed lessons. It has the ear of the populace in its metaphorical grasp—and language is learned, altered, and colored, consciously or subconsciously, by the ear.

The average American learns his vocabulary by ear. We have more slang and more coined words than any other people. We have more popular songs and pithy idioms. They spread almost as rapidly as the radio.

"Yes, we have no bananas," both as a comment and a song, was snatched up from coast to coast in a fortnight. The public acquired

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BOSTON and England differ on sheik, but, really, that's not the "hawf" of it.

Keep Baby SAFE!

YOUR baby's safety is the most important thing in the world to you. Baby *must* be kept off the floor—out of trouble. Away from matches, tacks, and pins.

EASY BABY CARRIER

The Easy Baby Carrier will keep baby safe. A safety device of strong webbing that fastens 'round the waist and between the legs, holds the child secure. The material is made of stout supported canvas, with straps of adjustable lengths. An adjustable and detachable suspension device converts it into a baby swing.

Takes but a few minutes to put up—can be used any where in the house, in the automobile or on the porch. Fits a man's pocket or a lady's bag.

Sells for only $2.95, with parcel post charge, which can be paid on delivery. Fill out the coupon below.

EASY CARRIER CO.
Dept. L, 35 South Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Easy Carrier Co., Dept. L, 35 S. Broad St., Phila.
Gentlemen:—
Please send me an Easy Baby Carrier.
.....Postpaid—$2.95 enclosed.
.....C.O.D.—I will pay postman on delivery, the $2.95 plus few cents postal charges.
PRINT Name.....
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To Mend Bric-a-Brac

Quick to stick—mends celluloid, toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c & 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, hardware, drug, grocery stores, or 15c size sent by mail. Tubes. Bottles.

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MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.
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Is Soothing
For Baby's Skin

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

The Ingersoll DOLLAR STROPPER

100 to 200 Shaves From Every Blade

Saves $5 to $10 a Year

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL, to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch and the first line of low priced dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER, an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of safety razor blades. *Makes every blade good for 100 to 300 perfect shaves.*

The INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by anyone without skill or practice. The user cannot fail to get a supersharp edge. Thousands already know the joys of better shaves through this wonderful device. Prove the Ingersoll Stropper is all we say for it. It costs no more than a few blades and by resharpening dull blades will save you from $5 to $10 a year. Send $1.00 for complete outfit, including patent Stropper (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your $1 at once.

WANTED

Ambitious men to become agents. No experience needed. Quick sales, constant repeat business, fine profits. Write today for Agents' Plan.

ROBERT H. INGERSOLL, Inc.
476 Broadway, Dept. L. 201, New York City

I enclose $1 for which send me one Ingersoll Dollar Stropper complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Stropper in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name.....

Address.....

Make of Razor Used.....

☐ If interested in agents' proposition check here.

Now Youth Can Be Yours

Practice this simple preventive measure and you'll look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, nightly. Better than calomel. They cleanse the system, banish constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Capture youth. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

DANDRUFF

AND SCALP ECZEMA

Millions use Lucky Tiger. Money-Back Guarantee. Whyte-Fox knocks skin troubles. At Barbers and Druggists.

LUCKY TIGER

NORWAY AND WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

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52 days, $600—$1300; Lisbon, Spain, Tangier, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Scotland, Berlin, (Paris, London).

Jan. 30 Mediterranean Cruise, 65 days, $600 up

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY]

"boob," "high-hat," "he-man," "beaut," "darb," "peach," "wise-crack," "gold digger," "pork," "vamp," "champ," "butter-and-egg man," "the dope," and "the low-down" only from hearsay.

If you classify these as mere contagious vulgarisms, then consider the universally used "okay," "movie," "gym," "rep," "pep," "jinx," "plane," "hooch," "flu," "whitewash," "taxi," "auto," "L," "phone," "ad," "flivver," "skyscraper," "jazz," "bob," "cut-up," and "stop-over."

We accept such things without analysis or resistance.

Subconsciously, the great mass accepts its pronunciations of words without consulting published authority. Consciously, we ape others in such matters. Daughter patterns her speech after her favorite actress, and the actress is modeling her manner after the English troupe she played with.

EVEN the best American actors, born in Albany or South Milwaukee, lay on a heavy English accent to bolster any rôle except *Rip Van Winkle*. And that, by the way, is a matter I'd like to go into with you some rainy afternoon. But, anyway—

Mother notes what the more esteemed neighbors are doing to the vowels and accents—while father clings to the office versions. So we find many a household divided against itself, and harboring "drahma" and "drawma" and "draama" and "drayma" under the very same roof. The best of friends disagree on "tomahto" and "tomayto," and whether ally is accented fore or aft.

One dancer calls it "vawd-a-ville," while the other member of the act says "vode-ville." It is "Toosday" here, "Tewsday" there, and "Chewsday" somewhere else.

Most persons won't refer to the accredited dictionaries, or become convinced when they do. They will defend their error on the ground of common usage or scoff at the authoritative pronunciation as sounding affected or ritzy. Right or wrong, whichever I may be, I always say pen-alize instead of "pea-nalize," apparatus instead of "apparaytus," and "khaaaki," in place of "kah-ki" when I am broadcasting.

It never fails to attract a few scattered volleys of criticism from the purists. Since I am not an educator as yet, I prefer to stick to the versions I think the majority of my audience uses in these cases.

I have heard a fraternity house debate on the proper mouthing of Carpentier and an office wrangle over the *u* in Tunney, which could be settled only by the testimony of one who knew somebody who knew somebody who knew the personages in question.

With that thought in mind, I have asked celebrities with odd names—Eamonn de Valera and Suzanne Lenglen are two who come to mind—while interviewing them on the radio, to enunciate their names for the information of the listeners.

If the broadcasters were agreed

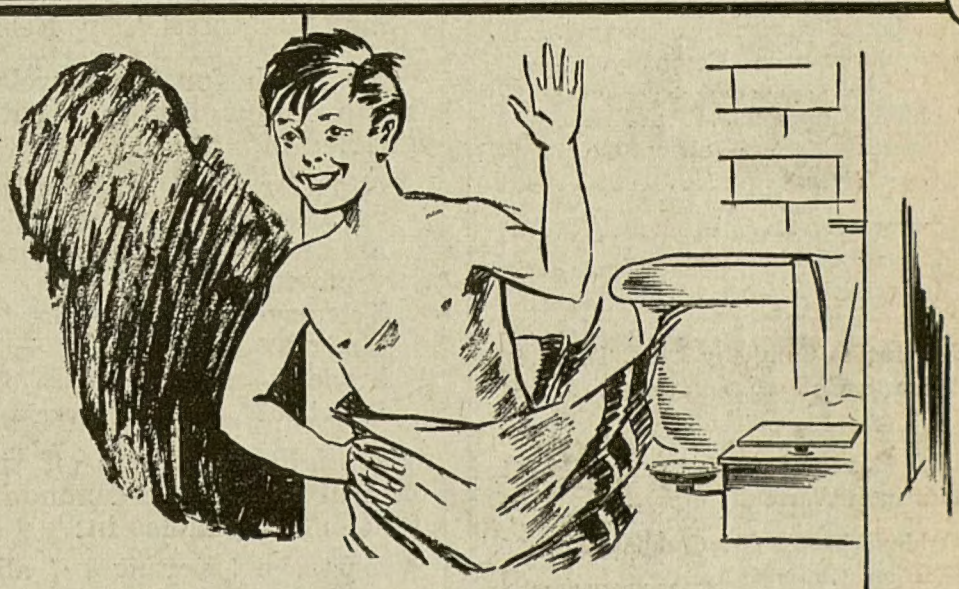
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

ASPIRIN

The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. *But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin.* The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drugstore—with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid



Oh Mom! I've gained 3 pounds

A few weeks ago he was thin and frail—he had no appetite and didn't want to play with the other children.

Look at him now with his robust frame—his healthy color and sparkling eyes—and watch him eat!

In just a short time—quicker than you ever dreamed of—those wonderful flesh-making tablets—called McCoy's Tablets will start to help any weak, thin undernourished little one—and grown-ups too.

Children love them as they do candy because they are sugar-coated and easy to take. One boy gained 11½ pounds in seven weeks and is now healthy and happy—thousands of other children have grown strong and robust. The name McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets has been shortened—just ask for McCoy's Tablets at any drug store in America. Try them for 30 days and if you are not joyfully satisfied with results get your money back. Two sizes—60¢ and $1.00.

McCOY'S TABLETS

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in this Index.

[RADIO SPEECH Continued from Page Eighty-one]

on correct usage and if the radio listeners were aware of it, the latter would harmonize their pronunciations as they now set their watches by the signals broadcast from the Naval Observatory at Arlington.

"Eether" wouldn't be clashing with "eye-ther."

The "eee" and the "eye" wouldn't be wrestling for supremacy in appendicitis.

The people who accent the "bile" in automobile wouldn't be at odds with the people who stress the "mo."

A perennially sore spot in American speech is the letter *a*. It is a class distinction. The very girth of the vowel *o* is another bone of contention. Some folks argue for the bulbous, roly-poly *o;* some prefer the skinny, lean, and hungry *o;* and others defend the abnormally wide and waddling *o*. The letter *o* in the word dog is an example.

Recall the varying treatments you have heard, on the radio alone, of:

aunt	dance	almond
vase	grass	salmon
amen	piano	waffle
path	pecan	father
can't	psalm	Colorado
half	tassel	Nebraska

So much for the vowels. The radio might set to rights such gnarled bits as:

otto (for auto)	athaletics
reservoys	nort' 'n' sout'
architek (like parchment)	amachoor
Febuary	libary
dimond	pome
brudder	vilet
Iz zat so?	Wazza fella gonna do?

IT might subtly tip off the general public to a common accentuation of syllables in:

mustache	permit	alloy
perfume	invite	idea
envelope	deficit	harass
progress	encore	address
armistice	adult	produce
romance	detail	present
project	decoy	inquiry
record	recess	excess—

according to their use.

Telegrapher, primarily, temporarily, pianist, despicable, advertisement, garage, buffet, theater, extraordinary—these might come into their own at last.

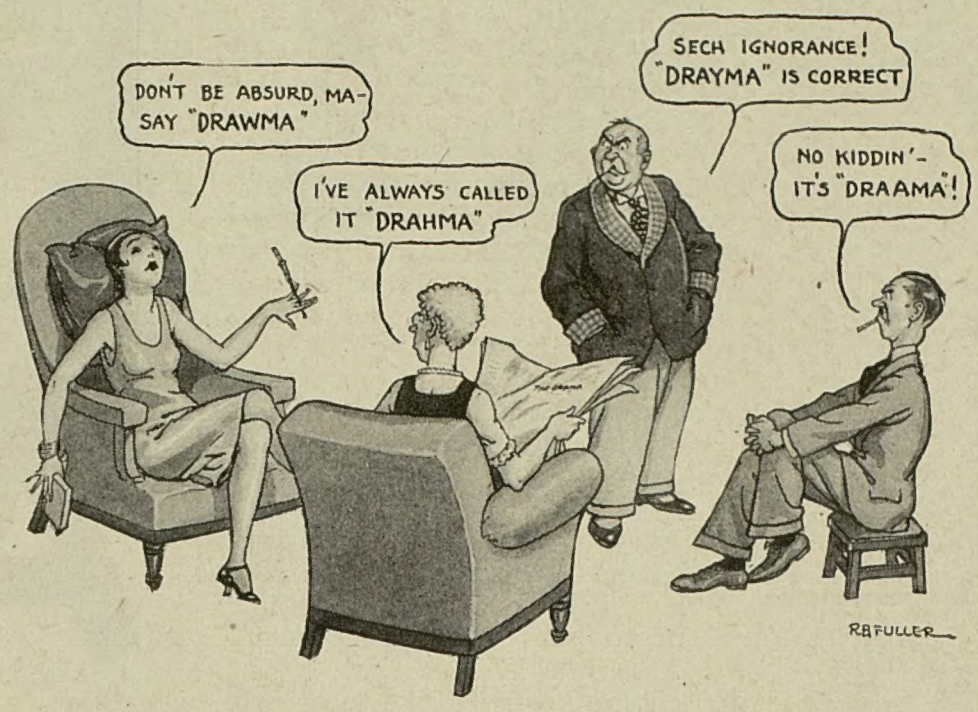
We hear again rhyming with pen and rhyming with pain.

We hear golf rhyming with scoff and rhyming with "rolf," and sometimes just plain gulf. Pretty may sound like get, or like lit, or twist itself into "purty."

We hear root rhyming with loot and also with put. Deaf is often "deef," even in the old dictionaries. And creek and "crick," and egg and "aig."

The word we spell b-e-e-n develops, in utterance, into "ben" and bin and bean.

Proper nouns like Clemenceau, Herriot, Bahamas, Caribbean, Newfoundland, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Goethe, "Push-em-up Tony" Lazzeri, Villa, Paderewski, Los Angeles, New Orleans—why, I've heard an erstwhile Chicago announcer say "Ratch-man-in-off!"



In a case like this, "Wazza fella gonna do?"

Perhaps people cannot physically agree on pronunciation, as they cannot agree on politics or the timing of boiled eggs. Perhaps some would take it as another encroachment upon personal liberty, a restriction of free speech. Certainly our most erudite committee on recommendations would disagree with the British.

Look over the list and try some of the recommendations on your own dentistry.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Ryan's views were submitted to a number of other radio announcers. Their comments show a wide variety of opinions. Following are some of the more interesting points they made.]

Lambdin Kay of WSB, Atlanta, for example, points out that "there are no *r's* in the Southern alphabet," and wants, therefore, to ignore the *r* in iron. His colleague, Walter W. Merkle of WGST, Atlanta, says: "No; put the sound of *r* in."

Mr. Kay and Mr. Merkle are found similarly in disagreement on the preferable pronunciation of "February," "No *r*," says Mr. Kay. "Pronounce the *r*," counters Mr. Merkle.

Mr. Merkle takes his pronunciations seriously. The sounding of wrath as "rawth," as urged in the British list cited by Mr. Ryan, moves him to—ire.

Adams Colhoun of WFAA, Dallas, Texas, says he tries always to learn from a standard lexicon the preferred pronunciation of a word and then tries to say it just that way. But Mr. Colhoun has ideas of his own.

For example, he would like to substitute the word "radian" for radio announcer. He does not like "Missus" or "Mizzes" for Mrs., and would like to introduce Mistress into common use. He wants to give Arkansas all it has coming to it and make it rhyme with Kansas. Hearth should be like earth and not like heart. Houston, he thinks, should be pronounced "House-ton," and Nevada with a long *a*—"Nevayda."

G. Dare Fleck, program director for KDKA of East Pittsburgh, is "not in sympathy with trying to inflict on our American audience certain pronunciations which are confined entirely to England."

"We do not believe," he writes, "that the radio announcers are the proper persons to determine the correct pronunciation of our words. We do not believe, either, that the radio audience is competent to pass judgment on how they wish certain words pronounced. Our practice has been to accept pronunciations given to us by established authorities."

John S. Daggett, long famous on the Pacific coast as "Uncle John" of KHJ, Los Angeles, takes exception to only three of Mr. Ryan's list. He prefers valet pronounced "valay," "heeliotrope" to "helliotrope," and remarks of housewifery that it is a poor word—the less used the better.

E. G. Gambrill writing from WBAL, Baltimore, says that Webster's Dictionary is the only authority used for pronunciation there.

MANY illuminating suggestions come from Gerard H. Slattery of WBET, the renowned *Transcript* of Boston, Massachusetts. Doubtless some Americans believe Boston to be the cradle and hotbed of pronunciations favored in England, but Mr. Slattery quarrels with no fewer than sixteen of forty pronunciations.

Romantic lovers of the desert are not "shakes" for him, but "sheeks." Never pronounce the final *e* in pianoforte, he admonishes. The *i* in caliber is short. "Meds'n," for medicine is "very bad." He comments further:

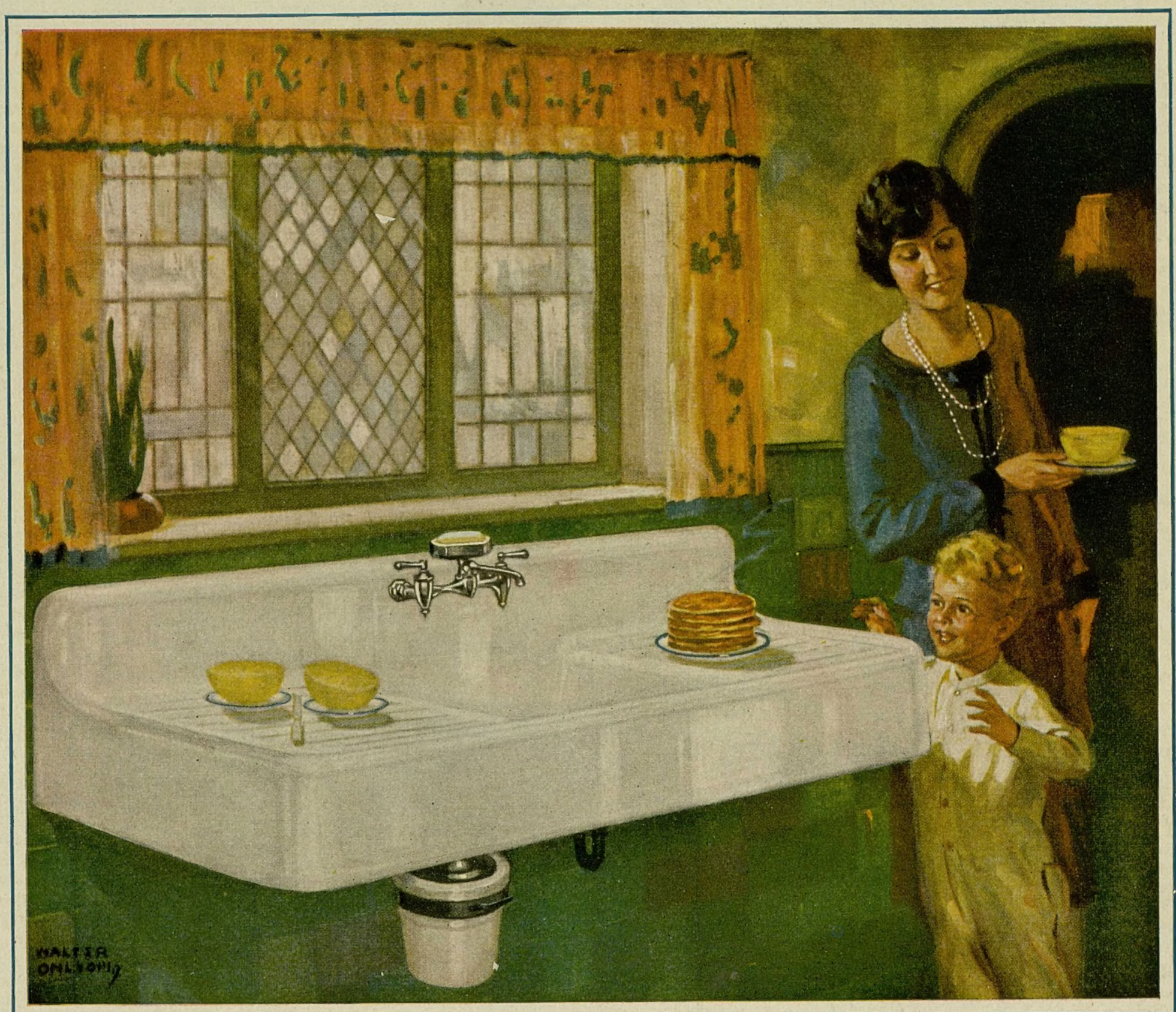
"For me, especially a Bostonian, to say ate and have it rhyme with bet rather than gate would be poor judgment."

Mr. Slattery offers some suggestions of his own, a few of which we quote: sinecure, long *i;* query like "queery"; half and laugh with broad *a*, like *o* in hot; ignoramus with long *a;* simultaneous with long *i*.

The British preferences which seem to meet with the least accord from American broadcasters are "helliotrope" for "heeliotrope"; "et" for ate; "caleeber" for caliber; "jibberish" instead of *g* as in got; "huzzifry" for housewifery, as spelled; "i'on" for iron, and "shake" for "sheek."

In an early issue LIBERTY will present the opinions of other radio broadcasters on disputed pronunciations.

The "good morning" sink, so bright, so cheerful—under-the-window and acid-resisting!



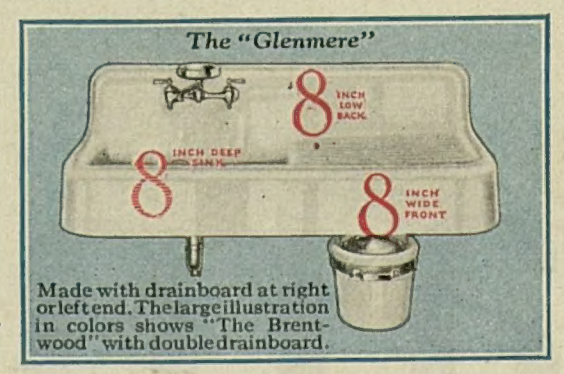
The "Standard" Three 8's Sink

Your kitchen sink puts in many a hard day. Does it always "come back" with a cheerful "Good Morning" to you—spic and span, sparklingly white?

That's what you *can* expect of the new "Three 8's" sink.

The enamel of this new sink is Acid-Resisting, an exclusive feature. Minerals in water, kitchen cleansers, even fruit and vegetable acids cannot roughen or discolor it.

It greets you when you enter your kitchen—glisteningly clean in the morning sunlight. Its 8-inch low back fits under a broad, deep window. The sink compartment is 2 inches deeper. More room to work in—little or no over-the-rim splashing.



Made with drainboard at right or left end. The large illustration in colors shows "The Brentwood" with double drainboard.

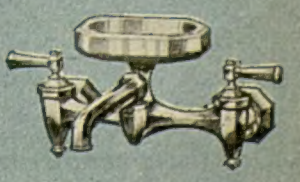
It will be well worth your while to visit a "Standard" Showroom to see this most modern sink. It is made in three styles and seven sizes. Be sure to specify Acid-Resisting Enamel, as many other "Standard" models are also made in regular enamel. The trademark "Standard" A-R, identifying Acid-Resisting Enamel, is impressed in every "Three 8's" sink. Write for interesting booklet.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Pittsburgh

The sanitary vitreous china garbage container, with removable aluminum receptacle, is attached to the sink by a folding bracket so it can be pushed back out of the way. It is also available in heavy aluminum.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

This beautiful faucet is finished in non-tarnishing, non-corroding Chromard, which has the sheen of platinum. It is also made with three supply connections, hot and cold soft water and cold city water.



A GENUINE tribute to worth is the smoker's preference for Camel. Year after year holding the leadership by billions, it continues to grow in favor, in prestige and in sales. ¶Nothing takes the place of choice tobacco.

Camel

The cigarette that leads them all

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